EXHAUSTIVE & CRITICAL NOTES

ON

A Choice of English Verse

By

(Prof. Siraj-ud-Din)

CONTAINING

(1) A General Introduction (2) Introductory Notes on Poets (3) Substance of Poems (4) Summaries of Poems (5) Central Ideas of Poems (6) Critical Appreciation of Poems (7) Character Sketches (8) Paraphrase of Poems (9) Exhaustive Notes and Explanations (10) Stanzas likely to be set in the Examination (11) Important Questions & Answers.

★

By

Two Experienced Senior Professors

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EXHAUSTIVE NOTES
ON
A CHOICE OF ENGLISH VERSE

GENERAL NOTES AND INTRODUCTION

WHAT IS POETRY

Poetry is in fact the most simple and delightful form of human speech. It has in it a music and cadence which makes it more beautiful than prose. Since poems generally express some idea which had created a deep impression on the mind of the poet, therefore the reader, too, is influenced by these ideas. The chief quality of poetry is that it combines pleasure with instruction. Poetry is truth and finer spirit of all knowledge. All great literatures of the world in fact began with poetry and the best expression of national wealth of ideas is found in poetry. No literature can be called greater or perfect unless it has a well developed and rich poetic heritage. Prose is always expositary and explanatory, while poetry is toned by and based upon imagination and emotion.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF POETRY

'Subjective' and 'Objective'.

2. There is the world of ideas, feelings, emotions, thought and imagination. For example, a table is a concrete object. We all can see a table and feel its hardness. The table has by itself an independent shape of its own. I can see it and if I close my eyes I do not see it. The table is there whether I see and touch it or do not see or touch it. Mountains, rivers, stars are all concrete objects and so are flowers, serpents, lizards birds etc. Eeven if I close my eyes I see these objects with my mind's eye, or we can say that I visualise these objects from my imagination. Occasionally these objects or some of them become a symbol for something, some idea of emotion which through association of ideas has become associated with them. Thus a handkerchief has an identity of its own. It has a particular shape

and a particular colour ; but when the handkerchief happens to be a gift from a person whom you love, certain ideas become associated with it, namely, love and the object becomes a symbol for it. This world of emotions, feelings and ideas is the world of the mind and is called the **World of Subjective Realities.**

On the other hand what I see, feel and touch outside my own mind has its own independent existence. The objects around me—the river, the ocean the flower and the nightingale, the star-studded firmament, the nebular and starcluster or there I come in touch with them. I see and feel them. These objects exist outside my mind. They have not been created by my mind whether I am or not, whether I see them or not. They exist. They constitute the **Objective World.**

According as what the poet expresses in respect of what he sees around him and what he feels inwardly the poetry he writes may be divided into two broad categories :—

1. Subjective poetry, and
2. Objective poetry.

SUBJECTIVE POETRY

Subjective poetry aims at portraying the feelings and emotions of the poet himself. It takes us into the inmost recesses of his mind. Under the stress of some particular feeling he bursts forth into a song because he cannot help doing so. It is just like the song of the proverbial neightingale. It describes his hopes and fears, his longings and desires. The joy and pain in his heart finds an expression in the form of words. The poem '*Passionate Shepherd to his Love*' expresses the feeling of love which crowd so thick in the heart of the poet. The poem '*Indian Serenade*' is an expression of poet's homage to his ladylove. The attention of the reader in such poems is focussed on the workings of the poet's mind, his feelings, emotions, fears, hopes, misgivings, yearnings, and helplessness.

OBJECTIVE POETRY

Objective poetry is related to description of external world. It is concerned with concrete and matter-of-fact realities of life. Such poems are either narrative or descriptive. When the poet relates the story in the poem *"Bishop Hatto"* he is not at all concerned with his own feelings or emotions. He is more busy in narrating to you a particular incident which is the theme of the poem *Paul Reveres Ride* and *Saddle to Rags* narrates either a particular incident or happening. The poet himself remains in the background and the reader is all the time interested in the story, incident or some happening which forms the central idea of the poem. We are not at all interested in the feelings or emotions of the poet. These poems only tell us what someone did, how something happened or how a scene appeared when looked at.

Subdivisions. Each of these categories of poetry can be further subdivided into many sections.

Objective Poetry can be further subdivided into ;—

(1) Ballads.

(2) Descriptive poems.

(3) Narrative poems.

(1) BALLADS

A ballad is a simple, short-story poem written about love or war in a short, simple measure.

A ballad must have the following qualities :—

(*i*) It must tell a story.

(*ii*) The story must be simple and short.

(*iii*) The story must be told in verse.

(*iv*) The language must be simple and such as spoken by ordinary men and women of the time.

Ballads were originally written to be sung and have in them a quality of music which makes it possible to adapt these to singing. The language is always simple and the subject-matter does not have many complications. The

beginning is quick and sudden and there is no introduction. The reader is plunged direct into the whirl of events and the story moves on from incident to incident. The characteristic quality of a good ballad is force. The poem and the story which is the theme of the poem are full of energy, liveliness and vitality.

Most of the ballads in English literature are very old and appear to have been written by wandering poets who were called minstrels. These older ballads, as their language and substance shows, appear to have been composed for illiterate and village folk and have about them an air of innocence and simplicity.

DESCRIPTIVE POEMS

Descriptive poems are those that aim at painting in words some scene or situation. This description should be a matter-of-fact or based on reality. Thus a descriptive poem must invariably have the following characteristics :—

(1) It must describe some situation or scene.

(2) The description must be clear and graphic. The poet must make an effort to take the reader to the scene or situation described, so that the reader may all the time feel that he is actually seeing things with his own eyes.

Descriptive poems are very well represented in our **"Selection,"** for example : - *'Thoughts in a Garden,' 'Lines Written in Early Spring,' 'To a Water Fowl,' 'The Poetry of Earth is Never Dead, God be Praised* and *'God Strengthen me.'*

NARRATIVE POEMS

Narrative poems are those in which the author makes an effort to tell the reader about a continued series of rapidly changing situations and incidents. The narration is almost always in detail. Such poems have the following essential characteristics :

(1) There is always a set of situations.

(2) These situations undergo rapid changes and one situation leads on to another.

(3) The situations are narrated in detail.

Ballad is one of the varieties of narrative poems. Every ballad is a narrative poem, but every narrative poem need not necessarily be a ballad. A narrative poem generally has not the simplicity, directness and shortness of a ballad.

The following poems are examples of the narrative poems :—

'How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Axis, Saddle to Rags and John Gilpin.'

SUBJECTIVE POETRY

Like objective poetry we can further subdivide subjective poetry into many categories :—

(1) Lyrics.

(2) Songs.

(3) Poems of Wit and Humour.

(4) Sonnets.

(i) LYRICS

A lyric is a simple and short poem which gives expression in words to some feeling or emotion which may at that time be uppermost in the mind of the poet. Lyrics are generally written under the strees of emotion and as such are more difficult to understand when compared with objective poems. To fully understand and appreciate a lyric we must get an insight into the working of the mind of the poet. Thus a lyric must have the following characteristics :—

1. It must give impression to the poet's emotion and feelings.

2. It must be simple, short and direct.

3. Its meter must be simple and short.

4. It must concern itself with one particular emotion or feeling which may be dominant in the mind of the poet.

(ii) SONG

A song is lyric emotional and full of feelings. Like a lyric it is an expression in words of the mood of the poet,

but its language is simpler and the tone light. A song may safely be called a poem which is written primarily to be sung. It is musical in tone and adaptable to singing.

(iii) POEMS OF WIT AND HUMOUR

Such poems are the outcome of a lighter mood of mind on the part of the poet. Some humorous situation or laughter-provoking incident is the theme of the poem. The aim of the poet is to make the reader laugh. The language of such poems is always light and simple. These are lyrics because these are an expression of the mood of the poet, but every lyric is not a humorous poem or poem of wit. Part IV of **"A Choice of English Verse"** represents such poems and the best examples are :—

Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog, John Gilpin, The Charming Woman, I had But Fifty Cents, Father William and the Belle of the Ball Room.

(iv) SONNET

A sonnet is a lyric because it is a highly subjective poem charged with emotion and feeling. The only quality which distinguishes it from simple lyric is that it has fourteen lines invariably. Every sonnet has two parts, the first part is called 'octave' and has eight lines, while the second part is called 'sestet' and has six lines.

Summary of results arrived at so far :—

(*i*) Poetry is of two kinds :—

(*a*) Objective and Subjective.

(*ii*) Further subdivision of Objective poetry :—

(*a*) Ballads

(*b*) Descriptive poems

(*c*) Narrative poems

(*iii*) Further subdivision of Subjective poetry :—

(*a*) Lyrics

(*b*) Songs

(*c*) Poems of Wit and Humour.

(*d*) Sonnets.

EXPLANATION OF SOME IMPORTANT TERMS

1. METER

It is a term that refers to the number of syllables or '*feet*' in a particular line of poetry. This means the measure of the line. For example, the lines :—

"But who hath seen her wave her hand ?"

and

"I go in the rain, and more than needs,"

The first verse has eight syllables, or "feet," while the second line has nine syllables or feet."

2. RHYTHM

Just as in the galloping of a horse and the sound produced by the falling of hooves there is a regularity of "beat" so also, in the sound of poetry when it is read aloud there is a regularity of "beat" This beat or swing is called the rhythm and it corresponds to the rise and fall of the voice of the singer and the music that may accompany the singer if the poem is sung.

3. RHYME

This term stands for the similarity in the sound of words. For example show and low, shade and aid Poets generally use rhyme at the end of their lines ; that they place at the end of lines words which have a similar sound. For instance :—

1. The kettle to the top was *hoist*,
2. And there stood fastened to a *joist*,
3. But with the upside down to *show*,
4. Its inclination for *below*.
5. In vain for a superior *force*,
6. Applied at bottom, stops its *course*,
7. Doomed ever in suspense to *dwell*,
8. 'Tis now no kettle, but a *bell*.

4 THE RHYME SCHEME

Means the way in which rhymes are arranged in a parti-

cular stanza or poem. In the lines quoted above the rhyme scheme is as under :—

Line (1) rhymes with line (2)
Line (3) rhymes with line (4)
Line (5) rhymes with line (6)
Line (7) rhymes with line ( )

5. BLANK VERSE

A poem which has no rhyme scheme is said to be written in blank verse. Some of the finest poetry in English Literature is written in blank verse.

6. WORD-PICTURES

The poet sometimes uses words which so clearly describle the scene or incident that we apper to be seeing it with our own eyes. This is a word-picture, that is, a picture created with the help of words as a good painter does with colours and brush on the canvass :

(*a*) Seekest thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river vide
Or where the rocking billows tise and sink
On the chafed ocean side
(*b*) Through primrose tufts, in the green bower,
The peri-wrikle wailed its wreaths,
And it is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air that it breathes.

7. SOUND PICTURES

The poet uses words which when read aloud convey the meanings of the lines e g.

"Tlot, Tlot, Tlot"

These three words, when they are read aloud, convey to the reader by a sense of the sound produced by a galloping horse.

PART I

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

CHILDHOOD & YOUTH

As time passes on and we grow older, the period of childhood and youth exercises a special fascination and charm on our minds. In our odd moments, when the mind is free, we all of us go back into the past which now appears so distant. The farther we get from childhood and youth the nearer we get to death, the opening period of life appears more and more attractive. This halo of reminiscence becomes more and more emotional, as we become old. The poet is always more sensitive than we and feels this loss more actually. The poems in this part of the book are all reminiscent of either childhood, the period of innocent joy and the hapiness, devoid of all cares and worries or they are a token of remembrance of the period of youth when the body is full of vitality and the mind has begun to exercise all its faculties of appreciation and discrimination.

LYRICAL IN FORM

These poems are all lyrics; because they portray to the reader the particular bent of mind of the poet. Sometimes he becomes joyous when he remembers that period and more often he becomes pessimistic and regrets the loss of many a beautiful sight which he has lost for ever.

Youth and beauty are both short-lived and transient. They come and go never to come back again. Thus many poems express a longing which causes acute pain to the heart of the sensitive poet. Coleridge and Hood remember the scenes of Nature in which they were born and brought up, and feel sorrowful because with the passage of childhood and youth, that beauty which surrounded those objects of Nature is also gone and vanished.

1. SWEET AUBURN

BY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

1. THE POET

Ol'ver Goldsmith was born in County Longford, Ireland, in 1728. His father was a farmer and his mother the daughter of a schoolmaster. Oliver was the fifth child of his parents he was a slow moving and ugly child At school and college he proved an utter failure in studies but managed to pick quite a large number of stories about ghosts and fairies. He tried to be a clergyman, a barrister and a medical practitioner, one after the other in quick succession and proved himself incompetent to succeed in any one of them His father died in 1749 and Oliver had to shift for himself.

He was, by nature, a vagabond and as such could not stick to any one place or profession. He was really meant for poverty and passed his life in extreme want.

His chief quality, both as a writer of prose and poetry is a strange combination of humour and seriousness. He was a poet of genious and a pross man of talent, but above all this he was a quaint thinker, original in his own way. He had no scholarship at his back to give him a wealth of expression or lift him up to the level of a first rate poet but he has originality, humour and a powerful imagination which helped him to sweeten and purify literature from its violence, coarseness and bitter bit which had become associated with it during the fifty years of the previous century. He had a tenderness of heart which filled him with a sense of universal love and is amply shown in the most of his poems and his works in prose. He does occasionally become over-sentimental but this is to be condoned as it is the legitimate *offspring* of his deep love for all things created by God. His best known collection of poems is the "*Traveller*"; but "*Vicar of Wakefield*" is his masterpiece in prose.

II. CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF THE POEM "SWEET AUBURN"

A Lyric. The poem is a lyric and is full of the spirit of reminiscence of the happy and contented life of the period of childood of the poet passed in his native village Auburn in Ireland.

The village festivals celebrated generally after harvesting was done, are remembered by Goldsmith and he feels that the mirth and joy which characterised these celebrations was innocent and pure spirit of joy.

The people of the village were simple folk, as villagers generally are, and the life led by them was good and worth while. They had, no doubt, to put in hard work but this labour was compensated by periods of fun and sport. The people became free from work on these days and went out of the village to celebrate the fastival. Sports and dances were held and the good village folk forgot their cares and worries during these days of merry-making.

Nature. This drama of pastoral life is played against a background of nature. Beautiful bowers, green fields, cultivated farms, cottages, covered with creepers add to the happiness of the people who live there. In nature there is a solace and comfort for the poor villagers whose lot it is to pass their days in hard labour and want.

Villagers. In a few lines Goldsmith depicts to us the various characters of the village. All this is done humorously; but the laughter excited is at the cost of no one. Throughout the author maintains a high level of the fun and the laughter of the reader is combined with genuine love for these simple and rustic people. The dancers, the sportsman, the young rustic with smutted face and the shy maiden with her ever-watchful mother came in. The young took part in the sports while the old men locked on.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

The poet remembers the days he had passed in his childhood in the village, Auburn. Spring came to that village early and summer left it last of all. He remembers the cottage, the farm and the small river that flowed by a hill. The church built on the top of that hill and a shrub nearby where he used to sit and pass his time. He recounts how simple village folk celebrated their free-days by holding sports and games and organising dancing parties. The young participated in the functions while the old sat nearly and watched. The villagers had, no doubt, to work hard but they had their innocent games and pleasures.

IV. SUBSTANCE

Auburn is the name of the village where Goldsmith was born and brought up In this village people had to work hard but they were healthy and strong. In summer the village lands became beautifully decorated with flowers. The life lived there was, no doubt, humble and lowly, but it was innocent and full of contentment. Occasionally tournaments and sports were held and on days of festivals the rustic population of the village went out into the open and had a nice time.

V. SUMMARY

The village Auburn was situated in a plain. The people who lived in the village had to work hard; but they had plenty to eat. Summers were beautiful.

In the natural environments of this village the poet passed a period of happy youth. He wandered about in the bowers, near the cottages and in the cultivated farms.

The river that flowed through the plains, the hill nearby, the mill, the hawthorn bushes were objects of special attraction for him.

He loved and blessed those days when the people of the village stopped their daily routine of work and went out to hold tournaments and dances. The young men particapated in the games while the older people looked on.

Some people danced while others excelled in conjurer's tricks. Sports were held. Music and dances added to the joys of the people.

People danced and victory went to him who tired down others The swain with the smutted face laughed and the young girls tittered. The shy maiden in the company of her ever-watching mother was the pivot of all eyes.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Lines 1—5. Sweet Auburn (village) you are the most beautiful village on the plain and villagers who live in the village are healthy and have plenty to eat though they have to work hard. The spring season, which is a period of joy and happiness, pays a visit to this village first of all and summer leaves this village last of all. Round this village there are sheltered places of natural beauty where one can go and have ease and comfort.

Lines 6—10. These places were the seats of joys for the youth of the poet. Youth was a period when every sport was a source of pleasure for him. He had off and on walked on these beautiful green plains where poor and simple joys were available to him. The poet says that he has often lingered to look upon those objects of beauty; for example, the cottage duly protected and the farm land cultivated and tilled.

Lines 11—15. The river that flows all the year round and the water mill which is always working, the small but properly built church on the top of the hill, the hawthorn bush near which there were seats under the shade of a tree where old man sat and talked and lovers whispered to one another. Many a time I blessed the day which was to come.

Lines 16—20. At the time of some festival when the village folk observed a holiday and work was temporarily suspended and people from the village came out to celebrate a holiday and hold sports under the shade of some big tree. While they gathered in groups to play some particular game, the young participated in the game and the aged sat and looked on approvingly.

Lines 21—25. Many happy games were played and conjurer showed clever tricks and always when each one got tired with pleasure repeated again and again and games and sports were followed by music which gave pleasure. There was dancing and competition was on the basis of tiring out the competing dancers.

Lines 26 to the end.

Competing dancers had laid a wage, that those would be declared winners who would have tired out the other couples. The young villager with a dirty face is not at all sure whether he is not cutting a sorry figure while people round him looked at him and laughed. The shy virgin looks round with side-long glances while the watchful mother looked at her and rebuked her through her looks and told her not to invite too much attention. These were the attractions of my dear home, my sweet village, which I remember. These were joys which made labour pleasant and lightened the heavy dullness of work.

VII. NOTES & EXPLANATIONS

Lines 1—5. **Sweet**—charming, attractive and loved by the poet. **Auburn**—name of a village in Ireland where Oliver Goldsmith, the author of this poem, was born. **Loveliest village of the plain**—The village which was the most beautiful village on the plains. **Health and plenty**—good health and plenty to eat and drink. A village in which there was plenty to eat and drink and people lead a life of opulence and well-being. **Cheered**—made happy, gave joy. **Labouring**—hardworking; who had to do a lot of physical work they were tillers of the soil and had day and night to work; in the fields. **Swain**—villager, a peasant, a youth (دیہاتی) **Smiling**—spring which is the period of flowers in England and cold countries of Northern Europe. The period when games and sports are held and festivals celebrated. **Earliest**—first. **Earliest visit paid**—came first of all; came earlier than it did in the other parts of the world. **Parting**—departing; which was going away. **Parting summer**—the summer season which was going away. **Lingering**—staying on. **Blooms**—flowers (پھول). **Delayed**—waited. **Parting**

summer's lingering blooms delayed—summer which was going away delayed its departure and consequently flowers which were a speciality of summer continued to bloom **Bower**—a place sheltered and enclosed by hedges and having a roof of over-hanging creepers—A place of retirement and seclusion. **Innocence**—purity. **Ease**—comfort.

Lines 6—10. **Seats of my youth**—places where I passed my youth; when every sport could please—The period of youth, the time of carefree happiness when all games were a source of joy—The period of youth when we enjoy all games and sports. **Loitered**—wandered about aimlessly. **Over thy green**—here "thy" is used for the village Over the green fields of the village Auburn. **Humble happiness**—happiness of the humble *i e.*, joys and pleasures felt by the poor. (This form of speech is called transferred epithet). The adjective 'humble' qualifies the noun 'resident' (of the village) and not happiness. **Endeared**—made dear. **Paused**—waited; stayed (ٹھہرا). **Paused on every charm**—I have stayed to enjoy all the beauties of the environments of the village. **Sheltered**—protected; surrounded by trees and hedges. **Cot**—cottage (جھونپڑی) **Cultivated**—tilled.

Lines 11—15. **Never failing**—flowing all the year round A river the water of which never dries up. **Busy mill**—the mill worked by the flowing current of the river and which is constanly busy in grinding corn or sawing wood. **Decent**—good (نفیس) **Topt**—built on the top. **Neighbouring**—nearby; close at hand. **Hawthorn**—a kind of plant. **With seats beneath the shade**—chairs or benches placed under a tree in the shade for villagers to sit upon. **For talking age**—old people sit on these benches and talk as usually old people do. **Whispering lovers**—lovers who say loving words in a low tone. **Blest**—welcomed. **Coming day**—the day which was to come.

Lines 16—20. **Toil**—labour (مشقت کرنا) **Remitting**—stopping. **Toil remitting**—work which was suspended and

the day which was observed as holiday by the people of the village. **Lent**—gave. **Turn to play**—work was stopped, a holiday was observed *i.e.*, work gave its place to play. **Village train**—people of the village. **From labour**—free from all land work. **Led up**—held. **Sports**—games (کھیل) **Spreading tree**—a big tree having big branches. **Pastime**—games (کھیل). **Circles**—having spectators standing in a circle. **Young**—young people. **Contending**—taking part in the game. **Surveyed**—looked on.

Lines 21—25. **Gambol**—caper, frisk, *i e.*, leap and dance. **Floricked**—played happilly. **Many a gambol frolicked over the plain**—on the level ground many people leaped and danced happily. **Sleights**—deceptive tricks or movements. **Sleights of art**—many conjurers (شعبدہ باز) came and showed to the people of the village many clever tricks performed cunningly by them. **Feats**—deeds of strength, needing physical power. **Sleights of art and feats of strength went round**—the conjurers showed them many tricks played by them cleverly while some people performed deeds needing physical power. **Still**—while. **Each repeated pleasure tired**—these games and tricks were a source of pleasure for the people, but these deeds and tricks were repeated again and again and the people got fed up many a time. **Succeeding**—following, *i.e.*, coming after sports. **Mirthful**—full of joy. (خوشی) **Band**—music (موسیقی). **Inspired**—gave. **Renown**—fame (شہرت).

Lines 26 to the end. **Holding**—continuing. **The dancing pair that simply sought renown. By holding out, to tire each other down**—the couples who were taking part in the dance aimed at winning fame by tiring out the other couples, *i e.*, every dancer tried to dance for a long time so that others may get tired and may give up dancing. The dancing was not very perfect in the technique and execution, since the dancers aimed at continuity of their dance for a time longer than that of others.

Secret—hidden (پوشیده). **Titter**—laughter (ہنسی). **While secret laughter tittered round the place**—The spectators secretly laughed at him and tried to keep their laughter suppressed (دبا کر). **Bashful**—shy and modest (شرمیلی). **Virgin**—maiden (دوشیزہ). **Sidelong**—from one side, *i.e*, not direct and straight. **Matron**—mother. **Glance**—look. **Reprove**-scold, rebuke (جھڑکنا).

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,

The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.

The young maiden though shy by nature looked secretly towards young men and her looks showed love while her mother detected her doing so and rebuked her by looking at her angrily.

There were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,

With sweet succession taught even toil to please—The poet says that these were the attractions provided in the village where he was born and brought up. The village and its memory was dear to him. These pleasureful games succeeded one another and even hard work became pleasurable.

VIII. GENERAL EXPRESSION CONVEYED BY THE POEM

The poem conveys to the intelligent reader an impression of well-being that prevailed in the village. The people had to work hard but they had their innocent pleasures. The people were poor but in spite of their poverty they had days on which festivals were held, when games were played and the people had a chance to feel free and happy.

This poem is mostly reminiscent and reminds occasionally, even the most forgetful reader, about his own past home, childhood and youth.

IX. IMPORTANT PASSAGES EXPLAINED WITH REFERENCE TO CONTEXT

How often have I passed on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill.

EXPLANATION

Many a time I stayed looking at these beautiful objects, the cottage sheltered from cold winds and surrounded by trees, the fields cultivated and tilled and covered with crops, the river flowing and permanently filled with water, the mill on the bank of the river and always busy in grinding corn, the good church on the top of a hill nearby were all objects of attraction for me and I remember them even to-day.

REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

This passage is taken from the poem "*Sweet Auburn*" written by Oliver Goldsmith. In this passage the poet makes a reference to the joys and pleasures which were to be found in his home-village Auburn. In this village people were no doubt poor and had to work hard to make both ends meet, yet, they had their free days when they assembled on the village green and celebrated their festivals. He says—

(*See the explanation which is given above*)

EXPLAIN WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT THE FOLLOWING EXTRACT

While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed,
And many a gambol frolicked over the ground
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.

REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

These lines are taken from the poem "*Sweet Auburn*" written by 'Oliver Goldsmith.' The poet remembers many joys felt by him in the childhood and youth which he has

passed in that village. On certain days the village people did not work and celebrated a holiday. On such days they went out of the village and in the open.

EXPLANATION

Men and women stood in groups forming circles and saw the games that were played. The young participated in these games and sports while older people sat and looked on. Dances were held and participant jumped and danced happily while conjurers showed tricks of art, they gave clever performances of hand and were very much skilled in these. Some athletes showed deeds of physical strength which gave great pleasure to the simple village folk.

X. IMPORTANT QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q. 1. After reading the poem "Sweet Auburn" what impression do you form about village life in England in the times of Oliver-Goldsmith ?

Answer. The people living in villages lived a simple and innocent life. They were poor and had to work hard to keep body and soul together. The luxury, ease and comfort available in town could not be got by them. In spite of the poverty and hard labour their lot was not quite unhappy. Nature with all its wealth and beauty was a permanent source of Pleasure for them to draw upon. There were village holidays when sports and tournaments were held. They danced and sang in the open environment of nature. These pure pleasures lessened their sufferings. These were the charms which attracted the poet even at a later period of his life and he remembered the village and sweet memories dwelled in his mind.

2. WE ARE SEVEN

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I. THE POET

William Wordsworth was born at Cockersmouth in Cumberland, England, on April, 7, 1770. He wa the second son of John Wordsworth attorney at law. Both of his parents died while he was yet a boy. In October 1787, he went up to Saint John College, Cambridge.

Even when young Wordsworth was by nature meditative and was attracted by the beauties of nature, he was self confident and was not over fond of study and loved to wander about in the country-side.

The first collection of his poems printed under the name of the poet was '*The Lyrical Ballads.*' These poems were written by Wordsworth and Coleridge working in collaboration.

These poems brought the poet immediate recognition.

Wordsworth is called the father of Romantic Movement in English poetry. His chief qualities as a poet are :—

1. *Love for nature and beauty.* He believed that intimate contact with nature, faith in nature and love for nature could make us happier and better men.

2. *Simplicity of thought and language.* Wordsworth advocated that first attribute associated with good poetry was simplicity. Poems, he advocated, should be written in a language spoken by ordinary men and women.

II. CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF THE POEM

Setting of the poem. The poem has some of the best qualities associated with Wordsworth as poet. The grownup man's point of view about death is compared with that of a little girl of eight. The poet, by chance, met this girl and questioned her as to how many brothers and sisters they were. The child innocently replied, "We are seven."

When further questioned by the poet she said that though two were dead and buried, they were as dear to her as those who were alive and they were seven in all.

Spirit of innocence and love that prevails The innocence of the child and her simdle approach to the complex problem of life and death si the chief beauty of this poem. This child of nature refuses ot beeiive that death can bring any separation because those who have real selfless love cannot forget or ignore those who are dead and gone.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

The poet met a young girl and asked her, how many brothers and sisters they were in all. The girl replied that they were seven, two had gone to sea, two lived at Conway, two were dead and she lived with her mother in a cottage in the churchyard. The poet tried to persuade her that they were five and not seven and two were dead and gone; but innocent child refused to believe in what he said because she could not follow the calculations made from wordly point of view. She had too much love for her brother and sister to consider them dead and gone.

IV. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

Wordsworth meets by chance a young girl of eight. She is a child born and brought up in a village. Her life has been passed in natural environments. The poet develops a liking for this girl and questions her as to how many brothers and sisters she had. The child innocently replied that they were seven brothers and sisters.

When questioned for further details, she said that two lived at Conway, two were at sea, two had died and were buried in the churchyard while she, the seventh, lived with her mother in a cottage near the churchyard.

The poet tried to explain to her that those two who were dead and gone and they were only five! but the child refuses to believe his worldly calculations and sticks to her own point of view.

V. SUMMARY

Meeting with the girl. The poet by chance met a girl eight years old. She was healthy and strong and the poet thought she could possibly have no views about death. She was a village girl who lived in a cottage. She had curly hair and was dressed in a simple dress ; but she was beautiful.

When questioned by the poet. The poet questioned her how many brothers and sisters they were and the girl replied that they were seven. The poet asked where they all were and the girl replied that two lived at Conway, two had gone to sea, two were dead and buried, she, the seventh, lived with her mother in a cottage near the village churchyard.

The poet further tries to explain to her. The poet told her that they were only five since two were dead and gone.

The girl told him that the two were no doubt dead but they were not gone. She used to sit near their graves and sing to them. They were to be included among the five alive and thus she persisted in believing that they were seven brothers and sisters

VI PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. A small child who was simple and healthy, the poet thought, could possibly have no views about death.

Stanza 2. He met a small girl who lived in a cottage. This girl told him that she was eight years old. Her hair was thick and curly and covered her head.

Stanza 3. She had the appearance of a villager and was dressed in rough clothes. Her eyes were beautiful and her appearance made the poet glad.

Stanza 4. The poet asked her how many brothers and sisters they were. She looked at him with eyes full of wonder and replied that they were seven.

Stanza 5. The poet asked her where her brothers and sisters lived. She replied that they were seven in number ;

two lived at Conway, and two had gone to sea, as they were sailors.

Stanza 6. Two had died and were buried in the churchyard, these two were one brother and one sister and near this churchyard was a cottage in which she lived with her mother.

Stanza 7. The poet said to her, "You say two live at Conway, two are gone to sea. How can you be seven? I pray you tell me gentle maiden how does these make seven?"

Stanza 8. Then the little girl said in reply "We are seven boys and girls. Two of us are dead and buried in the churchyard in two graves beneath a tree. Thus the total comes up to seven."

Stanza 9 I said to the girl, "You are alive, your body and limbs can move. If two of you are dead and buried, then the total comes up to five."

Stanza 10 The girl said, "The graves of my brother and sister are green. These graves can be seen by every body. At a distance of twelve steps from the door of my mother's cottage, these graves are located Their my brother and sister are buried side by side.

Stanza 11. The girl said, "Sometime I take my stockings to these graves, sit there and knit; sometimes I take my scarf there and prepare its border. I sit down on the ground near those two graves and sing a song to my brother and sister."

Stanza 12. "Sometimes when the evening is clear and there are no clouds, in the twilight I take my small basin there and take my meals.

Stanza 13. "Jane who was my sister died first. She fell ill and lay groaning in bed on account of pain, until God took pity on her and freed her from suffering. She died"

Stanza 14. "She was taken to the graveyard and buried at a place where grass was dried. I and my brother John played near her grave.

Stanza 15. Then came winter; the earth was covered with a sheet of white snow. I ran and skated, but my brother John fell ill and had to leave this world and he was buried by the side of Jane."

Stanza 16. The poet says, "I again put her the question: How many brothers and sisters are you when your sister Jane and brother John are dead and gone to heaven?" The maiden replied "Sir, we are seven."

Stanza 17. I said to her "They are dead, Jane and John are dead, their souls have gone to heaven." What I said had no effect on her. The little girl was obstinate in her faith, she again said, "No, sir, we are seven."

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Lightly**—happily (مسرت کے ساتھ). **Draws its breath**—lives in the world. **And feels its life in every limb**—every part of whose body was full of energy, *i.e.* she was healthy and strong. **What should it know of death**—such a child could not be expected to have any idea as to what 'death' meant.

Stanza 2. **Cottage girl**—a girl who lived in a cottage. **With many a curl**—she had curly hair. **Clustered**—a thick growth of hair.

Stanza 3. **Rustic**—villager (دیہاتی دھقانی) pertaining to life in natural surroundings (فطری ماحول). **Woodland**—forests and plants. **She had a rustic woodland air**—her appearance showed that she was a child brought up in natural surroundings **Fair**—innocent and beautiful. **Wildly clad**—not finely dressed, *i.e.*, her dress was simple and rough as the dress of villagers generally is. **Her beauty made me glad** as I looked at her I was happy because she was so simple and pure.

Stanza 4. **Wondering looked at me**—she looked at me and her eyes showed her wonder and astonishment at my question.

Stanza 5. **Conway**—name of a village. **Two are gone to sea**—two are sailors and have gone to sea.

Stanza 6 **Churchyard**—the graveyard attached to the church. **Church-yard cottage**—a cottage situated near the graveyard in the church. **Dwell**—live.

Stanza 7 **How this may be**—the poet says you say we are seven, two live at Conway, two have gone to sea, you live with your mother, thus the total comes up to five and not seven as you say, because the other two are dead and gone.

Stanza 8. **Beneath**—under (زیرے) under a tree in the graveyard are the graves of the two dead children.

Stanza 9. **Limbs**—parts of body (اعضا) *i.e.*, hands and arms which are upper limbs and legs which are lower limbs. **Laid**—buried (دفنایا).

Stanza 10. **Their graves are green**—green grass grows on their graves. The green colour of grass is a sign showing that grass is not dead. The child says that their graves are covered with green grass, therefore they are alive and not dead. **They are side by side**—the brother John and sister Jane are buried near each other.

Stanza 11. **Stockings**—long socks (لمبی جرابیں) **Kerchief**—scarf. **Hem**—border (حاشیہ). **I sit and sing to them**—The girl says that the brother and sister were not dead and gone ; she sat near their graves and sang songs to them.

Stanza 12. **When it is light and fair**—when the weather is clear and there are no clouds and there is yet light. **Porringer**—small basin for putting soup, jelley etc. **Supper**—meals.

Stanza 13. **Moaning**—groaning on account of pain (درد سے کراہنا). **Released**—freed. **She went away**—she died and was freed from pain and suffering.

Stanza 14. **When the grass was dry**—The grass had dried up on account of autumn.

Stanza 15. **When the ground was wet with snow**—when winter set in and the earth was covered with a white sheet of snow. **Slide**—play games of sliding and skating on

the snow (پھسلنے کا کھیل) **Was forced to go**– Fell ill and died and left this world.

Stanza 16. **Master**—Sir.

Stanza 17. **Spirits**—souls (ارواح). **'Twas throwing words**–it was a wastage of words I talked to her but was not able to bring her round to my view. **Still**—yet. **Would have her will**—she could not be persuaded to give up her faith and belief that her brother and sister were to be counted along with the other five who were alive.

VIII. GENERAL TONE AND EFFECT OF THE POEM

This poem has an all-pervading tone of melancholy. The poet appears to be deeply affected by the tragic persistence in her belief by the maiden that they were even brothers and sisters. This was incorrect, as two of the children were dead and to all worldly calculations they were now five brothers and sisters; but the simple girl refused to believe in this and continued under the childlike impression that they were seven brothers and sisters as if all were alive.

Wordsworth as the poet of simplicity and believing in the use of simple language is seen here at his best. No reader who has gone through the poem carefully can escape being affected by the pathos which is present in practically every line of this poem.

It is purely a question of faith: the dead are not dead if those loved ones, who are left behind do not forget them and keep their memory green. Real death is forgetfulness on the part of those relatives and friends who live after the death of a particular person. Here Jane and John are not dead to the girl because she has not forgotten them and she lovingly cherishes their memory.

Important passages explained with reference to context.

1. *"Their graves are green they may be seen,"*
   The little maid replied,

Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

These lines are taken from the poem *We Are Seven* written by William Wordsworth. The poet tried to persuade the little girl that they were *five* brothers and sisters and not *seven* because *two* had died and could not be counted among the living. The girl refuses to believe in this arithmetic and says that the graves of her dead brother and sister were covered with fresh and green grass. This fact, she said, could be verified by observation. As when alive they played together, now after death they were lying in their graves side by side. At a distance of twelve steps from the cottage in which her mother lived, were the graves of the two dead children. So long as she could see those graves she would remember her brother John and sister Jane, she would continue including them in the number of her brothers and sisters.

2. *So in the Churchyard she was laid,*
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

These lines are taken from the poem, "We Are Seven" written by William Wordsworth. The little girl gives the poet further details about the death of her brother and sister. She says that Jane died in autumn, her dead body was brought to the churchyard and she was placed in her grave, at that time grass was dry, *i.e.*, it was the beginning of winter. In England the winter is preceded by autumn and during this season grass generally withers away. After Jane had been buried John and the little girl who had met the poet often came to the graveyard and played round the grave of their dead sister Jane.

IX. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. What points in this poem do you like and why?

Answer. See critical appreciation of the poem.

Q. 2. Does the poem make you feel sorrowful and why?

Answer. When we study this poem some of the sorrow which is constantly present in the poem is transferred to us. Two children out of seven have died, two have gone to sea, two have gone and settled at Conway, the only child who is left behind with her mother is the little girl herself but she is firmly convinced that they are seven brothers and sisters Though the other six have left their home and gone, this little girl is firmly persuaded that they are present and she is actually conscious of their presence. This firm belief in the presence of her brother and the sister is the characteristic point which is a special appeal to every sensitive reader

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3. YOUTH AND AGE

BY

SAMUAL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

I. THE POET

Coleridge was born at Ottery, Saint Mary, in Devonshire, on October 28, 1772. His father was an easy-tempered and quiet man and worked in the church of the village as a parson. His father was quite a good scholar; but he was a very unpractical man It was lucky, therefore, for Coleridge that he had a shrewd and clear mother who looked after the interests of her son more wisely and advanced his interests from the practical point of view.

In his childhood, as in his later life, Coleridge took very little interest in ordinary sports, and was noted at school for his dreamy manner though he made considerable progress in Greek and Latin and was a very keen reader of philosophical books. From school he secured a scholarship and went up to Jesus College, Cambridge, for further studies. In 1795 he formed a friendship with Wordsworth and in collaboration they wrote a collection of poems which was published under the title '*Lyrical Ballads.*'

The chief qualities of Coleridge as a poet are :—

(1) Wonderful power of narration.

(2) A powerful imagination.

(3) Philosophical interpretation of life and its associated problems.

(4) A realistic approach to matters related to the world of spirit and mind.

(5) A delineation of the supernatural in terms of natural.

(6) He can create, with the help of words, a scenic effect which very few English poets are capable of doing.

II. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

In this poem Coleridge compares youth with old age and says that in youth we are full of hope and life has a halo of romance round it. As we grow older this hopefulness fades into helplessness of old age. Objects of nature—rivers, wind, hill, lakes, and ships, all have a special attraction. Passing away of youth is just like the ringing of evening bells which announce the end of day. In youth the body is healthy and full of energy. As we grow older we droop and get bent ; the size of the body is altered. Dew drops, which in the morning are beautiful and shining like gems, in the evening these very drops appear like tears shed by the day which was drawing to a close.

The poet in this poem is a bit sorrowful on account of having lost the hopefulness of hilarity of youth. This is specially true about Coleridge. In middle age he had begun taking laudanum and this evil habit so over-clouded his mental faculties that he began to pass his time in a condition of semi-unconsciousness. The poem is thus autobiographical and the poet laments in it the loss of appetite for the beautiful he had in his youth. He feels this loss poignantly and expresses it most effectively in words.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

The poet in tragic mood laments over the loss of youth. His body has grown aged while he feels mentally young, but

the mind exercises a check upon his imagination and does him grievous wrong. All beautiful and pleasurable things of life have lost all their charms as far as he is concerned. It is so difficult for him to beleve that his youth is gone for ever and will never come back. When he sees flowers and other beautiful things of life he feels that these objects are now no longer sources of pleasure for him. The poet feels that he was now reduced to the position of a guest who has overstayed his welcome but whom for outward regard the hosts do not bid to go away.

IV. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

The poet says that in youth he had the power to write poetry and also felt a hopefulness which decayed with the advance of age He felt this loss acutely. In youth the mountains, rivers, lakes, the wind and tide had a special beauty of their own. As he grew older he felt that he had lost the power to appreciate beauty and love. His condition became similar to a day which was drawing to its close and appeared jaded and tired.

V. SUMMARY

Poetry which is just like a breeze passing through flowers and hope which is always humming like a bee are present with us when we are young. Hopefulness and poetry are qualities of youthfulness.

The poet says, "This body of mine, which has become for me a burden on account of old age, was in youth lithe and active. Then the body was like a light rowing boat in good condition and moved with a natural ease and grace which is lost as we grow older Youth was my companion then and I could appreciate the beauty of flowers and friendship had its special attractions for me."

The poet says, "The decay of my emotions of youth tell me that I have grown aged and senile. Youth is like a bold actor which comes plays its part and goes away, leaving behind a void. Life is nothing but a power of thought and through thinking we can continue to be young. This is a pious hope expressed by actual facts

The poet says that the things in youth take on a beauty of their own. Dew-drops in the morning look like gems but in the evening those very drops of dew look like drops of tears. Where hope is lost, life becomes like a warning and is only a source of worry for us. The closing phases of life are like a guest who is on the verge of departure, is no longer welcome; but is unnecessarily prolonging his stay.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. **Poetry** is like a breeze passing through flowers and **hope** is like a bee clinging to those flowers and feeling upon them. In youth I was hopeful and had the power and capacity to write poems. Life in youth was passing through its period of spring. *Nature, hope* and *poetry* were my constant companions in youth.

Stanza 2. "At one time," the poet says, "I was young. What a difference between what I was when I was young and what I am now, when I am old. This body of mine, which my hands did not build for me, is a house which is a source of discomfort and sufferings for me. In youth, this body moved easily over high hills and bright sands. How easily it moved about then! It was like well-equipped rowing ships of the past which sailed over zigzag lakes and rivers wide and spacious. The ships sailed without the help of oar or sails. The body was, in youth, like a sailing ship brave and strong and was not afraid of storms or waves. This body was not all afraid of violent blowing of winds or stormy weather. When I was young the flowers appeared to be beautiful and attractive. Love is like a flower while friendship is like a tree, giving shade and protection from sun and rain. Friendship, love and liberty are felt and enjoyed most in youth.

Stanza 3. Before I grow old. How full of suffering is this '**Before**"! When I utter the word '*Before*' I feel most acutely that I am no longer young. O youth, how long did you stay with me, the period was quite long! Even when I am grown old I shall go on thinking that it is a foolish and false idea that youth is gone. The evening bell, announcing your departure is not yet wrung. You were a bold and clever actor and have perhaps put on the mask of old age, just to

deceive us that you are gone. The grey hair I see upon my head, I am now bent and bowed, the size of my body is changed and these changes prove that youth is gone and I am grown old. Yet youth by itself is blooming and young, therefore the tears that well up in my eyes on account of loss of youth get a brilliance from the sunshine present in the eyes of youth. Life is nothing else but the power to think. I will, therefore, contrive thinking, that I and youth are even now living in the same place, *i.e.*, I am even now young.

Stanza 4. Dew-drops in the morning appear fine and bright like gems; but in the evening those very drops take on the appearance of tears. When hope is gone life is no better than mere warning of the approaching death and gives rise to sorrow and suffering when we are old. Its only purpose in old age is to cause us suffering, because we begin taking leave of many a thing which we had acquired in youth. Life in old age becomes like a guest who, though a near relative, has stayed with us for too long and is no longer welcome and is allowed to stay on because we do not wish to tell him to go away. His jests and jokes have become stale through repetition and no longer provoke mirth or laughter.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Verse**—poetry (شعر). **Breeze**—slow moving air (باد صبا). **Mid**—among. **Blossoms**—flowers. **Straying**—wandering. **Clung**—lingered. **Verse a breeze mid blossoms straying**—poetry is like a slow moving air passing through flowers. The poet means to say that in youth we feel the effect of poetry quite in the same way as slow moving air spread, all over the garden, the sweet smell of flowers. **Hope clinging feeding like a bee**—in youth hope clings to us as a bee which clings to a flower feeding upon the flower. **A maying**—May is the month of summer in England In the month of May there are many flowers. **Life went a maying**—in youth life is pleasant and happy as it is in the summer month of May. **Poesy**—poety (شعر) **With Nature, hope, and poesy—When I was young**—When I was young—I enjoyed the beauties of Nature, I had hope and could write poetry.

Stanza 2. **Ah**—alas. **Woeful**—sorrowful. **Midst**—between. **Now and Then—Now** (اب) means old age and **Then** (تب) stands for the period when the poet was young. **Breathing house**—This body which lives by breathing. **This body that does me grievous wrong**—This body which has become aged and is now causing me great harm because it has become aged and I can no longer feel the pleasures of youth. **Grievous**—great **Aery**—high. **Cliffs**—mountains. **Glittering**—shining. **Lightly**—happily. **Then it flashed along**—'then' here stands for the period of poet's youth. In youth, he says, his body was full of vitality (قوت) and shone bright and moved over hills and plains full of joys of youth. **Trim**—well-equipped and in good repairs. **Skiffs—Light** boats (ہلکی کشتیاں). **Yore**—ancient times. **Winding**—zigzag not straight (خمیدہ). **Rivers wide**—big spacious rivers. **Aid**—help. **Spite**—anger (غضب). **Anger of mind or tide**—The angry mood of wind or ocean, *i.e.*, these ships were afraid neither of the violently blowing winds nor of the stormy ocean. The poet means to say that in youth he was not at all afraid of the vissitudes of fortune (مصائب) or of adverse circumstances (مشکلات). **Nought**—nothing. **Not cared this body for wind or weather**.—In youth the body of the poet was strong like that of a good ship. He did not at all care for changes brought about by wind or weather. **Flowers are lovely**—In youth flowers have a special charm. **Love is flower-like**—love is innocent and charming like a flower. **Sheltering tree**—friendship gives us protection and shade as a tree does. **Shower-like**—rained in profusion. **Of**—out of. **Ere**—before.

Stanza 3. **Ah woeful ere**—this 'before' which means the times that are gone and past which are remembered by me now and are a source of suffering. **For years so many and sweet**. For such a long time when I was young and which was the best period of my life. **Fond**—foolish. **Conceit**—wrong impression (غلط اثر). **I will think it but**

a fond conceit. I now am of the opinion that all this impression that once I was young and happy is a false and foolish creation of my mind. **Vesper-bell**—bell that is rung in the church in the evening calling the people for evening prayers (شام کی دعا کے لئے بجنے والا گھنٹہ). The day ends after evening. Here it means the closing of the day *i.e.*, the period of youth of the poet. **Aye**—yes. **Masker**—an actor.

Thou wert aye a masker bold!

What strange disguise hast now put on.

To make believe that thou art gone.

The poet addresses youth and says that youth was a clever actor and like a good actor had his appearance and taken on the shape and form of old age. This was a strange disguise and was taken on for the purpose of making us believe that youth it was gone. The poet feels loth over having lost youth and beauties and joys associated with youth and tries to persuade himself that his youth was not yet gone, it had only changed its shape and was playing a trick upon the poet that he had grown old. **Locks**—curls of hairs. (زلفیں - بالوں کی لٹیں). **Silvery slips**—grey hair. **Drooping**—bending on account of old age. **Gait**—way of walking. **Altered size**—the size of the body which had changed on account of old age. **Spring tide**—in the time of spring. **Blossoms**—flowers (پھول). **Spring-tide blossoms on thy lips**—The beautiful flowers of spring which are a sign of youth, beauty and joy. **Tears**—the poet is sad and shedding tears on account of loss of youth. **Take sunshine**—the tears in the eyes of the poet get a light and brilliance, from the eyes of youth. **Life is but thought**—the chief mark of being alive is having the power of thought, so long as we are alive we are capable of thinking.

So think I will.

That youth and I are house-mates still.

The poet says that though he had grown old and plea-

sures and joys associated with youth were past and gone, but he will deceive himself into thinking that he and youth lived in the same house, that is, he was still young. **House-mates**—people who lived in the same house. **Still**—yet.

Stanza 4. **Gems**—precious stones. **Dew drops are gems of morning**—drops of dew appear like jewels early in the morning, because morning is the beginning of the day and at that time the day is youthful. **But tears of mournful eye**—but the evening is sorrowful and sad because then the day is drawing to a close and those very dew drops appear like tears shed from eyes. **Where no hope is**—when we grow old and the hope leaves us *i.e.* we no longer feel hopeful about anything. **Life is a warning**—old age gives us a warning about impending death. **That only serves to make us grieve**—these feelings of hopelessness in old age and premonition of approaching death only serve to make us sorrowful. **Oft**—often. **Tedious**—dull. **Nigh-related**—near relative. **Rudely**—roughly or unceremoniously. **Dismist**—told to go. **Out-stayed his welcome**—has stayed with you for too long a time and is no longer desirable. **Tells the jest without the smile**—the jests and jokes of such a guest appear dull and do not make you laugh because you have begun to dislike the man and consequently his jokes fall flat.

VIII. IMPORTANT PASSAGES EXPLAINED WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

1. *This body that does me grievous wrong,*
   O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
   How lightly then it flashed along,
   Like those trim skiffs of yore,
   On winding lakes and rivers wide.

This passage is taken from the poem, "*Youth and Age*" written by Coleridge. The poet says that love for poetry and hopefulness are characteristic qualities of youth. The coming of old age causes severe loss and injury to the human body and the body in old age becomes a burden for mind. The poet says that the old age makes him suffer severely. In youth the body was lithe and active and he jumped about

over high hills and bright sandy plains. His body was at that time bright and beautiful. The young body was like a well-equipped small ship, of old, unknown times and moved over circuitous (پیچدہ) lakes and wide, spacious (فراخ) rivers.

2. *Nought cared this body for wind and weather,*
When youth and I lived in it together,
Flowers are lovely ! Love is flower—like,
Friendship is a sheltering tree.

This extract is taken from Coleridge's poem *Youth and Age*. Here the poet says that in youth our body and mind are like a well-equipped ship ; but advance of age weakens out mental and physical powers. In youth the body did not care for changes of weather or the blowing of wind, *i.e.*, the body was strong and healthy and adverse circumstances were not felt by it as acutely as these were felt in old age. In youth flowers appear beautiful and love then is innocent like a flower. At that period friendships give protection and shade as does some big spreading tree.

3. *I think it is but a fond conceit—*
It cannot be that thou art gone—
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled—
And thou wert aye a masker bold !
What strange disguise hast put on,
To make believe that thou art gone !

These lines are taken from Coleridge's poem '*Youth and Age*.' The poet refuses to believe that youth is gone and past and says that it was foolish and false belief that he had gone old, it is impossible that youth had passed away. The evening bell of youth had not yet rung announcing its departure. He was young and the youth like a clever actor had only changed its visage and put on the garb of old age to make the poet believe that he had grown old. The poet fondly believes himself to be young and says that youth had actually not gone ; but was only pretending

and playing a trick on him that it was gone and that he had grown old.

4. *When we are old ;*
That only serves to make us grieve.
With often and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh related guest,
That may not be rudely dismist ;
Yet had out-stayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without a smile.

The poet says, "When we grow old we have cause to be sorrowful because then we have repeatedly to bid farewell to many things we might have in our youth. Our position in old age is that of a nearly related guest, a guest who happens to be our blood relation ; but is poor. He has stayed with us for quite a long time and now we wish that he may go away but cannot in plain words tell him to go, because saying so would appear rude and discourteous. Such a guest is no longer welcome. He has over-stayed his time and his jests and jokes appear tedious. In old age we are in the position of such a guest, we have overstayed our time in this world and now our sojourn is not happy or desirable.

IX. QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q. What are Coleridge's views about old age ?

Answer. Coleridge, in this poem, personifies youth and associates all good things of life with it. In youth poetry, hope, flowers beauty and Nature all have a special charm for us ; but as we grow older this attraction slowly but steadily goes on decreasing. Old age, is in fact, the closing phase of life. Hills and valleys over which he used to run about in youth lose their charm and body has no longer any vitality to enjoy these blessings of nature to the full.

In this world we are guests and our stay here is a temporary halt.

When we grow old we fall into the position of a guest who has overstayed his welcome. The sooner he goes away, the better it is ; but he lingers on. Youth is the period of real life and old age is no better than the end itself which is death and means cessation of all activity, physical as well as mental.

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4. ALAS ! THEY HAD BEEN FRIENDS IN YOUTH

I. POET

See *"Youth and Age"*

II. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

In this passage Coleridge expresses his ideas about love and friendship which according to him leave permanent and indelible impressions upon the human heart. He takes the case of two friends who were very intimate and close, but they quarrelled and parted from each other never to meet again. They were entirely separated, but Coleridge is sure that even after parting no power on earth can wash away entirely the feelings which they once cherished for each other.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

Roland and Sir Leoline were intimate friends in youth, but they quarrelled and parted and never met again. Whispering tongues had poisoned their minds. Constancy and faith are rare things in this world and life is a difficult affair. They quarrelled and parted but neither of the two was able to find another friend to whom he might tell his secrets. Thus in their life was created a void which nothing could fill up.

IV. THE SUBSTANCE

Friendship and love we have for a friend have a lasting effect upon us. Even if two friends quarrel and separate the impression of the feelings of love which they once had for each other is bound to last.

V. SUMMARY

In youth Roland and Sir Leoline were friends but people estranged their relations by telling false things, youth is foolish and true love and faith can be had only in heaven.

When we quarrel with one whom we happen to love our condition is like that of a mad man. It so happened that Roland and Sir Leoline quarreled and parted.

They parted from each other never to meet again. They became like two hills with water flowing betwixt keeping the one away from the other but the poet is sure that the feelings of love for each other are still present in their hearts although they have given up being intimate.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Lines 1—5. Also ! Roland and Sir Leoline were friends in youth but backbites and liers can misrepresent facts and faith and fidelity can be found only in the world of spirit and this life is full of cares and worries ; youth is the period of vanity and rashness. To be angry with a person whom we love !

Lines 6—10. If relations with a person we love become strained, our condition becomes somewhat like that of a mad person. It so happened that Roland and Leoline quarrelled and uttered words full of anger and the one insulted the other.

Lines 10 to the end.

They parted with the intention never to meet again. After the quarrel they never met and never got a chance of expressing the pain in their hearts. They remained apart and the wounds caused by anger remained in their hearts. They were like two hills separated by a fearful and stormy sea. But neither heat, nor cold, nor thunder can entirely remove that feeling of love and regard for each other which at one time they had.

IV. NOTES & EXPLANATIONS

Lines 1—5. **Whispering**—speaking in a low tone (سر گوشیاں کرنا). We whisper when we give secret informa-

tion to someone. **Poison**—disfigure, distort (بگاڑنا). **Whispering tongue can poison truth**—people who tell lies and are backbiters can change facts and convert truth into falsehood by distorting it. **Constancy**—Fidelity, faithfulness (وفاداری). **Realms**—world. **Thorny**—harsh and cruel. **Youth is vain**—in youth we are foolish and showy. **Wrath**—anger (غصه - غضب).

Lines 6—10. **Chanced**—happened (واقع هوا). **Divine**—think. (بھانپ لینا). **High disdain**—bitter anger and dislike. **And insults to his heart's best brother**—one insulted the other although in their hearts they had brotherly feelings.

Lines 11 to the end.

Never either found another—none of the two was able to find such a good friend as they two were at one time. **Hollow heart**—heart which was empty because it had no friend. **Paining**—suffering. **Aloof**—away from. **Cliffs**—hills. **Asunder**—separate. **Dreary**—stormy. **Frost**—cold. **Do away**—remove. **Ween**—know.

VII. MORAL OF THE POEM

Friendship and love has a deep and lasting influence on your lives. Even when relations between two intimate friends become strained, effect of their previous love and intimacy continue haunting the mind and each one of them feels the want of something he has lost.

VIII Important passages explained with reference to the context :—

But never either found another,
To free the hollow heart from paining,
They stood aloof the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder,
A dreary sea now flows between.

These lines are taken from Coleridge's poem "Alas! They Had Been Friends in Youth" Roland and Sir Leoline quarrelled and parted and never met again; but neither of the two was able to find some other friend to whom he may tell his secrets and unburden the heart and free it from suffering. They did not meet and the wounds caused by quarrelling remained unhealed. They became like two rocks parted from each other and in between flowed the stormy see acting as a barrier and a check from the two rocks coming together again.

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5. THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

BY

CHARLES LAMB

1. THE POET

Charles Lamb was born in London in the year 1775. His father was a barrister's clerk and on this account could not afford to give his seven children a very high and perfect education. Lamb the younger had to take up work as a clerk in the East India Company's Office in London. Financial want forced him to try his hard as a writer and he proved a success in this line. He is good essayist, humorist and short story writer. He cannot be included in the list of first rate poets but his poems have a childlike simplicity which endear them to every reader of English poetry. His chief qualities as a writer are :—(1) A curious combination of pity and laughter. (2) Love for mankind and (3) Simplicity.

II. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The chief quality of this poem is simplicity of style and language. Lamb knows how to create in the mind of the reader a sense of reality about what he is writing. In this poem he remembers the companions of his childhood and youth. Those clear faces of our infancy who are dead and gone never to return again. They have become parts and parcels of the dreadful past; with them are associated those dear memories which, however much we try, we cannot

forget. The tragic note is always struck by Lamb with remarkable success.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

In this poem Lamb remembers the dear old faces of his infancy, his play-mates and companions whom death had parted from him. He once fell in love with a beautiful woman whom death took away. I once had a friend but I was ungrateful and gave up that friend. Some are thus dead, some are gone and the poet is thus left all alone.

IV. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

In this poem the poet expresses his feelings of sorrow over the loss of those friends who were dear to him in youth and childhood and whom death had parted from him and whom he will never meet again and will never be able to forget. After the departure of these friends this world appeared to him a desert, unfrequented by any living creature. The poet appeared to be constantly in search of those dear ones who were his companions in youth and childhood.

V. SUMMARY

When I was a child I had play-mates and friends and my days at school were happiest days of my life. Those days are now past and old familiar faces are gone for ever.

In my youth and childhood I had friends and companions, together we laughed, sat late in the night, had drinking parties, those were my bosom friends, they are now gone, those faces which were so familiar to me.

Once I fell in love with a very pretty woman but now I can get no admittance to her home. I cannot meet her. Those old times are gone and past and faces associated with that period are also gone and lost to me.

I had a friend and no man in the world had a friend more kind than my friend. I had foolishly no regard for the kindness of my friend and left him suddenly for the sake

of having time to think over old familiar faces which are now gone and vanished.

Like a ghost I have seen places where I had passed my childhood any my youth. This world appears to me a lonely place like a desert unfrequented by mankind. I have searched every nook and corner of this world trying to find out those old familiar faces.

My intimate friends! You are more dear to me than my brother even; it is a pity that you were not born in my father's house and were my brothers. Had you been my brothers, we would have talked about those old familiar faces who have vanished.

Some of my dear friends are dead, others have left me, some have been taken away from me. All are gone, those old faces familiar to me in my childhood and youth.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. The poet says then that in youth and childhood he was happy because he had friends and companions. His schooldays were passed in happiness but now those familiar faces of old friends have disappeared.

Stanza 2. In those days I laughed, drank, and had late evening parties. I had bosom friends who were intimate with me but now they are gone.

Stanza 3. Once I fell in love with a beautiful woman but now I cannot go to her home because I am not allowed to see her. She is dead and gone.

Stanza 4. I have a very kind-hearted friend, but I proved ungrateful and un-expectedly gave him up because I wanted to think about old familiar faces which time took away from me.

Stanza 5. Like a ghost I wander and visit again those places where I had passed my childhood. Earth is to me like a desert and I wander over it searching for my old friends.

Stanza 6. My intimate friends, I wish you had been born

in our home and had been my brothers so that we, too, might have talked about those old familiar faces.

Stanza 7. Some of those old familiar faces are dead, some have left, some have been taken away, all are gone those old familiar faces.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Play-mates**—friends with whom I played in my childhood (همجولی).

Stanza 2. **Carousing**—drinking wine (شراب نوشی کرنا). **Bosom cronies**—intimate friends who were near and dear to me.

Stanza 4. **Ingrate**—ungrateful (ناشکرا). **Abruptly**—suddenly without warning (یکایک).

Stanza 5. **Haunts**—stays for a long time (قیام کرتا ہے دیر تک رهتا ہے). **Desert**—a lonely place. **Traverse**—walk over (پهرنا).

Stanza 6. **Dwelling**—place of living (قیام گاہ - مکان).

Stanza 7. **Departed**—who has left.

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6. THE RIVER OF LIFE

BY

THOMAS CAMPBELL

I. THE POET

Thomas Campbell is a Scotch-poet. He was born in Glasgow in 1777 and was educated at the Glasgow University. His father was a business man and originally wanted his son to adopt the same profession. Campbell wrote and published his first collection of poems entitled "*Pleasures of Hope*" and won immediate fame. He is essentially a lyric poet and writer of songs.

II. CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF THE POEM

The poem is lyrical and in the best style of Campbell. It is simple in language and has a sweet note which makes the song suitable for being adapted to music. The poem is an expression of the poet's tragic feelings of transitoriness (بے ثباتی) of life. In childhood and youth we have not the least idea that time is moving fast ; but as we grow older we feel more that time is running away and very soon death will overtake us.

III. THE CENTRAL IDEA

The longer we have lived in this world, the more brief appears to us the span of life. In childhood and youth the very idea of death and leaving this world appears unbelievable and wrong while in old age death appears imminent. As we grow old sorrows and worries come thicker and faster than in youth and childhood. It may appear strange that time appears to move slower in youth and faster in old age, but it is a fact that nobody can deny. It is a boon that the period of old age which is so full of misery appears to run faster.

IV. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

The longer we have lived in this world the swifter the time appears to be flying. In youth one hour appears to be as long as one year ; when we grow old one year appears to be as short as one hour. The nearer we approach death the quicker the span of life appears to be ending. In this poem the poet compares life to a river, the current of the river grows faster as it reaches its end where it falls into the sea. Quite in the same way time begins to pass quickly as we approach death which is the end of life.

V. SUMMARY

The longer we have lived in this world the shorter appears the period we have to live in this world.

The happy period of youth before its smooth flow is disturbed by violent passions. It is a slow moving period.

As we grow older and become withered and sorrows come thicker the passage of time is quickened.

As with the advance of age life becomes insipid, our march towards death becomes rapid.

It may appear strange to you but it is a fact that after the death of friends the match of time cannot be slowed.

Old age weakens our faculties, and heavenly powers are kind in making the period of old age pass away quickly.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. The longer we have lived in this world the more brief appear the stages of life that follow. In infancy a day appears as long as one year and years as ages moving on.

Stanza 2. The period of youth which is time of happiness. Before it becomes overcast with worries as with the advance of age we become playthings of violent desires. The river of life moves on slowly and noiselessly during this period like a river passing through a grassy plain.

Stanza 3. As with the advance of age we are worn out by cares our faces become pale and the arrows of sorrow become thick and fast, you stars from whose movement we calculate time, your course appears to run faster than before.

Stanza 4. In old age joys lose their freshness and life becomes insipid and colourless. Then as we go nearer to the end of life the period of life appears to exhaust itself more quickly.

Stanza 5. It may appear unusual but nobody can ever change the flow of time. Its speed cannot be lessened by any worldly agency. When friends die we are wounded and bleed, and after that our life begins to conclude more quickly.

Stanza 6. In old age our physical powers begin to decline but God is kind, and counterbalances this weakness by bringing life to an end more quickly by accelerating its speed, while the period of youth appears to be longer because at that time life is pleasant and desirable.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **The more**—the longer. **More brief**—the shorter. **Succeeding stages**—the various stages in the life of man which follow one after the other, childhood, youth, middle age, old age and death.

A day to childhood appears a year,
And years like passing ages.

The poet means to say that in childhood life is so full of pleasures that we have a feeling that our stay in life is going to be long and time appears to move so slowly that one day appears as long as a year and one year as long as a whole life-time. **Seems**—appears as long as. **Passing ages**—ages that have passed.

Stanza 2. **Gladsome**—happy. **Current**—flow. **Of your youth**—our life when we are young. **Ere**—before. **Passion**—strong and violent desires. **Disorders**—disturbances, worries. **Steals**—moves noiselessly. **Lingering**—moving slowly. **Like a river smooth**—life flows smoothly like a river passing through level plains. He means to say that in youth before our minds become disturbed with passions the flow of life is gentle and smooth. **Grassy borders**—the level plains on the two banks of the river and convered with grass.

Stanza 3. **Care-worn**—worn-out and tired by cares and worrief of life which come upon us with the outset of old age. **Wan**—pale. **Cheek grows wan**—we become weak and rosiness of cheeks which is a sign of health and vitality is replaced by pallor.— **Shafts**—arrows. **Fly thicker**—come and attack us in larger numbers. **The stars that measure life to man**—the stars from whose movement in the sky we calculate the passage of time. **Why seem your courses quicker**—the poet puts very valid and pertinent question why is that as we grow older and are beset with sorrows and sufferings, life appears so run and pass at a quicker speed than it did in youth when we were happy and free.

Stanza 4. **Bloom**—youthfulness. **Breath**—freshness of

life. **Vapid**—insipid, flat, without interest. **Falls of death**—the closing phases of life, the period of life which brings man nearer to death. **Tide**—flow, passage.

Stanza 5. **Yet who would change**—yet nobody can change it. **Course**—flow, movement, passage. **Slower speeding**—slacken its speed. **Bosoms**—hearts. **Bleeding**—wounded and feelings of sorrow at the death of our near and dear ones.

Stanza 6. **Years**—time and stage of life. **Of fading strength**—of old age when our physical and mental powers begin to decline and grow weaker. **Indemnifying**—compensating, giving something else in place of what we lose. **A seeming length**—appear to be long and drawn out. **Proportioned to their sweetness**—the period of youth is full of joys and appears sweet and desirable and this period appears to us the longest.

VIII. IMPORTANT PASSAGES EXPLAINED WITH REFERENCE TO CONTEXT

1. *The gladsome current of our youth,*
Ere passion yet disorders,
Seeals lingering like a river smooth.
Along its grassy border.

These lines are taken from 'The River of Life,' a poem written by Thomas Campbell. The poet says that life in youth is full of happiness and flows easily, and before passions come in to spoil the smooth tenor of life it so appears to us that time is taking its proper course and is moving slowly and at ease. At this stage of our life the poet compares life to a river flowing through level plains and going at an easy pace without let or hinderance. On the two banks of the river grass is growing, metaphorically meaning, that in youth the river of life passes through a land which is happy and gay.

2. *But as the care-worn cheek grows wan ,*
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,

Ye stars that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker ?

These lines are taken from Thomas Campbell's poem, 'The River of Life.' The poet says as we grow old and our faces grow pale on account of cares and worries that encircle us, the arrows of sufferings and sorrow become more numerous and come more quickly. Then these stars that move up high in the sky and from whose movements we, human beings, gauge time appear to move faster. The poet puts to the stars the question why does it so appear to us in old age that time is passing faster than it did in youth and in childood.

3. *Heaven gives over years of fading strength.*
Indemnifying fleetness.
And those of youth, a seeming length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

These lines are taken from 'River of Life,' a poem written by Thomas Campbell. The poet says that God is kind and compensates us for the loss of youth by making the passage of time puicker. Youth and childhood are period full of happiness and pleasures and during this period it so appears to us that time is passing slowly ; but as we grow older the pleasures of youth fade away and these are substituted by cares, worries and ill health. For this loss God compensates by making it appear to us that time in old age flies quicker and passes swiftly. Thus we did not feel very acutely the loss of the pleasures and joys of youth.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. Give a critical appreciation of the ideas of this poem. Do you agree with these ideas ?

Answer. In this poem the poet says that the older we grow the more bitter and harsh life becomes. Youth and childhood are periods of joy and carefreeress ; during this period time appears slow moving. The poet is right in saying so because in youth and childhood we generally have no sense of time and thus feel that time is moving slowly.

As time moves on and we get more and more experience of time we develop a time sense. In addition to our becoming mature we have better experience which make it quite apparent to us that life is not a bed of roses. Now death is approaching and we feel that our stay in the world is bound to terminate. Compared with youth time flies faster in old age.

To counteract this fleet-footedness of time, nature has embittered our relations with the world, or *vice versa*, we may say that it is a blessing for the old and weak to feel that time is flying fast and death is approaching very fast.

Campbell is primarily a realistic poet and in this poem this quality of the poet is well illustrated. No one can deny that the older we grow the more we feel that death is overtaking us. In youth and childhood we have no fears of death and in fact when we are young, we think that we are immortal. It is only with the advance of age that we develop a feeling that the drama of life is going to close soon.

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7. OFT. IN THE STILLY NIGHT

BY

THOMAS MOORE

I. THE POET

Thomas Moore is an Irish poet. He was born in Dublin in 1779. The most famous of his poems are included in the collection called "*Irish Melodies.*" He is primarily a song-writer and as such enjoyed tremendous popularity in his own day. Of late he has receded into oblivion (گمنامی) and very few readers at all worry about his poetical work, but this does not mean that his poetic excellence is to be neglected. He is even today the national poet of Ireland.

His poems have a sweet and lingering music and a delicate pathos which are qualities invariably associated with first rate poetry.

II. CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF THE POEM

The poem *"Oft. in the Stilly Night"* is a poem intended to be set to music. The emphasis is more on language and words than upon ideas. We have to bear in mind that Moore is not a very original or deep thinker, he is a singer and aims at creating an effect with the help of words. The poem is permeated by a note of melancholy although, memory is saddened, it brings before the mind's eye a vivid picture of past life. People and friends whom the poet loved, whose memory he cherished, joys and sorrows that have been and will not be repeated all pass before he calls them up to memory and feels sad over their loss.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

Often in the quietness of night before I fall asleep I remember my past life and incidents, some happy and some sad, associated with this period. My dear and near ones whom I loved but who are now covered by the dateless night of death. Those friends of my childhood and youth have fallen away from me just as leaves fall from the trees in winter. I feel like a guest who is left all alone in a banquet hall from which the guests are gone and light have consequently been put out.

IV. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

Many a time on still and quiet nights before the poet is overtaken by sleep, memory brings before his mind's eye incidents of past life. He remembers the old dear faces of his infancy and all those loving incidents of the past come before him poignantly. He remembers those friends and relatives who were linked to him by love and whom death had parted. He at such times feels himself like a lonely person who is wandering through a room where a feast was given but now all the guests had gone.

V. SUMMARY

Often at night when it is quiet and I am going to fall asleep, memories of past life come crowding upon me. I remember the joys and sorrows of my childhood. Loving words said in in the past come back to my mind.

At that time I remember those friends who were joined together by love but whom death parted and who had fallen one after the other as leaves fall in autumn. Then the feeling comes over me that I am like a lonely guest who is left behind in the banquet hall after the other guests have departed.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Many a time at the dead of night when a perfectly calm and quiet atmosphere prevails, cherished memory of the past sheds around me the light of former events before sleep overtakes me. On such occasions I experience once more the pleasures and pains of my boyhood. Similarly, I hear again the words of love spoken to me by my elders, and see once more the gleam of affection in their eyes. Nevertheless, I know that these eves lost their glimmer long ago and death has closed them for ever. I find all those hearts now broken which then used to become gay and happy in my company. Thus many a time at the dead of night when a perfectly calm and quiet atmosphere prevails, cherished memory of the past sheds around me the light of former event before sleep overtakes me.

The revival of old memories puts in mind of all my friends with whom I had developed close intimacy. I recollect how all of them passed away one by one. I can best compare these friends to falling leaves which die and quit in the winter season the tree on which they had grown. The memory of their death makes me feel lonely. I find myself like a person who walked alone in a dining hall which was full of guests a short while ago but which has been left by everyone now. I feel as if all the warmth of life has been taken out of this hall : the lamps which illuminated it have been extinguished and the garlands which made it so colourful have all withered. I feel as if

nodody remains there except myself. Thus it is a very sad memory of the past which sheds around me the light of former events, before sleep overtakes me at the dead of night when a perfectly calm and quiet atmosphere prevails everywhere.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza I. **Stilly**—silent. **Slumber**—sleep (نیند) **Bound**—tied. **Fond**—loving (مشتاق). **Light**—memory. (?) **The smiles and the tears**—joys and sorrows. **Of boyhood years**—about the period of my childhood and youth. **Dimmed**—made dim by old age or having lost their light through death.

Words of love then spoken
The eyes that shone
Now dimmed and gone.

I remember those dear friends of the period of my boyhood and remember words uttered by them. At that time they were alive and their eyes had the light of life in them. Now they have either grown old or have died and their eyes are no longer as bright as they were before. The passage of time had killed them and dimmed their eyes and deprived me of their love. **The cheerful hearts now broken**—those happy friends of the past who are now broken by the time and are dead.

Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days round me.

Thus in the calm and tranquillity of the night before I am overtaken by sleep, *i.e.*, the poet says that before falling asleep in the quiet atmosphere of the night I bring to my memory the past events of my life when I was young. Past incidents come to light and I feel sorrowful about them.

Stanza 2. **Around me fall**—I have with my own eyes seen them fall down. **Like Leaves in wintery weather**—as leaves fall down in the winter. In the cold countries of Europe trees shed their leaves in winter. At this period of the year leaves fall in profusion. The poet means to say that death has taken away all his friends and acquaintance with whom he had formed friendly relations in his youth and childhood. **Treads**—walks. **Banquet hall**—a room in which some feast was given. **Deserted**—given up.

VIII. EXPLANATION WITH REFERENCE TO CONTEXT

I feel like one.
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted
Whose lights are fled
Whose garlands dead
And all but him departed.

These lines are taken from Thomas Moore's poem 'Oft in the Stilly Night.' Here in these lines poet says, Now my friends are gone, they are hidden by the dateless night of death, and I feel like a guest who is left alone. The other guests invited to the feast have departed and I am left behind alone. I wander through the deserted room in which the feast was given. Previously this room was gorgeously lighted and profusely garlanded. The feast having concluded, lights have been put off, garlands have withered and in the room I am the only person left behind. After the death of his dear friends the poet feels lonely in the world and like one deserted by his companions and bosom friends.

Note—This poem has been translated in Urdu by Nadir Kakorvi. A few verses from the translation are given below :—

اکثر شب تنہائی میں - کچھ دیر پہلے نیند سے
گذری ہوئی دلچسپیاں - بیتے ہوئے دن عیش کے
بنتے ہیں شمع زندگی - اور ڈالتے ہیں روشنی
میرے دل صد چاک پر

یونہی شب تنہائی میں ــ کچھ دیر پہلے نیند سے
گذری ہوئی ناکامیاں ــ بیتے ہوئے دن رنج کے
بنتے ہیں شمع بے کسی ــ اور ڈالتے ہیں روشنی
اُن حسرتوں کی قبر پر

جو آرزوئیں پہلے تھیں ــ پھر غم سے حسرت بن گئیں
غم دوستوں کے فوت کا ــ اُن کی جوانان موت کا
لے دیکھ شیشے میں میرے ــ اُن حسرتوں کا خون ہے
جو گردش ایام سے
جو قسمت ناکام سے

یا عیش غم انجام سے
مرگ بت گلفام سے

خود میرے دل میں مرگئیں ــ کس طرح پاؤں میں حزیں
قابو دل بے صبر پر

Students are advised to read the whole poem to have an idea of the original poem.

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8. I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

BY

THOMAS HOOD

I. THE POET

Thomas Hood is one of the most important and original influences among the minor poets who moulded and shaped the Romantic Movement. He possesses the rare quality of combining the tragic and the humorous. He was born in 1799 and was in childhood weak in health. Some of his best works as a writer belong to the later period of his life

when he had become permanently diseased. His famous poems are "*Song of the Shirt*" and "*Bridge of Sighs*".

II. CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF THE POEM

The poet expresses his faith that in childhood we are innocent and gentle and are nearer to heaven. The older we get the farther off we get from heaven. In childhood objects of nature have a special attraction for us.

The poem is full of description of natural objects, the flower, the hills, the birds, the flora and fauna, all combine to create an atmosphere of beauty and innocence. This feeling of innocence, the poet says, is lost with the coming of maturity. He is sorrowful over this loss.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

The poet remembers the house where he was born and brought up and where he had passed the joyous period of childhood. The environment of that small town comes vividly before the mind's eye. The swing which is such a source of pleasure for him and the high pine trees, flowers and hills all are remembered by him and those remind him of the variety of innocent pleasures he had in those surroundings.

IV. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

The poet says, "I remember in detail the house where I was born and brought up. I remember the garden where I and my brother used to play games. This garden was full of beautiful flowers and trees. Small birds used to fly about. I and my brother played our games which gave us pure joy. We were ignorant and foolish and thought that the tops of fir trees touched the sky. Now I get very little joy from beautiful objects of the nature. Now I am no longer innocent and pure as I was before and am now removed farther from heaven which is the source of all purity and joy.

V. SUMMARY

I remember the house where I was born and brought up. In that house in a room there was a window through

which sunlight entered the room. Days were full of joy then but now I am full of sorrow.

I remember the red and white roses of our garden and also the violet and lily flowers. In the hedges robin-red breast built its nests and near it my brother planted his bed of laburnum on his birthday.

I also remember the swing playing in which I thought about the air rushing past me just as swallows fly, my spirit too appeared to fly in the air; but now my soul is heavy with sorrow. I am diseased and all the water of summer pools cannot cool my fever.

I remember the high fir trees, the tops of which appeared to touch the sky. This was my childish fancy, but now I know that I am farther from heaven than I was in my childhood.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. The poet says, "I very well remember the house in which I was born and brought up. I remember the little window through which sunlight came into my room in the morning. The sun came punctually and brought a day which never appeared long; but I wish the darkness of night may take me away from this world."

Stanza 2. "I very well remember the red and white roses and violets and lily flowers that grew in our garden. Those flowers in my youth appeared to be made of light. I remember the tree where small birds built their nests and near which my brother planted beds of flowers in honour of his birthday.

Stanza 3. I very well remember the swing (پینگ) in which I used to swing and while swinging I felt the wind rushing past me as it would have rushed past a flying swallow. My soul was lifted up, my soul which now is so heavy with sorrow and suffering! I am so much fevered with sufferings that all the water of summer pools cannot cool my fever.

Stanza 4. I very well remember that in my childhood I thought that tops of fir trees almost touched the sky, they

appeared to me so high. Then I was a foolish and ignorant child, now though I have become wiser but I have receded farther and farther from heaven.

VI. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Peeping**—looking in (جھانکنا). **A brink**—a moment. **Too soon**—before time. **He never came a brink too soon**—the sun was punctual to a minute. It never came a moment earlier. **Nor brought too long a day**—childhood for the poet was a period of joy and happiness and days did not appear long as they were passed in pleasant sports.

But now, I often wish the night.
Had borne my breath away.

The poet compares the period of childhood with his present life. He says now I am surrounded by cares and worries and my health is ruined and I therefore earnestly wish that in the darkness of night my breath may fly away and I may be free from these sufferings.

Stanza 2. **Violets**—a kind of flower (گل بنفشہ). **Lily cups**—lily flower which is cup-shaped. **Those flowers made of light**—those flowers in the garden which looked so beautiful that they appeared to be made of light. **Lilacs**—a shrub with pale, pinkish violet or white blossoms. **Robin**—Robin red breast is a small and beautiful bird. **Set**—planted. **Laburnum**—a small tree with yellow flowers. **On his birthday**—as a mark of rememberance of his birthday. (سالگرہ کی یادگار).

Stanza 3. **Swing**—(جھولا).

And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing

While swinging I felt the air rushing past me and I could form a guess as to how the swallows would be feeling when the flew in the air, *i.e.*, as I swing in the air I had feelings similar to those the swallows have while flying. **My spirit flew in feathers then**—at that time I felt like a bird with wings to fly. **That**—my soul. **That is so heavy now**—

my soul which at that time flew in the air is now weighed down by sorrow.

And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

Now I am ill and fevered and the water of all the pools formed in summer from the water of melting snow cannot cool the heat of my fever.

Stanza 4. **Fir**—a kind of tree. **Slender tops**—the tops of the fir trees which were slender and small (نازک پھننگیں). **Close**—near.

VIII. IMPORTANT PASSAGES EXPLAINED WITH REFERENCE TO CONTEXT

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high
I used to thank their slender tops
Were closed against the sky.
It was childish ignorance
But now it is little joy
To know I am farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

These lines are taken from Thomas Hood's poem entitled "*I remember, I remember*". The poet says that I remember it very well that in childhood my knowledge about different objects of nature was limited. I was foolishly ignorant and thought that tops of fir trees touched the sky because they appeared to me so high. Then I was foolish and now I am wiser. As I have grown older my knowledge about things has increased, but I feel sorrowful over the fact that the advance in age and knowledge has removed me farther and farther from God.

9. CHILDHOOD AND ITS VISITORS

BY

WINTHORP MACKWORTH PRAED

I. THE POET

Praed is an English poet, he was born in 1802 and won fame as the writer of poems light in tone and mostly dealing with matters related to society of his times. His chief quality as a poet is simplicity of language combined with a realistic approach to the problems of society.

II. CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF THE POEM

In this poem beautiful landscape of nature is the background against which the drama of life in miniature is played. Time, guilt, sorrow, the muse of poetry and wisdom visit the child, but the spirit of innocent immersion in his games and sports is so strong that none of the power mentioned above are able to make any impression on him. Time changes, various forces destroy the civilization of adult people. Guilt and shame make the grown-up man suffer keenly because the man had become cruel and harsh but the innocent child is so busy that he pays no heed to anger or guilt, or sorrow, or poetry or wisdom Innocence triumphs over all. The poem is as a whole glowing tribute to childhood the chief attribute of which is in-born innocence and freedom from the more mature and advanced activities of mature men and women.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

The poet once saw a child playing happily in a field full of flowers, the sun was shining and the child was happy and gay as children generally are care-free by nature. Time, Guilt, Sorrow, Poetry and Wisdom came turn by turn and offered various gifts to the child They all tried to ensnare the little child in the cares of the world; but the innocence of that little child stood him in good stead and the little fellow kept himself busy in innocent games and sports. The poem has a definite moral indicating that innocence is perhaps the best quality in the world and

those who are pure and gentle generally escape those cares and sorrows which is the share of humanity in general.

IV. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

In the month of May a pretty child was playing about in a garden full of flowers. The child was such a picture of health and innocence that nobody could help feeling happy on seeing him. Anger came to him and to make a show of his power bettered down a Grecian tomb but the child was so busy in flying his paper kite that he paid no heed to anger. The second visitor was Guilt but the child looked at it carelessly and the spirit of innocence of the child prevailed over guilt which flew away baffled. Sorrow in the shape of an old woman came but the child was engaged in playing and had no time to attend to it. The goddess of Poetry came and made offer of making him a poet and she sang to him but the child said, " I send that woman with the fiddle away." Wisdon came and stole the child's bat and ball and tried to teach him science, but the child fell asleep.

V. SUMMARY OF THE POEM

Once upon a time in the summer month of May a child was playing in a garden full of flowers. This child was so pretty that he gave joy to every one who looked at him He was a picture of good health and beauty.

Old time came in a very angry mood and the peace of the valley was disturbed. Time flew so fast that an old Grecian tomb was battered ; but the child was so busy in flying his paper kite that he paid no heed to time.

Guilt with a curled-up lip and glancing eye came but the spirit of innocence was so strong in the child that his purity put guilt to flight. The dark and ugly demon of guilt was frightened by the holiness of the child.

Sorrow in the shape of an old and ugly woman came and tried to make the child a victim ; but the child was so busy in his play that he told sorrow to come the next day.

The goddess of Poetry came down from the Mount Pindus and wanted to make the child a poet ; but the child

felt the presence of her a hinderance to his games and told her to stop her silly music and song.

Wisdom came and tried to wean the child from his innocent games and teach him sciences and arts. Wisdom put away the bat and ball with which the child was playing ; but the child soon fell into a slumber.

The poet says to the child that it should sleep on peacefully and not worry about worldly glory and wisdom. Childhood, the period of ignorance, is also the period of freedom from the cares and worries of the life.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Once upon a time on a Sunday in the beginning of the month of May while April showers were yet falling, a pretty child was playing happily in a garden full of flowers. The child was happy and healthy and he who looked at him could not help smiling. The sky was clear and bright but it was not more beautiful than the happy child at play.

Stanza 2. Old time came in a frightful fit of anger which was so fearful that it disturbed the calm and peace of the green valley. The river dried up in its bed. The birds became silent and flowers withered away. The time flew so fast that in its angry course it demolished an old Greek tomb ; but the carefree child was so busy in his game of flying a paper kite that he paid no heed to all these happenings.

Stanza 3. With a wicked expression on his face Guilt came along and looked at that scene but the child looked at it with eyes full of innocence and purity. The glance of the child had such force in it that the ugly demon of guilt got confused, spread its wings and flew away. It felt envious of his innocence, holiness and felt pained.

Stanza 4. Then an ugly ghost came up, haggard and pale and having a crown of cyprus. This was the fearful daughter of the darkness of night, it offered to the child a cup full to the brim with saltish water. The poor helpless child asked the visitor about his name. The old woman said that her name was 'Sorrow'. The child continued with his game and told her to come the next day.

Stanza 5. The goddess of Poetry who lived on Mount Pindus, came and tried to win the child over to love of poetry which brought in her train fame and wealth. Poetry, which made the sleep of the poet happy and joyous with music and songs. These offers were all like a riddle unintelligible to the child. The child only said. 'Send this noisy woman away' ! He was not at all attracted by the offers of the goddess of music and poetry.

Stanza 6. Wisdom came and stole away the bat and ball of the child and tried to teach him scientific truths. She talked about the strange and wonderful laws of nature. Before 'wisdom' checked her erudite talk the carefree child has fallen into a peaceful slumber.

Stanza 7. The poet in the end calls childhood the perfection of the dream of manhood. The dream of mankind is limited to worldly pain or pleasure, glory or ambition. love or wealth. But to the bed of a child more tender and desirable pleasure is given which gets its light from short views of angels and heaven.

VII. NOTES & EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Sunny May**—the month of May when there is plenty of sunshine. **Was kissing up the April showers**—the month of May which is linked with the month of April where there are numerous spring showers. **Hard at play**—busy in playing. **Bank**—lawn. **Blushing flowers**—gay flowers which changed their colour with the blowing of wind and thus appeared to blush. **He knew not the whence or how**—this innocent child did not at all worry about cause and effect. He did not at all question where a thing came from or how it happened. The poet means to say that in the case of grown-up people there is ever present the spirit of questioning which is prompted by the desire to know the cause of effects. The child is too innocent to worry about such problems. **Who could choose but love him**—the child at play presented such a fine picture of purity and innocence that anybody who looked at him could not help but loving him. **For not more glad than childhood's brow was the blue heaven that beamed**

above him—it was the month of May, the summer sun shone beautiful and bright but the child busy playing in the garden appeared more happy and beautiful like bright and clear heavens.

Stanza 2. **Old time**—time which is old and has been in the world since the world came into being. **Appalling**—aweful, frightening. **Wrath**—anger (غضب - غصہ). **That valley's green repose invaded**—this world is full of cares and worries. When old Time saw this child happy and free of cares and worries, it flew into a white fury. Time invaded in a fit of anger the green valley in which the child was playing and disturbed the peace and calm of that green valley. **Invaded**—attacked. (حملہ کرنا). **Repose**—rest. (آرام - استراحت) **Brooks**—small streams. **Upon his path**—the rivulet which crossed the path taken by time dried on account of fear. **Mute**—dumb. **Faded**—withered.

But time so swiftly winged his flight,
In haste a Grecian tomb to batter.

But time flew so fast because it wanted to demolish an old Greek tomb. **Batter**—demolish, destroy.

That childhood watched his paper kite,
And knew just nothing of the matter.

But the child was so busy in his innocent game of kite-flying that he paid no heed to the anger of the Time as if he had no knowledge about the whole matter.

Stanza 3. **Curling lip**—Mouth twisted and disfigured, a sign of wickedness. **Glancing eye**—shining, bright and quick moving eye (چمکیلی - آنکھیں). **Guilt**—wickedness (جرم) **Gazed**—looked. **Glance**—look (نگاہ). **Purity**—innocence. (پاکیزگی معصومیت). **Holy spell**—pious charm, holy attraction. **Dark demon**—wickedness and guilt which he personifies as the Devil (جرم کا شیطان). **Baffled pinion**—guilt was nonplussed and confused and spread its wings and flew

away. **Pinion**—wings (پر - بازو). **Envy**—guilt felt envious of the purity and innocence of that child. **Despair** مایوس —lost all hope of capturing the child and make him a sinner. **Self tortured**—guilt suffered pain on account of failure. **In his own dominion**—guilt prevails all over the world and so the poet calls this world the dominion of guilt.

That the dark demon to the air
Spread forth his baffled pinion,
And hid his envy and despair,
Self-tortured in his own dominion.

Guilt failed to make the child a sinner and felt that it had failed in its mission. The dark and ugly devil, *i.e.*, wickedness, felt her defeat acutely and spread out its wings to fly away from this world. The demon of guilt felt envious of the innocence of that child at play and to hide his shame left the place.

This world is the scene of various guilty deeds done by men but Guilt failed to win that child to his own point of view. This defeat in his own domain so put guilt to torture and caused him so much pain and suffering that the only way of escape open to him was to fly away.

Stanza 4 **Stepped**—came in (داخل هؤا). **Gloomy**—sorrowful (غمگین) **Phantom**—ghost apparition. **Proffered**—offered (پیش کیا). **Fearful**—dangerous (خوفناک). **Brim**—edge **Better water**—water bitter to taste (کڑوا پانی) **Fearful cup full to the brim of bitter water**—sorrow offered to that child a cup (cup of sorrow) full of bitterness. **Beldame**—bag, old woman (کھوسٹ بڑھیا). **Muttered**—speak low in a barely audible manner, murmur. **Interrupt my game**—do not interfere with my playing.

And proffered him a fearful cup
Full to the brim of bitter water
Poor childhood bade her tell her name.

The visitor offered him the bitter cup of sorrow and it was full to the brim. The little child had no idea that this visitor was sorrow and he questioned the old woman who she was.

Stanza 5. **The Muse of Pindus**—The goddess of Poetry who lived on mount Pindus (شعر کی دیوی جو کوہ پنڈس پر رہتی ہے). **Pindus**—Pindus is the name of a mountain in Greece. Greeks in ancient times believed this mountain was home of the muses. **Wooed him**—tried to win him over to her side (ورغلایا). **Softest numbers**—Loving words uttered in poetic language (نرم و ناز کے الفاظ - محبت بھرے الفاظ). **Scattered**—Spread around. **Slumbers**—Sleep (اونگھ). **Lap**—tone.

Though sweet the music of the lay

To childhood it was all a riddle.

Though the song and music of the goddess was sweet and charming but to the child it appeared meaningless. **Lay**—music **Riddle**—a puzzle. **Noisy woman**—the goddess who sang and played music appeared to the young child as making unnecessary noise.

Stanza 6. **Stole**—Took away secretly (چرایا). **Bat and ball**—sports material with which that child was playing. **Sage**—wise (دانشمند). **Endeavour**—effort (کوشش). **Bubbles**—(بلبلے) **Acorns**—fruit of the oak (شاہ بلوط کا پھل). **And taught him with most sage endeavour. Why bubbles rise, and acorns fall, And why no toy may last for ever.** Wisdom came and taught him like a good teacher and with honest effort the secrets of science. He taught the child causes of the various phenomena of nature, why bubbles are formed in the water, why fruit ripen and fall down from the branch of the tree, why all toys that are so beautiful and so attractive do not last for ever. Why all things beautiful are so short-lived.

Stanza 7. **Manhood dreams**—The aspirations and desires of grown-up persons. **Earthly**—related to this

world (جوانی کے خواب). **Glory's toils**—labours done for the sake of attaining glory. **Ambitious schemes**—plans for becoming great and famous. **Cherished**—desired. **Hoarded**—collected (جمع کردہ). **Couch**—bed (بستر). **Delicious**—enjoyable and pleasant. **Trance**—mood. **Seraph**—angel. **Glimpses**—short views (جھلکیاں). **Remembered heaven**—spiritual sphere which the child still remembers.

Sleep on, Sleep on—Oh manhood's dreams
Are all of earthly pain or pleasure
Of Glory's toils, Ambitious schemes
Of cherished love, or hoarded treasure ;
But to the couch where childhood lies,
A more delicious trance is given,
Lit up by rays from seraph eyes,
And glimpses of remembered heaven !

The poet in these lines addresses the child and says, "It is better for you to pass your time in sleep while grown-up men and women on this world think only about worldly pain or pleasures." The outlook of grown-up persons is limited to materialistic advancement. Their labours always aim at the acquisition of glory and their plans are directed towards becoming great in the world. They love because certain desires are associated with the person or object they love and they are always thinking about amassing wealth. To the child nature have given mood of spiritual calm, free from earthly cares and worries. His spirit lighted up with a divine light and he gets short views of that heaven and realm of the spirit from which he has newly come.

VIII. IMPORTANT PASSAGES EXPLAINED WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

And proferred him a fearful cup,
Full to the brim of bitter water,
Poor childhood bade her name.

These lines are taken from the poem 'Childhood and his

Visitors' written by W. M. Praed. The poet says the various powers on earth came and visited the child and made offer of different kinds. Here 'Sorrow' in the form of an old woman came and offered him a cup full of bitter sorrow, the child was too innocent and ignorant, failed to catch the full significance of this offer and unwillingly asked the visitor who she was.

2. *And taught him with sage endeavour,*
Why bubbles rise, and acorns fall,
And why no toy may last for ever.

These lines are taken from the poem 'Childhood and his Visitors" by W.M. Praed. One of the visitors who came to the child was Wisdom. She came and stole away the bat and ball with which the child was playing. She tried to direct the attention of the child towards the study of Arts and Sciences. Very wisely and with great effort Wisdom explained to him as to how bubbles are formed in water and why does acorn fall down after it is ripened. She also told the child the reason why all joys, however beautiful they might be, are bound ultimately to be broken and destroyed.

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10. FROM MY ARM-CHAIR

BY

HENRY LONGFELLOW

I. THE POET

Longfellow is an American Poet and was born in the estate of Maire U. S. A in 1807. He was an amiable, sensitive and studious boy and was keenly interested in sports. In 1830 he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages in Harward University. He was extremely careful about his dress. He wrote a very large number of poems which brought him great popularity both in America and in England. His poems are characterised by a graceful

fancy, a freshness and an allusiveness which lift them out of the commonplace. Longfellow's poems lend themselves to musical setting better than do poems of Shelley or Tennyson even, and the reason most probably is that he never tried to pack them with too much music.

II. CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF THE POEM

The poem "From My Arm-Chair" is autobiographical. A unique presentation had gladdened his last years of life. This was an arm-chair made from the wood of the chestnut tree under which had stood the famous smithy to which he had dedicated one of his best poems. This chair was bought with the money contributed by child-lovers throughout America and to Longfellow the ardent lover of innocent childhood, this chair was doubly attractive.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

This poem is again a poem in which the poet becomes reminiscent about his past. Longfellow had written a poem, "The Village Smithy" in which he had made mention of the chestnut tree under which the village smithy was located. Some kind-hearted people subscribed money and brought a a chair made from the wood of that very tree. The poet as he sat in that chair remembered all detail about his own childhood. Vividly and clearly the entire picture of the past came before him and he once again began to feel young.

IV. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

The poet has received the gift of a chair that was made of the wood of the chestnut tree and he is jubiliant over it. This chair becomes a symbol and he with the help of his imagination visualises all the stages of development the tree had passed through. The chestnut tree in summer having profuse foliage, later on flowers and fruit appear on its branches, in autumn it sheds its leaves, in winter it is entirely denuded of leaves and during all these stages below the tree is the smithy which Longfellow immortalized in his famous poem.

The poet says he has more power than the Danish King who could not turn back the tides of the rising ocean, he the poet, however, with the help of his powerful imagination can recall past time and visualise the past. Though the tree has been cut down and a portion of its wood has been converted into the chair in which he is seated, but with the mind's eye he can see very well the tree in its all conditions and under it the village smithy with its blazing furnace. It is only through love and rememberance that the dead wood of the chair is given a new life.

V. SUMMARY

The poet questions the right of his ownership of that chair and asks how can he proclaim that chair as his personal property.

The only right on which he can base his ownership of that chair is that in the past he had written a poem about the chestnut tree from the wood of that tree this chair was prepared.

The poet says that I still remember the tree as I saw it when the tree was young.

Near the forge of blacksmith this tree used to be covered with blossoms and bees to be hum round it.

In autumn the ripe chestnut fruit fell down and burst their shell many a time.

Now a portion of the wood of that tree has found a shelter in the house of the poet in the shape of a chair.

The Danish King could not order the waves of the ocean back but the poet can roll time back and visualise past.

In his imagination he sees the chestnut tree with all its flowers and fruit and children in its shade playing various games.

He sees the smithy with its furnace and bellows and the hammer striking the anvil.

Thus beloved children you have given me the present of this chair and reminded me of the past and I feel young once again.

The heart too can remember those things which it cherishes. Precious souvenirs are dearly cherished by us because these are given by loved ones.

Only love remembrance is able to bring the dead wood to life once again and once again imagine the death tree branches to be covered with flowers and fruit.

VI. PARAPHRASE OF THE POEM

Stanza 1. Am I a king that I can claim the ownership of this chair, this fine throne made of black wood ? By what reason or divine right of ownership can I tell the world that I own this chair ?

Stanza 2 Tne only right through which I can claim the ownership of this chair is pretty because at one time I wrote a poem in praise of the chestnut tree and from the wood of that tree this chair has been made

Stanza 3 I remember the tree in a stall of youthfulness in summer. The abundant leaves on the branches of the tree prepared a shade as cool as a cave.

Stanza 4. There near the blacksmith's forge, near a street was located the chestnut tree with white and sweet-smelling flowers and bees used to hum round it and the whole tree appeared to be alive as so many bees hummed around it.

Stanza 5. When the autumn winds began to blow and the branches of the tree were tossed high, shining chestnut fruit fell down and many a time burst its shell as it struck the earth.

Stanza 6. Now a portion of the branches of that very tree has been converted into this chair which is so beautiful and has found shelter in the room near the fire and tells me tales about the past

Stanza 7. The Danish King in spite of all the authority he had was not able to hurl back the flowing tides of the ocean, but the poet said I, seated in this chair, can with the help of my imagination put time back and visualise conditions that prevailed long ago.

Stanza 8. I with my imagination can see the flowers on the trees and bees humming round it and hear the voices of children shouting and shrieking and the brown chestnut fruit falling down.

Stanza 9 I see the village smithy with its burning red fire and bellows working and the hammer striking the red hot iron placed on the anvil.

Stanza 10 Thus, children, through you I got this chair which has made me so happy by reminding me of my youthful days at this time when I am more than seventy years old.

Stanza 11. Some things are remembered by the heart while others we remember with our mind. In the heart live protected memories of things and objects which are associated to us with ties of love.

Stanza 12. It is only through remembrance that life is imparted to this chair of dead wood. The branches of the tree converted into a chair are once again through loved memory converted into a green tree with leaves and flowers.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Right divine**—heavenly right. **Proclaim**—announce **This splendid ebon throne**- this black-coloured chair. This chair was presented to Longfellow by child lovers who had contributed money for the purchase of the chair The chair was prepared from the wood of the chestnut tree which Longfellow had immortalized in his poem "The Village Smithy" the wood of chestnut tree is black and that is why the poet calls it ebon.

Stanza 2. **Right divine of song**—divine right of poetry, poetry which is associated with heavenly qualities. **Spreading**—big and covering a large area. **Only because the spreading chestnut tree.**

Of old was sung—by me

The poet says that this chair belongs to me only because in the past I had written a poem in the praise of the chestnut tree and from the wood of that very tree this chair has been prepared.

Stanza 3. **Prime**—youth. **Affluent**—plentiful. **Foliage**—green leaves. **Cavern**—hidden place. The affluent foliage of its branches made. **A cavern of cool shade**—the poet remembers that at one time that very tree, from the wood of which this chair was built, was green and living. At that time the three had a plentiful growth of leaves and under its shade it was dark and cool as it is in a cave.

Stanza 4. **Forge**—furnace, health (بھٹی). **Reside**—near. **Blossoms**—flower. **Enticed**—attracted. **Until it seemed alive**—so many bee were attracted bv the sweet smell coming from the flowers of the tree that the whole tree appeared alive on account of their presence. **Murmured**—hummed.

Stanza 5. **With a shout**—blowing hard and making noise. **Tossed**—flung up and down with great force. **Arms**—branches. **Sheath**—cover rind.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout
Tossed its great arms about
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,
Dropped to the ground beneath.

When violent wind blew in autumn and shook the branches of the tree the ripe and shining chestnut fruit fell to earth in large numbers. The fruit is very ripe and very big when these struck against the ground, some of these burst and the rind cracked.

Stanza 6. **Fragments**—portions. **Its branches**—the branches of the chestnut tree now shaped into a chair. **Stately**—grand and fine to look at. **And whisper the past**—this chair is for the poet a relic past and remind the poet of the times when he saw the chestnut tree flourishing and about which he had written that poem famous all the world over.

Stanza 7. **Danish king**—King Canut of the Dances who became so vain of his power that he sat in a chair on the shore of a stormy occea and ordered the waves to go back,

but the ocean did not obey his orders. **Repel**—throw back. **Rhyme**—poetry. **Roll back**—put back.

But seated in this chair, I can in rhyme
Roll back the tide of time.

The poet says that I am more powerful than the Danish King even. The king failed to repel the wave of the ocean. I with the help of poetic fancy and imagination can put time back and visualise the past. From the chair I can think of the tree from the wood of which this chair was built. The poet was reminded of his past and feels happy over the recollection of youth.

Stanza 8. **Vision**—fancy ; imagination.

I see again, as one in fancy sees,
The blossom and the bees
And hear the children's voices shout and call
And the brown chestnut fall

The poet says I see once again as one does in his imagination the past. the chestnut tree appears to me covered with flowers and humming with bees and I, in fancy, see and hear the children playing under that tree. I also imagine the ripe chestnut fruit falling from the branches of the tree.

Stanza 9. **Smithy**—the place where the blacksmith has his furnace and does his work. **Fires aglow**—fire burning brightly in the furnace. **Bellows**—a contrivance for driving air into a fire. **White with heat**—iron which had changed its colour on account of being heated.

Stanza 10. **Jubilee**—season of rejoicing. **Score**—twenty.

And thus dear children, have ye made for me
This day a jubilee ;
And to my more than three score years and ten,
Brought back my youth again.

The poet now addresses children and says, "This day is a day of rejoicing and you are the source of my happiness and pleasure. Through you I got this chair. Now I am more than

seventy years old this chair has brought back to me a feeling of joy.

Stanza 11. **Enshrined**—placed in security. **Precious**—valuable keepsakes—souvenirs. **Wrought**—made.

And in it are enshrined,
The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought
The givers, loving thought.

In it live protected memories of the past, these are valuable souvenirs of the past and they are a symbol of the love of the giver. The poet, here, makes a reference to the chair, he says, is a symbol of the love these people had for the poet.

Stanza 12.

Only your love and your remembrance could,
Give life to this dead wood,
And make these branches, leafless now so long,
Blossom again in song.

It is only through love and through remembrance that this dead and wooden chair is endowed with life and in my imagination the branch of the tree which is dead and withered and has no leaves, becomes living once again and puts forth flowers. The poet means to say that the donators of that chair who had love in their hearts for the poet presented this chair to him as a keepsake The poet sat in that chair and in a mood full of reminiscene pictures the old chestnut tree in a state of blossoming as it used to be at that time when the poet was a child and visited the smithy under that chestnut tree.

11. MY LOST YOUTH

I. CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF THE POEM

The poem is full of descriptions of beautiful scenes of nature which enclose that town in which the poet was born and brought up. Longfellow as a poet knows the act of narration and some of those incidents are described in detail because they had made a deep impression upon the youthful memory of the poet. He remembers his old friends and feels a weakness in his heart because he has been separated from them.

The burden of the song is :—
A boy's will is the wind's will
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

These two lines have in them packed all the tragedy swelling the heart of the poet with emotion. Childhood is the period of freedom of thought and the mind of a boy works freely as the blowing wind blows freely. The wind bloweth where it listeth and thoughts of a boy travel in whatever way they like. 'Deering Woods' have been the scene of various boyish sports indulged in the poet and when he describes these he rings a tragic note which cannot fail to impress every reader of this poem.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

The poem is related to Longfellow's memories of a town near the sea which he visited in boyhood. The poet has written this poem in a reminiscent mood, the tone of the poem is melancholy but unlike other poems on childhood this poem has plenty of action and narration.

'I remember the sea fight far away,
How it thundered over the tide,
And the dead captains as they lay
In their graves, overlooking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died.

The above five lines may be said to be the most dramatic in this poem.

The burden of the poem about the boy's will and thought being free like the will and thought of the wind strike a note of pathos and tragedy which pervades throughout the whole poem.

III. CENTRAL IDEA OF THE POEM

The poet says, 'I often do think about that town near the sea where I was born and brought up. I remember all the scenes of my past life which were so dear to me. I remember that dimly row of trees, I remember the sea and the sea tides and the ships that came into the harbour. I also remember the naval fight which I saw and captains who died in that battle were brought to the sea-shore and buried. As I remember the things associated with my past I am again and again reminded of a Lapland song "A boy's will is the wind's will. And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

IV. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

The poet many a time thinks about the sea-side town wherein he had passed a portion of the period of his boyhood. This reminds him of the verses "A boy's will is the wind's will" and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts". He remembers in detail the sea-port with all its beauty and mystery of ships coming in and going out. Some of the ships are Spanish and the sailors are dark skinned. With the mind's eye he sees the bulwark and the fort of the city and also sees the sea-fight in which many sailors and soldiers were killed. He visualises the 'Deering' woods which was the scene of many a boyish romance and adventure. The poet compares and contrasts the city and its inhabitants with what these were in his youth and what they are now and notices a remarkable change. In spite of all the changes that have taken the city and its environments bring back vividly to the poet his youth and boyhood,

V. SUMMARY OF THE POEM

Often I think of that beautiful town by the sea where

my childhood was passed and it reminds me of a Lapland song which says that the will and thoughts of youth are free like the blowing wind.

The poet visualises the trees, the island and the environments of that town with which are connected many of his boyish dreads of life.

The poet remembers the black wharves where Spanish ships came and disembarked. These ships had about them a mystery and strangeness which charmed his boyhood fancies.

He remembered the bulwarks on the shore and the hill on which there was a fort. He even heard in his imagination the firing of the morning gun and the repeated beauty of the drum.

He remembered the sea fight which he once saw from the very town and in this fight many captains were killed whose dead bodies were brought to the shore and buried there. He could with the help of his imagination see the Deering Woods, a forest near that town in which he used to wander in the company of his boy friends.

He remembered the boyish ideas which came and passed through his mind quickly one after the other. Many vain and wild longings which in those days had crowded his mind come back to him with greater intensity of feeling.

These are, he says, things pertaining to my person and I cannot talk at length about them. When I remember these, a poignant feeling of sorrow and regret pierce my heart and my cheeks become pale with suffering.

When I visit that dear town, I meet people who appear to me strange but the air of the town is sweet as it was before and the natural aspect of the town has not undergone any change.

The Deering Woods are as fresh as they were in my boyhood and with joy my heart goes back to wander there and thinking of this town and its environments, I appear to get back my youth again.

VI. PARAPHRASE OF THE POEM

Often I think about that beautiful town which is situated near the sea-shore. Often in my imagination I go up and down the streets of that town. As I think about it, I once again begin to feel young. A particular verse of a Lapland song vibrates again and again in my mind. The song is **'The will of a bov is free like the will of the wind,"** and thoughts of youth are very specious and all embracing.

I with my mind's eye can see rows of trees round that town and I see those islands which used to be the goal of my boyhood days. The refrain of that old Lapland song:—

"A boy's will is the wind's will

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts" comes to mind again and agnin.

I remember the quay made of black stones and ships loading and unloading there. The waves of the sea rose and fell freely. The Spanish sailors with beards wandered about in the harbour and the ships were beautiful and strange. The sea appeared magical to my boyish imagination and that strange and usual song came to my mind again and again.

I remember the earth walks built on the sea shore as a protection from breakers in the sea and the fort on the hill nearby. The report of the gun fired early in the morning announcing the rising of the sun and the repeated sound of drums being beaten comes to my mind vivid and clear. I even hear the shrill sound of the All these things remind me of that ancient Lapland song

I remember the sea fight which I saw in my boyhood during my stay in that town. I hear the thundering roar of the cannon and see the corpses of those captains who had died in that naval battle were brought to the shore for burial. They were buried near that bay where the battle had taken place. The sound of that tragic song again comes back to my mind with greater force.

I remember that cluster of trees through which wind

passed hissing. I remember the shaded Deering Wood where I used to wander about in the company of my boy friends. This remembrance gives my mind a sabbath quiet and I am soothed as one is soothed when he hears the sound of cooing of a dove in a near-by quiet place. The old Lapland song murmurs and whispers tragic ideas in my mind.

I remember the joys and sorrows which alternate in the mind of a boy. The periods of singing and quietness which reign in his heart. These are partially foreboding and occasionally these are no better than foolish desires. Thus the music of the song becomes the burden of my thoughts.

There are feelings which no languagre can adequately express, there are dreams which do not fade. These are thoughts which are so poignant that they weaken even the strongest heart and make the cheeks pale with fear and suffering. My eyes become watery with tears and I once again remember that old song.

Now when I visit that city I meet people who appear to me strange; but the atmosphere of that town is familiar to me, the trees and streets appear familiar and so I love it. As the wind blows the trees are tossed, they produce a sound which reminds me of the song that the boy's will is free like the will of the wind and the thoughts of youth are all embracing.

I remember the Deering Woods which are beautiful and fresh and I feel a pleasure so keen that it verges on the painful. I remember the scenes and incidents associated with my past and in my old age I once again begin to feel youthful and the strange verse out of that Lapland song comes with all its significance over my mind.

VII. NOTES & EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **That is seated by the sea**—which is situated on the sea shore. **Often in thought go up and down**—often in my imagination I go up and down that town's streets as I used to do in my boyhood. **And my youth comes back to me**—as I think about that town I begin to feel young again because this town reminds me of my period of boyhood. **Lapland**—name of a country in Europe.

Haunting—coming again and agaiu. **A boy's will is the wind's will.**—The will of a boy is free like the will of the wind, *i.e*, the wind blows where it likes and nobody can check its flight in the same way no restraint can be put on the will of a boy. **And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts**—youth as we know very well, is the period when our imagination is very powerful Children take a keen delight in listening to fairy tales. Fiction is most readily believed in by young persons. The idea expressed in this line is that the range of our thinking in youth is very wide.

Stanza 2. **Shadowy**—dimly seen. **Line of trees**—row of trees. **Sheen**—brilliance, brightness. **Sudden gleams**—quickly seen glimpses. **Catch**—see. **Far-surrounding**—spreading far and wide. **Hesperides**—(pronounced *hes-pe-ri-deez)* daughters of the star, Hesperus. In their gardens were golden apples guarded by a dragon. *Hesperides of all my boyish dreams* means the "owners of the garden which I wanted to enter whenever I had visions of a bright future lying in store for me." Hence it signifies the goal of his childish fancy

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides.
Of all my boyish dreams

In this reminiscent mood the poet says, "I can see the dim line of trees which was near that sea town and catch sudden and unexpected view of the shining waters of the ocean that surrounded it and I also see things which used to be the final goal of my childish fancy." **Burden**—refrain, position, consistency of one or two lines or more, of the poem which is repeated again and again and is meant to be sung in a chorus.

Stanza 3 **Wharves**—quays; solid, stationary, artificial landing place usually of stone or iron lying along or projecting into water for loading and unloading ships. **Black wharves**—wharves built from black stones **See tides tossing nigh**—the waves of the ocean rising high.

The Spanish sailors with bearded lips
And the beauty of the mystery of ships

In the harbour were anchored Spanish galleons and the sailors who manned these ships wore beards. Since these ships had come from a foreign land, to the child's mind they appeared strange and mysterious. **And the magic of the seas**—the sea appeared to his boyish fancy a strange bed over which ships came voyaging from strange lands. **Wayward**—strange.

Stanza 4 **Bulwark**—rampart, a breakwater raised outside the harbour to check the violence of big waves. **The sun-rise gun**—the gun fired as a signal for announcing the rising of the sun and the beginning of the day's work. **Hollow roar**—sound which reverberated throughout the seaport. **The drum beat repeated o'er and o'er.** The sound of the beating of a drum again and again. **The bugle wild and shrill** – the sound of the bugle which was a harsh and wild sound. **Throbs**—vibrates.

Stanza 5.

I remember the sea fight far away,
How it thundered over the tide.

The poet says, "with the help of my imagination I try to visualise the scenes of my childhood passed in that seaport. The image of the past comes to clear to the mind that I remember even the sea-battle that took place at a distance from that town. I even hear the thundering of guns and cannon on the waves of the ocean."

And the dead captains, as they lay,
In their graves overlooking the tranquil bay.

After that naval battle the dead bodies of captains were brought to the sea-shore and buried near the calm bay. **Tranquil**—quiet. **Mournful**—sorrowful **Goes through me with a thrill**—I remember that Lapland song and am deeply affected by it.

Stanza 6 **Breezy**—through which the wind blew. **Dome**—grove, cluster. **Deering woods**—a forest near that sea town about which this poem has been written. **Early loves**—loves which had begun in early life. **Friend-**

ships formed in boyhood are generally the most intimate and last longest. **Sabbath** – Sunday.

And the friendships old and the early love
Came back with a Sabbath sound

Thus am I reminded of my old friends and companions of my boyhood and this remembrance has the same effect on me as Sabbath has, *i.e.*, I feel happy and am filled with a religious fervour as other people feel on Sundays. **As of doves in quiet neighbourhoods**—The effect of this remembrance soothe me and gives me solace as does the sound of doves cooing in a nearby quiet place **It flutters and murmurs still**—the sound of that old Lapland song comes to me and affects my mind.

Stanza 7 **Gleam and glooms**—joys and sorrows. **Dart**—pass quickly through

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain.

The poet says, "I remember very well the joys and sorrows that hurriedly pass through the mind of a boy. Boyhood is the period when fickleness and changeability reign supreme in the mind. One moment the boy is happy and another moment he becomes sad." **The song and the silence in the heart**—the heart of the boy which becomes joyous and sad alternately. **Prophecies**—predictions. **Longings**—desires. **Vain**—foolish. **Wild**—rash. **Fitful**—moody.

Stanza 8.

There are things of which I may not speak,
There are dreams that cannot die,
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek
And a mist before the eye.

There are so many things which have a deep and lasting effect on our life but which remain a secret and we cannot talk about them. There are so many dreams which survive as wishes that cannot die. Many thoughts are so strong and affect us to such an extent that our heart becomes weak

and our cheeks become pale owing to suffering. A mist comes before the eyes because the eyes are dimmed with tears. **Pallor**—paleness, a sign of physical weakness. **Mist**—the eyes become dim and misty with tears. **Make the strong heart weak**—these thoughts are so poignant that they weaken the heart. **Fatal**—sorrowful. **Chill**—cold.

And the words of that fatal song.
Come over me like a chill.

I am reminded of the words of that fearful and sad song and there is cold hold on me. I am affected by the words of that song to such an extent that my body becomes cold like a corpse.

Stanza 9. **Strange to me now are the forms I meet** —time has passed and now if I visit that town the people I meet appear strangers. They are not the same people I used to meet in my youth and childhood. **Native air**—the air of the town of which I was a native at one time. **Pure and sweet**—appears to me innocent and desirable. **Well-known** familiar.

And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street.
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song
Are sighing and whispering still.

The trees which grow on the two sides of the streets of that town appear to me familiar because I have lived in that city for quite a long time and know very well the streets through which I had passed time and again. The wind blows and the trees are shaken violently by the wind and again are balanced once more The trees sing a beautiful song. They sigh and whisper the old song that the will of a boy is like the will of the wind and thoughts of youth are free like the wind.

Stanza 10. **Deering woods**—the name of a forest near that town in which the poet had spent some years of his childhood. **And with joy that is almost pain**—the poet says, I feel much pleasure in remembering those things and

feel a joy so keen that it becomes painful. **My heart goes back to wander there**——I have so much love for that place that the remembrance of the place is so keen that my heart goes out to the city where I had passed a short period of my life." **And among the dreams of the day that were**—in my imagination I go back to that city and remember the days of my youth that I had passed there. **I find my lost youth again**—As I remember the days I passed in that town near the seashore, I once again feel young although I am, otherwise, old now. **The grove**—the cluster of trees.

VII. DISCUSSION OF THE IDEAS OF THE POEM

The poet feels that with the advance in age his imagination has been impaired and he can no longer think as freely as he did in the past. This reminds him further of that town on the seashore in which he had passed a period of his boyhood. He remembers clearly all that he had done during that period. That old Lapland song :

A boy's will is the wind's will

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts

rings in the poet's ears again and again. Youth is free and childhood is freer still and the loss of freshness of thought and imagination is a loss which it is so difficult to compensate for.

Like most other poems on childhood this too is a reminiscent poem and has a tragic note which becomes accentuated as the poet thinks more and more about all those objects so dear in youth which slowly faded and vanished with the advance of years.

VIII. IMPORTANT PASSAGE EXPLAINED WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

1. How it thunder'd o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves o'er looking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died

These lines are taken from *My Lost Youth* a poem

written by Henry Longfellow. In it the poet describes in detail his life in the seaport at the time when he was a mere child. On one occasion while he was a resident of that town he witnessed a naval battle. He remembered all the details of that battle, in his imagination could hear the thunder of the roaring guns of ships which participated in the engagement. On the high seas many captains were killed and their dead bodies were brought to the seashore and buried near that very bay in which the fight had taken place.

2. There are things of which I may not speak ;
There are dreams that cannot die,
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek.

H. Longfellow in his poem, *My Lost Youth,* says that youth is the period of freedom and the ideas that crowd the mind of a boy are free and varied. Now that I am old and weak, he adds, remember many things which are intimate and dear and are closely related with my person. These are a secret and cannot be adequately expressed in words. These are dreams and creations of the mind of the boy and no power on earth can destroy them. These are very forceful ideas and when I am reminded of them my heart goes weak and my cheeks become pale with the sorrow I feel over their loss.

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12. IN SCHOOL-DAYS

BY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

I. THE POET

J. G. Whittier was an American poet he was the son of a farmer and was born on December 17, 1807. While yet a student at school he had begun writing verses. He was a

devoted adherent of the Anti-slavery Movement and served the cause of the slaves for full twenty years.

Intensity of imagination and emotional power are the qualities which give Whittier a place higher than Longfellow. Perhaps among American poets he ranks the highest. He knows how to tell a story and has a virility which can be matched only by the old ballad writers.

II. CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF THE POEM

This poem too, like the poems that have gone before, is tragic in feeling. The poet remembers his school-days and vividly comes before his mind's eye the setting of the school, its environment and background. The small children, boys and girls who constitute the population of the school, are all portrayed in detail. One particular incident, the competition between the boy and the girl creates a deeper impression because it is not pathetic but real.

The language is simple but Whittier feels more and more about the poem. There is an intensity which is utterly lacking in Longfellow.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

The poet says, "after the lapse of such a long period of time, I still remember the school where I began my education. The school was surrounded by creepers and trees. The walls, desks, etc. of the school all come back to my mind. I remember the little girl who was my class-fellow and how on one occasion she beat me in the class and later on felt sorry on it. Later life has made it amply clear to me that there are few people you meet who surpass you and then feel sorry about their victory only because they happen to love you. Disinterested love and sympathy is possible only in youth.

IV. SUMMARY OF THE POEM

The school in which the poet began his education exists even today, quite the same as it was forty years ago.

The master's desk is very old and very deeply scarred; the floor is worn out and on the desk are carved in wood

names of the various students who sat at the desks.

Pictures made by students on the walls and the worn-out sill of the door are indications of the school being used for the last so many years.

Many years ago on a cold winter evening the sun shone bright and lighted up the windows.

The rays of the sun lighted up the golden curls of a small girl who had stayed there after school.

Near that girl stood a small boy who had pulled low upon his cap to hide his shame

The girl was excited and all the time she played restlessly with his blue apron.

He saw the girl lift her eyes, felt her soft hand on his head and heard her agitated voice.

The girl said, "I am sorry I spelt that word correctly which you failed to spell; but believe me, please, I never wished to beat you at studies because I have a great love for you."

The poet says, "Now many years have passed over that incident, but I still remember the face of that young girl though she is dead and buried in these forty years."

The poet says that during this long period the most valuable lesson he has learned is that there are very few people in the world who feel sorry for having beaten you in some competition of life.

V. PARAPHRASE OF THE POEM

Stanza 1. The old school by the side of the road is present even today sitting in the sun like a beggar wearing torn clothes. Round the school grow sumach shrubs and blackberry creepers.

Stanza 2. Inside the school the old desk of the teacher is covered with cuts of the raps given by the teacher to restore order in the class. The floor is very old and has become uneven. The seats are broken and on the desks signatures of students have been carved with knives.

Stanza 3 On the walls of the school buildings, the children had drawn caricatures with charcoal and the sill of

the door had been worn out with the feet of children as they came into their rooms or went out.

Stanza. 4. Many years ago on a winter evening the sun shone brightly before it set in the evening. The window panes facing the west were lighted and the low eaves which were covered with snow were also lit up.

Stanza. 5. The light of the evening sun fell on the golden curls of a little girl and showed her brown eyes full of sorrow. She had not yet left the school although other children had gone away.

Stanza. 6. Near her stood a small boy whom she had selected and detained. This boy had pulled his cap low upon his face to hide his feelings of shame and pride.

Stanza. 7. The boy waited there and as a sign of his restlessness he with his feet pushed to the right and to the left the snow lying on the earth. The little girl too was agitated because all the time she played restlessly with her blue checked apron.

Stanza. 8. The boy saw the girl lift her eyes and felt her soft, little hand touch him He heard her shaky voice as if she was admitting some wrong done by her.

Stanza 9. The girl said, "I am sorry that I spelt that word which you were not able to spell. I do not wish to beat you at studies." She lowered her brown eyes and said, "I do not want to beat you because I love you"

Stanza. 10. The poet says, "I am now old and my hair has grown gray but I remember the beautiful face of that innocent child although that girl is dead and forty years have passed since she was buried"

Stanza. 11. The poet says, "I have lived all this time to learn this lesson in the rough school of life that there are very few people who are sorry if they surpass you, because they love you."

VI. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza. 1. **Site**—the building of the school is still there. **School House**—the building of the school. **Ragged**—rough.

Sunning—sitting in the sun. **Sumach—**a kind of shrub. **Blackberry**—a kind of fruit. **Vine**—creeper. **Still**—even now.

Still the school-house by the road
A ragged beggar sunning
Around it still the sumach grow
And blackberry vines are running.

The poet remembers his school days when he was a small boy. He says. "The school is even today situated near the road and is housed in the same old building which looks like a beggar in torn clothes sitting in the ruin. Round the school building the sumach shrubs grew in profusion and blackberries creeper spread on all sides.

Stanza. 2. **Within**—inside **Scarred**—marked. **Raps**—smart slight blows. **Official**—giving orders. **Deep scarred by raps official**—The desk of the teacher covered with deep marks which were a sign of light blows given by the teacher. When the class became rowdy the teacher knocked at the desk with a pointer to make the children quiet. The numerous marks could be seen on the wood of the teacher's desk. **Warping floor**—The floor of school-rooms had become uneven because it was very old. **Battered seats**—The seats of the class-rooms were very old and had become rough and indented on account of wear and tear. **Jacknife**—large clasp knife for the pocket. **Carved**—cut in the wood. **Initial**—signatures. (This stanza means that all the furniture of the school bore in some form or the other some signs of the various students who had come to that school.

Stanza. 3. **Charcoal**—coal prepared from wood. **Frescoes**—pictures on a wall. **Still**—It is a misprint. Please read *sill* which means a threshold. **Creeping slow**—coming slowly. **Storming**—noisily and in a hurry.

The charcoal frescoes on its wall ;
The doors worn sill betraying
The feet that creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to play

On the wall were pictures made by the young boys and girls of the school These pictures were drawn with charcoal. The sill of the door was worn out indicating that many students passed through it The students walked slowly when they entered the class-room. Children generally do not like work and appear to come to school unwillingly, but if they were allowed a holiday they left their class-rooms hurriedly and rushed out making noise.

Stanza. 4 **Winter sun**—The sun in the winter months. **Setting**—entire place where the school was built. **Panes**—glasses. **Eaves**—projecting edge of roof or thatch **Fretting**—ornamental pattern made of continuous contributions of straight lines joined usually at right angles and with carved flowers. **Shone over it at setting**—in the evening when the sun was going to set it became visible through mist and fog and shone brightly over the school building.

Stanza. 5. **Tangled**—intertwined, dishevelled (الجھے ہوئے) **Golden curls**—golden hair with curls in it. **Brown eyes**—brown coloured eyes of that girl. **Grieving**—full of sorrow—**Of one who still her steps delay**—that little girl did not go home and still waited within the school campus. **When all the school were leaving**—The school had closed for the day ; all other students had left for home.

Stanza. 6. **Her childish favour singled**—The little boy who stood near her was selected by her because he was her favourite. **Pulled low**—pulled low up on his face to cover it because he was ashamed and his self-respect had been injured. He could not give the correct spelling of the word which that little girl was able to spell correctly. **Where pride and shame were mingled**—on the face of that little boy could be seen feelings of pride and shame which he tried to hide.

Stanza. 7. **Pushing with restless feet**—the boy was much excited and all the time played with his feet pushing away the snow that lay around. **Lingered**—stayed there and waited. **As restlessly**—The little girl was equally agitated and all the time she was fiddling with her blue checked apron.

Stanza 8. **Caressing**—Stroking. **Tremble of her voice**—he heard that her voice was shaking on account of the rush of emotions. **As if a fault confessing**—from her voice it so appeared as if she was admitting some wrong done by her.

Stanza. 9. **I'm sorry that I spelt the word**—The girl said, "I am really sorry for having given correct spelling of the word which you were not able to spell properly." The teacher had asked the class to spell some word that little boy failed in the test but the girl gave the proper spelling of the word. Now the girl was repenting of beating the boy at the test because she had developed a liking for the boy. **I hate to go above**—I have no desire to beat you in studies, rather I dislike the very idea.

Stanza. 10. **Still**—even now. **To a gray haired man**—now the poet is old, his hair has gone gray, but he remembers that incident of his school days. **That sweet child face is showing**—memory brings before the picture (image) of that little innocent face **The grasses on her grave have forty years been growing** she is dead and for the last forty years has been lying in the grave on which grass is growing.

Stanza. 11. **Hard School**—life which is a teacher hard and exacting. **Lament**—weep. feel sorry.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her,—because they love him.

The poet says, "I have lived in this world for forty years after that incident in my school life. I have learnt all that life which is such a hard task master, has to teach. I have learnt that many people defeat us in that parpetual competition; whith is the law of life. But there are few who feel sorry about their victory and your loss. Even those who love you do not at all care for your feeling when

they beat you in competition. That little girl was the only glorious exception : she loved me and felt sorry for winning a victory over me in the classroom. She was a rare exception to the general rule.

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13. AT SCHOOL-CLOSE

BY

J. G. WHITTIER

I. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

In this poem Whittier discusses the relations which exsit between the teacher and the taught. The chief quality of Whittier is intensity of feeling. This quality of the poet lends a special pathos to all that he writes. Even ordinary incidents of life take on a special shape and colour. The student in the hands of the teacher is just like clay ; he can model him or her in whatever shape he likes. Youth is the plastic material on which the teacher works

The teacher has a decisive roll to play in the life of the youth. All great men, p liticians, generals and philosophers have owned in the hay-day of their fame that most of their success has been the result of the instruction and guidance they got from some good, efficient and honest teacher.

The relation between the student and the teacher, if moulded on proper lines, is perhaps one of the purest that can come into being between man and man. Here, in this poem, Whittier says that the maiden, who is a student in a school, will soon go out of the school She will become a mother, a useful member of the society and will be actively participating in the various activities of life. She may become one of the greatest figures of her times but the message of the teacher will con inue to be the same. The teacher will go on advising her to be pure and true, prompt in duty and honest in thought.

II. CENTRAL IDEA OF THE POEM

In this poem the poet discusses relations between the teacher and the taught. The honest teacher feels a pleasure in watching the mental growth of his student. Even when the old connection is broken and the student steps out into the broader field of life, the teacher continues to take a keen interest in his or her success in life. The students are young and the teacher is comparatively order, and students can learn a lot from the experience gained by the teacher. In later life when the student turns out to be a success in life, the teacher takes an honest pride in it.

III. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

The end of the term of education at the school has come and very soon the teacher and her student will be parted from each other. They will part never to come together again. The teacher feels in teaching a pleasure similar to the one felt by the sculptor who works upon clay, moulding and shaping it into a statue.

The student steps out of the period of girlhood and passes into womanhood and the relations of the teacher and the taught are severed once for all. The teacher rules the little realm over which she had power and authority but the love for her students remains in the heart. Even when the two have been parted for many years the teacher often sends to her old students guidance which is surely valuable because it comes from one who is selfless and honest. The teacher tells her old student who has now become a mother, a member of the society, to be true, just and honest, to be kind to one who has suffered some sorrow. This advice of the teacher is one not to be ignored.

IV. SUMMARY

The month of June has come and students who have completed their studies are leaving school. School life for them has come to an end as all things in life are bound to come to an end. The teacher and the taught are to part for ever.

They are going to separate, but in their future life there will be pleasant memories in the minds of both about their past associations, as sea shells have in them audible murmuring sound produced by the sea even when these shells are transported to a place distant from the sea.

The teacher felt a pleasure in educating the young children and this pleasure was quite similar to the pleasure felt by the sculptor in making a statue. The sculptor feels a pleasure in moulding clay to a shape he likes.

Quite in the same way the teacher enjoyed watching from day to day the mental and physical development which took place in the children in her charge. She worked hard. Occasionally she adopted an attitude of severity but she did all tenderly like a woman.

None can forget the voice of the teacher ordering the children to come and do some work. Many a time she had to call children away from their games and dreams to become busy with work.

The teacher gave those children a soul by transmitting to them a knowledge of the universe. The teacher awakened their senses. He gave life to that statue and then gave sight to its dim eyes.

O youth and beauty you are the most cherished ones of all earthly things From girlhood you pass on to the maturer period of life. You are the test that measures apparent truth.

The teacher leaves her limited sphere and her wands of power is broken. The student gives to the teacher love and trust and warm thanks from a grateful heart.

The teacher is a mature person like the noon in summer compared to her, the girl student is like a morning in the spring. The case of the teacher and student is like the waning and the waxing moon Again, one is like a folded wing, the other is like wings spread out.

After so many years the teacher sends her good wishes to her students. She has no doubts or fears that they might

have forgotten her. The message she sends is "Be true, be honest and avoid all sin.

Be efficient and prompt in the discharge of your duties; be careful to listen to the deep, hidden sound of your conscience. The world is full of war and disagreement but you should keep faith and fidelity.

"Be kind and gentle in your dealings, show pity like a true woman, to those who are needy or are in grief, in spite of all the different faiths and religions maintain your belief in God.

Give and get in return and go into the world and bless the world by doing good deeds in it. The world needs the efforts of all to make it an ideal place for living."

Thus the stream flows on, and through a cumulative effort the progress of mankind continues. The beauty of the matron inspires more respect and regard than the undefinable charms of the maiden.

If you do good in the world and follow the path of honesty and faith and your manners are gracious and refined you will surely be linked up with the better type of people. When people will praise you for your good qualities, the teacher will feel proud of you and will say, "These were mine."

IV. PARAPHRASE OF THE POEM

Stanza 1. The school is going to close for one term, and the period of the stay of some students has come to an end just as many other things in this life come to an end. During these fine days of the month of June the teacher and the student are to go on their different paths in life.

Stanza 2. They part from each other, but in the day to come they will surely have in their hearts loving memories for each other. It is just like a sea shell which, though taken away from the sea, produces a sound similar to the sound of the sea waves when wind rushes through it.

Stanza 3. The teacher felt a pleasure in shaping the

mind and moulding the character of her students quite in the same way as the sculptor feel in moulding and shaping clay into a particular shape and form.

Stanza 4. Thus daily developed under her kind guidance and control the young ones entrusted to her care. She was strong, tender and wise in exercising control over her wards.

Stanza 5. And none of the students will ever forget the voice of the teacher calling them away from their games and dreams, and firmly but kindly putting them to study in a pleasant and desirable way.

Stanza 6. The teacher put the knowledge into the mind of the youthful students. With joy they watched the acquisition of knowledge and slowly into their dim eyes shone the light of knowledge.

Stanza 7. Youth and beauty are loved most of all. Slowly the child passes out of the period of girlhood into a broader phase of life and with increasing mental powers the girl who has become a woman, tests and finds out the causes which bring about particular effects.

Stanza 8. The teacher now steps out of her domain and breaks her authority as a teacher and if you love her and have faith for her, she will offer you the thanks of a grateful heart.

Stanza 9. The teacher is a mature woman and she is calm and quiet like the summer noon while the student, who is now a grown-up girl, is like the morning of spring. One is like the waning moon while the other is like the waxing moon. In the case of the one the wings are folded, while in the case of the other they are spread for flight.

Stanza 10. Though years have passed since you left school, she sends you her good wishes. In her heart there are no doubts or fears about you, provided you are true to yourself and are honest and faithful.

Stanza 11. The teacher advises you to be prompt in the performance of your duties and pay proper attention to the

voice of your conscience. Though the whole world be torn by conflict you must maintain your faith in human nature.

Stanza 12. The teacher would advise her students to show gentleness to the needy and sorrow-stricken and tell them that in spite of all the contradictions which have given birth to different religions, one is expected to keep faith in God.

Stanza 13. The teacher advises her old student to follow the principle of co-operation so that the world may progress through her oontribution of ideas and achievements. Be like Martha and Mary of the Biblical lore and render to others the better part of one and the helpful care of the other.

Stanza 14. Thus time will pass on and each year will mark a progress over the preceding year. The beauty possessed by the mother will be greater than the indefinable attractions a maiden has.

Stanza 15. The world will associate your names with the good and kind people who have gone before and you will be praised for your kind manners. When the people praise you for your good qualities the teacher too will feel proud in saying that these were at one time her students.

VI. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **The end has come as come it must.**—The period of stay at school has terminated as all other things in this world are bound to come to an end. **Sweet June day**—June is the month of summer, so the poet calls the days of the June sweet, *i.e.*, desirable. **Trust their parting feet**—The teacher and her students who have been together for a particular length of time now separate from one another.

Stanza 2. **Years to be**—The time which is to come.

They part but in years to be
Shall pleasant memories cling to each.

The poet says, "Though the teacher and the taught are separated from each other yet in the future both will bear in their mind happy memories of the period when they were

living near each other and were in intimate contact. **Inland**—away from the sea. **Murmur**—humming. **Rhythmic**—a sound which has a cadence. **Beach**—seashore.

As shells bear inland from the sea
The murmur of the rhythmic beach

Though the teacher and the taught are separated, their condition is analogous to that of the sea-shell. Even if this shell is removed from the ocean far inland, the construction of the shell is such that vibrations produced in it are similar to the sound produced by the waves breaking on the sea-shore. The relation of the teacher and the student is a very strong one ; even when parted from each other they do not forget the days they spent in each other's company. Childhood is the most impressionable period of one's life. Impressions acquired during this period cannot be obliterated and whatever a child learns at school lasts a life-time. Habits formed during school days remain with us for the whole of our life.

Stanza 3. **Sculptor**—Artist who cuts stone into a particular shape or an artist who shapes and forms statues from clay. **Plastic**—material which can be moulded into a particular shape. **Clay wrought**—made out of clay. **Fine grace**—nice beauty.

One knew the joy the sculptor knows
When plastic to the lightest touch
His clay-wrought model slowly grows
To that fine grace desired so much

We can very well understand the pleasure felt by the sculptor when he works upon clay. This clay is soft and plastic like, and every touch given by the artist changes the shape of the lump of clay until it is shaped after a particular model the artist had in view. The poet says a similiar pleasure is felt in shaping raw youth into polished and perfect manhood and womanhood and this pleasure falls to the share of the teacher.

Stanza 4. **Living shapes**—small children, who are the raw material for a school. **Wrought**—worked. **Innocent**

—pure **The child s heart with the woman's thought**—she worked upon the hearts of young children and inculcated upon them knowledge. This she did with the gentleness which is the rightful share of woman

Stanza 5. **Dream**—pious and gentle thoughts of childhood. **Kindly**—gentle. **Firm**—strong.

> **The firm but kindly hand that set**
> **Her feet in learning pleasant way**

The teacher with a strong hand but with a kind heart guided the young students on the way to learn that course of life which is pleasant and happy.

Stanza 6. **Undine**—the female water spirit who by marrying a mortal and bearing a child received a soul and became liable to all human penalties. **The joy of undine soul possessed**—here school children are compared with undine and teacher to a mortal, the union of the two blesses the student with knowledge. **The wakening sense**—intelligence of the child which is fast awakening. The teacher by imparting knowledge to the children awakens their mind on the appreciation and cognition of their environments. **That swelled the fabled statue's breast**—The acquisition of knowledge which filled the breast of the students with knowledge just as in a well known story, the breast of a statue heaved as it became endued with life. **Clouded**—dark, lustreless. **And filled its clouded eyes with sight**—The eyes of the children were without the light of knowledge, but acquistion of knowledge filled those eyes with light and made them lustrous and shining.

Stanza 7. **Youth and beauty, loved of all**—youth and beauty are cherished by everyone in the world Youth and beauty are prized most of all, because they are short-lived and are in fact the best period of an individual's life. **Ye pass from girlhood's gate of dreams**—The little girl grows up and becomes a full-fledged woman; from the state of girlhood which is the period of dreams, slowly changes into a more stable state of woman-hood. **In broader ways your footsteps fall**—from maidenhood you change over to womanhood and your outlook on life becomes broader.

Stanza 8. **Realm**—domain. **Leaves—gives up. Wand**—magic stick. **Grateful**—full of gratitude.

Her little realm the teacher leaves,
She breaks her wand of power apart
While, for your love and trust she gives,
The warm thanks of a grateful heart.

If after completing your education and leaving the school, you go on loving and trusting your teacher who is your mental preceptor, the teacher will willingly forsake her domain as teacher. She will break her magic wand of power and come down to the level of an intimate friend. She will be grateful to you if even after completing your education, you go on loving and trusting her. She would then, no longer, be your teacher, but will willingly play the role of a friend and a disinterested guide.

Stanza 9. **Sober**—quiet. **Contrasted**—compared. **Waning**—becoming smaller and smaller. **Waxing**—becoming bigger day by day. **Folded**—closed.

Her's the sober summer noon
Contrasted with your morn of spring.

The teacher is the older woman and is mature; she is calm and quiet like the noon in summer while the student who has left the school is youthful and, compared with the teacher, she is like a morning in spring, salubrious and inspiring.

The waning with the waxing moon
The folded with the outspread wing.

The teacher is like the lessening moon, her age, and youth are on the decline while the young student is compared to the crescent moon, her youth, beauty and powers are steadily increasing. The case of the one is like a bird with folded wings. The bird has flown to its utmost power and is now taking its well earned rest, while the other has spread her wings and is just going to begin her flight. The poet means to say that the teacher is like a bird who has had her flight in the world while the young girl who has

just left school is like a bird who has opened her wings and is going to begin her flight.

Stanza 10. **Across**—over. **God-speed**—good wishes.

> **Across the distance of the years**
> **She sends her God-speed back to you.**

Though many years have passed since you left school and were separated from your teacher, yet the teacher has not forgotten you and even after such a long time sends you her good wishes for success in life. **She has no thoughts of doubts or fear**—she is always sure of your being good, kind and gentle towards others and has no doubts about you on that score. She is perfectly sure that you are playing the role of a good woman.

Stanza 11. **Prompt**—efficient and punctual. **In duty**—in the performance of duty. **Heed the deep, low voice of conscience**—pay proper ear to the voice of the inner self which gives you guidance and thus saves you from sin and wrong doing. The teacher gives advice to her ex-students that they should pay full regard to the voice of conscience and avoid being misled by too much regard for the world. **Ill**—wrong-doing. **Discord**—quarrels and conflicts. **Round you**—which prevail in this world everywhere.

> **And prompt in duty ; heed the deep,**
> **Low voice of conscience ; through the ill**
> **And discord round about you, keep**
> **Your faith in human nature still.**

The teacher gives honest and valuable advice to her ex-students that they should be efficient and punctual in the discharge of their duties and should pay proper attention to the message of the soul (the conscience) although round them, all over the world, discord, dissatisfaction and ill-will prevail. Though the world is busy in fighting and there is discord all over the world, the student is advised not to lose hope in mankind, because a betterment of the world would surely be brought about if love becomes the reigning spirit in man's dealings with man.

Stanza 12. **Be gentle**—be kind and tender in your dealings with others. **Unto grief and needs be pitiful as woman should**—like a true woman be pitiful towards those people in the world who are needy and sorrowful. Kindness and gentleness are qualities which are essential to a good woman and the teacher advises her students to show mercy and sympathy to those who have fallen a victim to sorrow or need. **Spite of**—in spite of, despite. **Lies of creed**—various religions, each differing from the other has tried to misguide people. **Hold fast**—stick to. **The truth**—faith.

Stanza 13. The teacher advises her students to go forth and become useful members of the society. **Hand and heart**—labour and love. **Martha's helpful, carefulness and Mary's better part**—this world is working through the cumulative effort of all its members. These names are taken from the New Testament (انجیل) of the Bible. Following are the relevant verses occurring in *St. Luke,* Chapter X.

"Now it came to pass, as they went, that he (Jesus Christ) entered into a certain village : and a certain woman named Martha received him into her house.

"And she had a sister called Mary which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word.

"But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him, and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone ? bid her therefore that she help me.

"And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things :

"But one thing is needful : and Mary has chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

It is clear from this quotation that Martha and Mary stand for what he has already referred to as "the hand and the heart," or the physical and spiritual needs of mankind. Martha is helpful with and careful of the needs of the body whereas Mary has a better part, her heart or spirit, which seeks glory in the company of christ.

Stanza 14. **So shall the stream of time flow by**—thus time will pass on. **And leave each year a richer good**—each year will see an advance on the previous year, *i e.*, time will continue to pass on, and slowly but steadily the progress of civilisation will continue. **Matron**—mother. **Loveliness**—beauty and charm. **Outvie**—defeat.

And matron's loveliness outvie
The nameless charm of maidenhood.

The time will pass and the little girl who was at one time student of a school, will become a mother, will be greater than those of maidens whose beauty and charm are undefined.

Stanza 15. **Link**—join. **Assert**—put forward, declare.

And, when the world shall link your names
With gracious lives and manners fine
The teacher shall assert her claims,
And proudly whisper, "These were mine!"

With the passage of time the student will grow older and will become a useful member of the society. Her name will then be mentioned along with other great and important persons. She will become famous for her good manners and nice habits. Then the teacher will surely be entitled to put forth her claim and say that she was responsible for bringing into society a member so good, so gentle and having such good and pleasant manners.

VII. IMPORTANT PASSAGES EXPLAINED WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

1. One knew the joy the sculptor knows
When, plastic to the lightest touch,
His clay-wrought model slowly grows
To that fine grace desired so much.

These lines are taken from the poem "At School Close" written by J. G. Whittier. The poet says that the relation between the teacher and the taught is one of an enduring nature. Time and tide can neither obliterate nor weaken it.

We all know that the stone-cutter feels a special pleasure in forming a figure out of stone. The case with the artist in working upon clay is similar. Clay is soft and can be moulded into any shape the artist may like. Working upon this clay he is overjoved when he finds that his expert touch gives it some particular shape or form. As he labours upon that lump of clay, it assumes a particular shape and form. The beauty of this statue becomes a joy and satisfaction for the artist.

2. *The joy of undine soul-possessed*
The wakening sense, the strange delight
That swelled the fabled statue's breast
And filled its clouded eyes with sight.

These lines are taken from the poem *At School-Close* written by J. G. Whittier. The poet says it is the privilege of the good and honest teacher to bless the student with the soul of knowledge. Like an undine these young boys and girls go to school and gains knowledge from the teacher. Formerly they were just like a statue having a human form devoid of any soul, but the knowledge given by the teacher acts as an agency blessing them with a soul and lighting up their eyes with knowledge.

VIII. THE MORAL OF THE POEM

The poet say that the relations which subsist between the teacher and the taught are such that no power on earth can either sever or destroy them. Even when the student leaves school after the completion of his konwledge, the teacher continues takinn interest in his or her success and well-being.

The teacher is like a sculptor and the material he works upon is like plastic clay. Under his guidance and control the raw and immature students not only develop physically but their characters and habits too are moulded and shaped. The influence exerted by the teacher is of a permanent nature and he marks with a happy satisfaction the slow and gradual building up of his character.

After leaving school the student goes out into bigger

spheres of activity and becomes a useful member of the society. If he or she turns out to be a success and becomes popular and famous for his or her good qualities of the head and heart, the teacher feels a pride and joy in claiming that he or she was at one time his or her pupil. Even when time has passed the teacher does not forget his or her old students and sends messages of goodwill to them provided the students bear in mind the debt they owe to the teacher.

IX. IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ON THE POEM

Q. What according to J. G. Whittier forms the basis of relations which exist between the teacher and the taught ?

Answer. The poet believes that perhaps the relationship of teacher and taught is the most selfless and honest relationship which can be formed between two individuals in this world. At the appointed time the teacher and the taught part, but in after-life, even if they do not get a chance to meet each other, their relationship continues. The teacher is for ever bound to have a soft corner in her heart for her students.

The successes achieved by the students are always a source of pleasure and satisfaction for their teacher. If the students continue to have love for and faith in their teacher, the teacher will most willingly come out of her domain and join her students in the honest pursuits of life and feel a keen pleasure in their success and fame. The teacher always advises them to be honest, have faith in God and be prompt in the discharge of their duties. They are to give and receive whatever they can and through their honest contributions work towards the general advancement of humanity and progress of world. This distance of years is no barrier between the teacher and the taught. The teacher has no doubts or fears about her students and believes they will invariably follow the right path in life and will thus play their proper part in bringing about the general good of mankind.

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14. MY PLAYMATE

BY

J. G. WHITTIER

1. CENTRAL IDEA OF THE POEM

The poem has an elegiac note and the poet weeps over the loss of his playmate. It was summer and the trees were covered with white flowers that drifted about in the air. His playmate suddenly fell ill and died Her relatives came and took up the dead body and burried it. She was an innocent little girl and must surely have gone to heaven. The poet remembered her still. When various objects of nature put forth all their glory and beauty in spring and summer, he remembers her all the more and is poignantly reminded of their joint pleasures. He, now a grown-up man, essentially wants and earnestly hopes that she would surely not have forgotten him in her new home, *i.e.*, heaven.

This poem is addressed by the poet to his playmate who was the daughter of the man whose cows he looked after. Even after the lapse of such a long time the poet remembers her and says that all the beauties of nature are present but he cannot enjoy them because she is dead and gone.

II. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The poem is simple and the language interprets to the reader the intensity of feelings and emotion in the mind of the poet. The poet is deeply affected by the death of his play-fellow and in the poem laments over her loss. Together they used to explore the beauties of the nature. Time was passing in this joyous environment when suddenly in the month of May she fell ill and died. For the poet, the departure of the girl synchronized with the departure of all beauty from this world. Nature, her flower and fruit, had no more any attraction for him

III. SUBSTANCE

In summer it was all bright and gay on Ramoth hill, trees were green and they had put forth abundant flowers. The playmate of the poet, a little girl, fell ill and died. He worked as watchman for the cattle of this girl's father. Since

her death the life of the poet became quite colourless. No doubt he performed all the routine of life but he is not at all happy over it or satisfied with it. He feels that in his life there has been caused a vacuum which nothing can fill up She had gone to heaven and taken her abode in a place where there is always spring and flowers bloom Here in this world the changes of season come but have no joy or pleasure for him. The winds blow and in the forest there is a sound of moaning as if it is grieving over their separation.

IV. SUMMARY

On Ramoth hill dark pine tree grew in profusion and produced a humming sound. The trees were covered with flowers.

The flowers that fell from trees flew about our feet and this day seemed to be the sweetest and the sadest day of that year.

My playmate who was dearer to me than flowers and birds left her home. She died and was buried.

Before death she kissed her near and dear ones and placed her hand in mine and passed away ; what more could a shy boy desire to have !

During the summer month of May she died and so many years have passed but she has not come back.

I walk about silently. Life for me is now a dull routine of work.

She is gone and has taken her abode in heaven where there is always spring and days pass by

Perhaps in heaven she wears costly dress and not dresses made from home-spun coarse cloth

Even after her death flowers and fruits grow on the plains and in the forests.

The lilies blossom in the woods and birds make their nests in the trees.

I am not sure whether she remembers these which were a source of so much pleasure for us when we were playmates. Does she ever dream about Ramoth Woods ?

I remember her face and form and her voice but what does she care now for me who was only a little boy looking after her father's cows.

What does she care for birds now or for nuts which grow in this world.

"O playmate", says the poet, "the mossy seat where we used to play in the good old days is green and surrounded with violet flowers."

Winds are blowing and in spring there is a fine music in nature

Even now the forest of Ramoth produces a moaning sound. Perhaps now it is grieving over your death.

V. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. It was the season of summer and pine trees were covered with an abundant growth of dark green leaves and the wind produced a song as it blew through these trees. The blowing wind made the flowers fall from trees.

Stanza 2. The flowers fell down and drifted about our feet, the birds sang in the flower gardens. That day was to me the most beautiful and the saddest day of the year.

Stanza 3 More important to me was my playmate. She was more important than the birds or flowers and she took away with her the beauty and joy of summer and spring.

Stanza 4 She kissed her relatives and placed her hand in mine what more could I expect from her, I who was only a small boy who looked after her father's cows.

Stanza 5. She died and left us in the month of May when flowers were in their full bloom Time, which is immortal, brought the changes of seasons and many mornings of May came but she did not come back.

Stanza 6 Silently I walk upon the earth and years pass which have yielded no important results. Again and again the spring comes and I sow crops and when autumn comes I reap the harvest.

Stanza 7. She is gone to heaven and lives in a place where spring is eternal, roses bloom all the year round, and

the bright and dark children of time, *i.e.*, day and night, come and pass.

Stanza 8. There perhaps with jewelled hands she smooths her gown of costly silk. She does not wear gowns of home-made coarse cloth as she used to do when she lived in this world.

Stanza 9. Wild grapes grow near the river and brown nuts grow on the hill and forest of Follymill becomes fragrant with the sweet smell that comes from spring flowers.

Stanza 10. In the small tank lilies grow and bloom and birds build their nests in the trees and the dark pines grow and flourish on hilltops and the slow song of the sea is heard.

Stanza 11. I think and wonder if she still remembers scenes of old days and I do not know whether the sound of wind blowing through Ramoth wood is audible to her in dreams.

Stanza 12. I remember her very well and visualise her face and recall voice. I do not know whether she remembers me at all. Why should she care at all for a poor boy who was employed to look after the cows of her father ?

Stanza 13. What does she care at all that birds come and build their nests and other children play there and children other than ourselves collect nuts and fill their laps with flowers.

Stanza 14. O, my playmate of the good old past ! our old mossy seat is green once more and violets bordering that seat are blossoming and a tree is bending over it as in the past.

Stanza 15. The winds are fragrant with the smell of the flowers of birch and fern and I am strongly reminded of the past. In the spring the song of veeries reminds me of the good old days when we two lived together.

Stanza 16. Even today the trees of Ramoth woods produce a humming sound as the wind blows. Perhaps they moan over the change that has come between you and me.

VI. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Pine**—a kind of a tree. **Were dark**—were covered with a thick growth of leaves. **Ramoth hill**—name of a hill on which the poet used to play in his boyhood. **The song was soft and low**—as the wind passed through the branches of the trees, it produced a slow and sweet music. **Blossoms**—flowers. **Sweet May win**—May is the month of flowers and the smell of those flowers made the air fragrant (خوشبو دار). **Were falling like snow**—white coloured flowers fell in such a large number that they appeared like flakes of snow. The earth was covered with white flowers and it appeared as if white sheet of snow was spread over it.

Stanza 2. **Drifted**—rolled by the wind (ہوا میں اڑ کر). **At our feet**—near our feet. The earth was covered with so many white flowers that round our feet these white flowers were gathered in heaps by the blowing wind. **Orchard**—fruit garden (پھل دار درختوں کا باغ). **The orchard birds sang**—in the fruit garden the birds sang happily. **The sweetest and the saddest day**—The poet says that the day was sweet because it was a summer day and flowers had made the air fragrant but it was a sad day because on that day his playmate died. **It seemed of all the year**—that particular day appeared to be the sweetest and saddest day of the year.

Stanza 3.

For, more to me than birds of flowers,
My playmate left her home.

The birds and flowers were attractive and beautiful and had a charm of their own but the more important event was the separation that came between me and my play-fellow.

And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She died and took away from me all the joys and pleasures that I felt in the happy days of spring. After her death the beauty of the spring flowers and the music of the song of birds had no longer any attraction for me. After her untimely

death I gave up whatever interest I previously had in the objects of nature and the changes of seasons.

Stanza 4. **Kith and kin**—near relatives, people related to her by blood. **She laid her hand in mine**—lovingly she placed her hand in my hands.

She kiss'd the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hand in mine.

Before breathing her last she kissed her mother and father and placed her hand in my hands. **Bashful**—shy (شرمیلا). **Kine**—cows.

What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine?

I was after all a domestic servant and nothing more. As a sign of her love and regard for me she, before death, placed her hand in my hands. I was only an employee of theirs and had to look after the cows of my master. This favour from her was more than I deserved and was far above that to which my station in life entitled me.

Stanza 5. **Bloom of May**—when the flowers of the month of May were full in bloom or the month of May was at its best and all the beauties associated with summer months were in their youth. **Constant years**—time which is undying and permanent, moving and passing from year to year but never coming to a standstill. **Told o'er**—changed. **Told over their seasons**—time passed on and the seasons of year came and went at their fixed periods. **With as sweet May morns**—mornings similar to the one on which his playmate died and as sweet and beautiful as that came and passed many a time but she did not come back.

Stanza 6. **Noiseless**—silent (خاموش). **With noiseless feet**—I trudged in the common ways of life and performed my routine duties of life (اور میں خوشی سے اپنے کاموں میں لگا رہا) **The round of uneventful years**—from year to year I passed my life and there was no incident of major importance in my life, *i.e.*, I had a colourless and vapid life. There was no pleasure or joy for me during these days.

Still o'er and o'er I saw the spring—the spring came every year and I sowed my crops (هر سال بہار کا موسم آیا اور میں فصل بوتا رہا) **And reap the autumn years**—in autumn the crops ripened and I moved these and stored the corn. **Ears**— (بالی - خوشہ).

Stanza 7. **Golden years**—she is in heaven where there is summer all the year round. **Summer roses blow**—in heaven it is spring and summer always. The roses are perennial and blossom at all periods of the year. The poet means to say that his playmate was so pure and innocent that after death she must surely have gone to heaven, where there is no autumn and no decay. **The dusk children of the sun**—the white and sable hour of the year, *i.e.*, night and day. **Before her come and go**—pass before her eyes.

Stanza 8. **Haply**—perhaps, the poet is not sure of it. **Jwelled hand**—she would no longer be a poor country maiden now as she was on earth. She must have got jwelled rings to wear and surely her fingers would be decorated with those in heaven. **She smooths her silken gown**—human beings believe that in heaven they would get all good things that are denied to them in this world. Here the poet has surely scored a point. He is thinking in terms of a village shephered boy. The poor country-girl when she was alive wore dresses made of ordinary coarse cloth; but in heaven she would surely have got silken and costly dresses to wear. **Homespun lap**—ordinary cloth, prepared and woven at home, rough and coarse in texture.

No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down

In heaven she would not be wearing dresses prepared from coarse country-made cloth as she used to wear when she was alive and in the lap of which the poet, who was a boy at that time, used to shake down walnuts from the branches of the tree. The poet says that now she would be in the habit of wearing costly silken dresses and not those rough cloth dresses she used to wear when alive.

While she wore common rustic dress, in which she wandered about and occasionally went out in the company of this boy (who later on wrote this poem) who used to tend her father's cows. The boy used to climb up the walnut tree and shake it branch by branch while she stood below and in her lap caught the falling walnut fruit.

Stanza 9. **Brook**—rivulet, small river (آب جو)

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
And brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flower make sweet
The woods of folleymill.

When his playmate was alive, the two used to go out to the river and pluck wild grapes ; sometimes they went upon a hill and gathered brown nuts. The poet addresses the young girl who is dead and gone and says that even now grapes appear on vines on the bank of the brook and brown nuts are available on the hill side but nobody plucks them and these fruits wait for them. Since she is gone he too does not like to go and pluck these grapes and nuts. Even now after the passage of so many years, May flowers blossom in the woods of Folleymill and make the air sweet with their odour.

Stanza 10. **Pond**—small tank. **Birds build in the tree**—The birds build their nests in the branches of the trees during the nestling season.

The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea

The dark and shady pine trees that grow on the slopes of Ramoth hills produce a slow singing sound when the wind passes through their branches.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems,—
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams

The poet says, "I am not sure of it but I often do think about it. She died many years ago and I am sure she went to heaven as she was a kind, gentle, and innocent little girl.

Now in heaven, does she ever think about her life on earth and remember it ? Does she remember the innocent games we used to play and how we wandered about in the neighbouring forest gathering wild grapes, walnuts and flowers ?

Here the poet poses a very valid and important question. Do people, after death, remember what they have left behind on earth ? The poet says. "I wonder at it, but I am not sure of the exact state of affairs. Does she in heaven even dream of the sound produced by the wind as it passed through Ramoth hill woods."

Stanza 12.

I see her face, I remember her voice ;
Does she remember mine ?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine

Here again the poet puts forth a very pertinent question. Those who die are remembered by those who are left behind. The poet says, "My remembrance of her is quite clear and vivid. I clearly remember her face, even her voice. Does she remember me. Or do people after death forget everything they left behind on earth ? And what is her opinion now about that boy who was her playmate and who tended her father's cows. Formerly, we were playmates and like innocent children had love for each other. I have love for her even now. Does she still consider me her playmate or has she forgotten me quite, or has she in heaven begun to look down upon me ?"

Stanza 13. **What cares she**—the poet says that she was in heaven now and she cannot be expected to remember or care for the petty detail of life on earth. **Orioles**—birds with black and yellow plumage who visit America in summer.

What cares she that orioles build
For other eyes than ours

The poet says that she is in heaven now and cannot be expcted to have any care of remembrance for things associated with this world. Formerly the two companions used to wander about seeking the nests of the oriole,

which is a beautiful migratory bird. Those birds come to America in summer and build their nests, the eyes of the children other than these two feast themselves on their beauty and the poet feels envious of it,

That other hands with nuts are fill'd
And other laps with flowers?

The nuts and flowers grow, as usual, around their village; other children pluck these and fill their hands and laps.

Stanza 14. **O playmate in the golden time**—The poet again addresses that little girl and says, "You were my playmate in the good old days, when we were young children, innocent and pure. But now you are dead while I have grown old." **Mossy seat**—the trunk of a tree cut low and on account of rain and damp covered with moss, which these children used as a seat. **Moss**—a plant that grows in marshy places. **Fringing**—growing round it about the border. **Lean**—bend,

Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean

The mossy green seat is surrounded with violet flowers and over it bend the old trees of the forest converting it into a bower, a secluded place where the two children used to sit and play various games. All those happy memories associated with their days of childhood come to him very poignantly.

Stanza 15. **The wind so sweet with birch and fern.** The air is scented with the sweet smell coming from the flowers of birth and fern trees.

A sweeter memory blow

When I feel the sweet smell spreading all around, I am reminded of a sweeter memory that in our childhood we used to play in such an atmosphere. **Veeries**—(American world) meaning a thrush, a kind of bird.

And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

The poet tells the dead departed child that in the spring season the thrush sings its song quite in the same way now as it used to sing in the past when she was living.

Stanza 16.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee !

The poet says, "The woods do produce that moaning sound which they used to produce when you were alive. At that time this sound seemed to us a song. We were happy and gay children and in that joyous mood this sound produced by the blowing wind seemed to us a musical symphony. Now I am left alone and am aged, and this moaning sound produced by the forest seems to me a song of sorrow. The forest is grieved at the separation that has come between us and is expressing that sorrow in the form of these moans."

VII. IMPORTANT QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. What kind of poem is it ? What points in this poem do you like and why ?

Answer.—This poem is a lyric and gives expression to the mood of sorrow and reminiscence. There are two playmates, a boy and a girl. The boy is a servant of the girl's father and is employed for looking after cows. While yet a child the girl suddenly dies. The boy lives on but here he laments over the sad and untimely death of his playmate.

They were both village children and nature was the background against which their childish sports were innocently played. The poet through that boy, now an aged person, says, 'Nature is the same and has undergone no change. Flowers come with the spring, their sweet smell is wafted upon the breeze. Birds build their nests in summer. Wild fruit grow in abundance but I feel grieved because I have lost my playmate who was so dear to me. I am not sure whether she remembers me or not. I, however, have not forgotten her and will never forget her. She may be quite happy in heaven where all gentle and innocent souls go. She may be busy there in some innocent occupation, but I still remember her. Though I perform all the routine duties of life, her remembrance haunts me like a sweet fragrance spreading all over my mind.

15. MEMORY

BY
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I. THE POET

Abraham Lincoln was born in 1809 and won fame as the first President of the United States of America after the Civil War which was the outcome of Anti-Slavery Movement. He is one of the great figures of history of the world. He lived, fought and died for the liberation of slaves and for the unity of his homeland. He was a democrat of the rarest and the most precious kind, he had a nobility of character which is so rare to find among politicians. His outstanding quality as a poet is simplicity of language associated with a profundity of thought and depth of feeling.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

The poet visits his childhood's home and memories of the past crowd round his mind. He meets certain old friends and companions whom death had spared. They too were old and changed. The memory refashions those who are dead and gone but the picture presented here is blurred and melancholy. The rooms of his old home were deserted and empty and the final effect upon the poet is as if he were in a graveyard buried with those whom death had taken away.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The language of the poem is simple and the whole poem is charged with emotions excited in his mind by memories of the past which come crowding upon him. The dominant note of this poem is melancholy and the poet appears to be labouring under a feeling of loss. He remembers his friends and companions whom death had parted from him. Imagination does bring back a picture of the past but it is only a shadow quite remote from reality.

IV. SUMMARY

I pay a visit to my home and feel sad over what I see there. Thoughts of the past come crowding into my mind. This gives me a bit of pleasure too.

Memory takes me to a place betwixt heaven and earth and in this place I meet those loved and dear ones who are dead and have left this world.

Now that those persons have been freed from the wickedness of the world they come before me bright and hallowed by divine light.

They appear beautiful and fine quite in the same way as mountains take on a romantic and enchanted appearance if they were looked at in the dim light of evening.

Or when we leave the neighbourhood of some waterfall, in our memory lingers the sound beautified by imagination.

Nearly twenty years have passed since I left that place and bade farewell to forests and plains where I used to play in my childhood.

When I go back to that place, I find that many things which were familiar to me have changed and this makes me acutely feel their loss.

Of the friends I left there, some have died while others have undergone many changes with the passage of time.

Those who are alive tell me that in the world all things suffer a change and none can escape death.

I wander over fields in a sorrowful mood and pass through the rooms of that house and these rooms I find empty and deserted.

V. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. I once more visit my home the place where I had passed my childhood, and I become sorrowful. I remember so many things attached to that place that I feel some pleasure too.

Stanza 2. The land of memory is situated midway

between heaven and earth where beloved things which have vanished rise up and take shape once more, though they are seen not very clearly.

Stanza 3. Since these objects are freed from bonds of the earth they become pure and appear bright and shining as if they belong to some magic land.

Stanza 4. Mountains appear more beautiful than they actually are if they are gazed at in the dim twilight. They are more attractive just as the sound of a bugle become more attractive as it dies away in the distance.

Stanza 5 When we leave behind some grand waterfall, its sound stays in our mind and seems more beautiful than the actual sound. All things which are known to us but have disappeared, appear desirable when we remember them. They take on a sanctity because they are now no more.

Stanza 6. Twenty years have passed since I left the place which was associated in my mind with pleasant memories of playmate of my childhood and fields and woods where we used to play.

Stanza 7. Of the old things familiar to me in my childhood, only a few are left. When I see these relics I remember those which have vanished.

Stanza 8. The friends I left behind on the day I left that place have all undergone a change with the passage of time. Those who were children have grown into young-men and women, and the young and the strong have grown old and grey. Nearly half are dead.

Stanza 9. Those that are alive tell me that nothing in this world can escape change or decay, so that every sound appears to me a death-knell and every spot a grave.

Stanza 10. I wander about in a sorrowful mood. The rooms of that house are empty and forsaken and I feel as if I too am dead and buried.

VI. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Childhood's home**—The home in which I was born and brought up. **I see again**—I visit once more.

Sadden—become sad. **With the view**—when I see that home, I am reminded of the past and become sad because I reminded of my old friends and relatives.

Still—now. **As memory crowds my brain**—as remembrance of the past comes crowding into my mind, ideas rush upon me and my mind is filled with the visualisation of what my home used to be when I lived there as a child in the company of my friends and relatives. **There's pleasure in it, too**—when I remember my old relatives and friends, I feel sad over it, but I also feel a strange pleasure in it.

Stanza 2. **Thou midway world**—The world of memory which is midway between this world and heaven. **'Twixt**—betwixt, between. **Paradise**—heaven. **Decayed**—wasted. **And loved ones lost**—those whom we loved and who were taken away from us by the cruel hand of death. **In dreamy shadows rise**—memory which brings before us friends and relatives who are dead and whose dim and faint image is recreated before the mind's eye.

O memory ! thou midway world
'Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise

Memory is a power which can create a world midway between heaven and earth. Memory can create a world of images which brings before us a world of thought which is betwixt heaven and earth. In that world live things that are dead and gone from this world and lost to us for ever. These images are, no doubt, dim and shadowy but the poet says with their help we can manage to create a world of images which takes up midway between heaven and earth and we can think about objects and persons dead and gone. Nevertheless those pictures are always faint and not very clear.

Stanza 3. **Freed**—liberated. **Vile**—wicked and bad. **Seem**—appear. **Hallowed**—sacred. **Pure and bright**—shining and holy. **Enchanted isle**—and memory can bring back to us images of those loved and dear ones who are dead and this visual image appears to be the picture of some

island which is magical and not of this earth. **Bathed**—covered with clear and transparent light.

> **And, freed from all that's earthly, vile,**
> **Seen hallowed, pure and bright,**
> **Like scenes in some enchanted isle,**
> **All bathed in liquid light.**

People die and leave this world. Those who are left behind remember them and these images are pure and free from the evils and wickedness of this world, and appear pure and holy and shining like the scenes on an island which is charming and beautiful. These images of the dead hold our fancy when they come to us shining in transparent and divine light. The poet means to say that the images of the dead and departed persons are pure and make our mind pure. The effect, though sad, is ennobling because they are liberated from earthly influences.

Stanza 4. **Dusky**—dark. **Please the eye**—appear beautiful to the eye and charm and attract us. **When twilight chases day**—when evening comes and the dim light of the evening gives place to the darkness of the night. **Bugle notes**—sound of the bugle. **Passing by**—moving on (جو گزرتے جا رہے ہوں). **In distance die away**—as the bugler goes on travelling farther and farther.

> **The dusky mountains please the eye**
> **When twilight chases day ;**
> **As bugle notes that passing by,**
> **In distance die away**

The mountains appear beautiful and please the eye when it grows dark and the twilight of evening changes into the darkness of night. When the light becomes dim, the mountains appear romantic and sublime. The sound of the bugle seems pleasant if the bugler is on the move and the sound goes on receding farther and farther.

Stanza 5. **Grand**—majestic and big. **Lingering**—waiting. **List**—listen. **Hallow**—make sacred.

As, leaving some grand waterfall,
We, lingering, list its roar—
So memory will hallow all
We've known but know no more.

When we visit some big waterfall and listen to its sound, that sound still goes on sounding in our ears after we leave the waterfall. In the same way things remembered become sacred because our knowledge of these things remains limited to what we know and we cannot know more about them as these are now beyond our reach. Those who are dead leave us and our knowledge of them remains incomplete. Round about them there is a hallow of sanctity because we cannot implement our knowledge by knowing more about these people. They have gone beyond our reach.

Stanza 6. **Near**—nearly. **Since I bid farewell**—the poet says, "Nearly twenty years have passed since I left that place, its forests and farms and the places where I used to play in the past. Twenty years ago I left the place where I was born and brought up. The woods, the fields and hills of that place are familiar to me."

Stanza 7.

Where many were, but few remain
Of old familiar things,
But seeing them to mind again
The lost and absent brings

When I lived in that place I had many friends and relatives who loved and liked me ; but now only a few of them are left, others are dead and gone. When I meet those few who are left behind I at once remember those who have departed. Those who are alive remind me of those who are dead. The sight of those familiar faces and scenes reminds me of my past life and the mind recalls all that was near and dear to me in my childhood.

Stanza 8. **Parting day**—on the day I left that place. **As time has sped**—as time has passed by quickly.

The friends that I left, that parting day,
How changed, as time sped !
Young childhood grown, strong manhood grey;
And half of all are dead.

On the day I left that city, I left behind many friends and relatives, now when I revisit that place, I meet some of them, but they are quite changed with the passage of time. Those who were small children at the time I left the place are now grown up, and those who were strong men have now grown grey-haired with age. Nearly half of those whom I left behind are dead and gone. Time has made a very great change in the population of that place.

Stanza 9. **Survivors**—those who have survived, those whom death had spared and are still present in that place. **Nought**—nothing. **Knell**—ringing of bells on the occasion of the death of some person.

I hear the loved survivors tell
How nought from death could save,
Till every sound appears a knell
And every spot a grave.

Those who have escaped death and are alive tell me that everything in this world is perishable. Every sound on this earth appears to me like the sound of bells being rung on the death of some person and every place on the earth appears to be a grave. I come to realise to the full that this world is a place where no thing or person is immortal or everlasting and all things are bound to die and disappear.

Stanza 10. **Range**—wander and search. **Pensive**—sorrowful, dejected. **Tread**—walk.

I range the fields with pensive tread,
And pace the hollow rooms,
And feel (companion of the dead)
I'm living in the tombs.

I roamed about those familiar fields with a sorrowful heart. As I wander through the rooms of the empty house, these rooms appear deserted and forsaken. At such times I feel that I too am dead and buried in a grave. As I go through the places where I had passed my early period of life, I feel lonely. Those whom I loved, are dead and their loss affects me so much that I feel myself dead too.

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16. ANNABEL LEE

BY

EDGAR ALLAN POE

I. THE POET

Edgar Allan Poe is an American writer. He was born at Boston in 1809 and won great fame primarily as a writer of short stories. His father was an actor and married an actress and the two had to struggle hard against poverty and want. Edgar, the second, was adopted by a rich man who took him over England at the age of six and there he remained till 1821. When he went back to America he was a linguist and quite a good Latin scholar. In January, 1826, he entered the University of Virginia.

In 1827, he published his first volume of poems and in 1833 his first work of fiction. He is at best a clever versifier with flashes of greatness, and a master craftsman in the romance of horror. His literary works are of undeniable merit but he is a fitful worker. His poems have a genuine romantic beauty and an admirable though not very perfect technical excellence, but. they are singularly limited in scope.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

Many, many years ago in a land near the sea there was a place wherein lived a young maiden, Annabel Lee. The poet fell in love with her, but one day a cold wind came and chilled her to death and her noble relatives came and buried her. The angels in heaven and the friends under the sea had felt jealous of the love of the two and wanted to

separate them. Though she died and they were consequently parted, their love was strong. The lover had tender feelings for his beloved even after her death. He loved her memory dearly and it was precious and sacred to him. In a reminiscent mood, the poet says, "Though she is dead, I still remember and love her and no power on earth can make me forget her."

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

In this poem Poe combines a beautiful idea with a cadence which lends the poem a special charm. The poet in his boyhood fell in love with a young maiden, Annabel Lee. Such selfless and pure love was not destined to last in this world. Annabel Lee died and the two parted for ever. Perhaps the evil powers on earth felt jealous of their love. Such perfect happiness they could not bear to see.

There love was pure and selfless. Nothing could part their souls. Even after death their spiritual communion continued. The phenomen of nature, stars and moon, bring back to the poet's imagination the beauty of Annabel Lee; he laments over the loss for which nothing can compensate. The poet lies down near the grave of his beloved and laments over the loss.

IV. SUBSTANCE

Long ago, in a land near the sea there lived a boy and a girl who were playmates and loved each other. They were both children and their love was innocent and free of all earthly vices. Their love was heavenly and pure. When winter came, the girl caught a chill and died. Her playmate was left behind lamenting over the loss of his playmate. Perhaps the evil spirits felt jealous of their love and parted them; but their love was too strong for the evil power of the world to destroy. When the boy had grown up and was a middle-aged man, he still remembered that little maiden who was his playmate and whom he loved so much when she was alive.

V. SUMMARY

Many, many years ago in a kingdom near the sea lived a little girl whose name was Annabel Lee. This maiden was my playmate. We lived together and loved each other.

We lived in that place near the sea. Our love was holy, selfless ahd pure. It was so precious that even the angels envied us.

This was the reason why long, long ago in that land blew a cold wind and Annabel Lee caught pneumonia and died suddenly. Her relatives, who were great and rich, took away her dead body and buried her in a grave near the sea.

The angels felt envious of our happiness and this was the reason why they sent down into the world a cold, chilly wind which killed Annabel Lee who was so dear to me.

But our love when we were mere children was stronger than the love of older people who were wiser than we. Neither the angels above nor the demons in the depth of the sea could very well appreciate or value our true love.

Now, though she is dead, I dream of her on moonlit nights and she comes down to me riding the moonbeams. At night on the seashore I lie down near the grave of my playmate and weep over her death.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Many years ago there was a land near the sea where lived a young maiden called Annabel Lee. This maiden was my playmate and she loved me dearly. Her love for me was pure and divine.

Stanza 2. We were both children and loved one another with such a holy and unearthly love that the angels began to feel jealous of our attachment.

Stanza 3. This was the reason why the angels sent down a cold wind and the beautiful Annabel Lee caught a chill and died. The kinsmen of the girl, who were rich and great, came and took away her dead body and buried her in a grave near near the sea.

Stanza 4. The angels were not all happy at our love for each other, and for that reason they sent down the chilly winds and clouds at night and killed my playmate.

Stanza 5. But our love was stronger than the love of the grown-up people though they are wiser than children. Neither the angels in heaven nor the demons in the sea can part us from each other.

Stanza 6. After her death the moon never shines ! But I do remember her when the stars shine. I remember the beautiful eyes of Annabel Lee. At night when the tide is high, I lie down near the grave of my playmate.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **In a kingdom by the sea**—in a land which is near the sea. **Whom you may know**—whose name was.

And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me

This maiden lived in this world for no other purpose but to love me and be loved by me in return.

Stanza 2. **But we loved with a love that was more that love**—our love was pure and simple and it was a love superior to all other love. Love in this world is generally based on selfish feelings, but our love was pure and holy and there was no motive of gain in it. **Winged seraphs**—angels who have wings and can fly. **Coveted**—they felt jealous of our love and wanted to take away either her or me.

Stanza 3. **And this was the reason why**—the angels were jealous of our love and this was the reason why... **Chilling**—a cold wind blew and Annabel Lee caught cold. **High-Born**—rich and of noble birth. **Kinsmen**—relatives. **Bore her away**—took away her dead body. **Shut her up**—buried her. **Sepulchre**—grave.

Stanza 4. **Not so happy**—the poet means to say that the two playmates were happy in loving each other but the angels felt jealous of their pure and constant love and killed one. **Went envying her and me**—the angles felt

jealous of our love for each other. **That was the reason**—this was the reason why they killed one of the playmates. **As all men know**—as is known to everybody.

That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

The angels felt jealous of our love for one another and they arranged that a cold wind came out of the clouds and chilled my dear one and killed her.

Stanza 5.

But our love was stronger far than the love
Of those that were older than we.

The love of grown-up people is generally selfish and passions and ulterior motives have their hand in it. On the contrary, our love was simple and pure and consequently it has outlived the death of one. Though Annabel Lee is dead, I remember her and cherish her memory.

Of many far wiser than we—our love was purer and better than the love of many a grown-up person who was maturer and wiser than we two were. **Demons**—evil spirits. **Dissever**—separate. No power on earth can take out of my heart the feelings of love I have for the partner of my sports in childhood who is now dead.

And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

The poet says, "our love for each other was deep and sincere, and no power on earth or in heaven can destroy it. The angels in heaven and demons under the sea felt jealous of our love for each and wanted to injure us. They succeeded in killing Annabel Lee and thus bringing 'separation between us in the worldly sense of the word 'separation'. Our love was love based on spirit and heart and though we are parted now I treasure her memory in my heart and no earthly or heavenly power can take that love out of it. Our

souls are united and are like what they were when she was alive.

Stanza 6.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee

And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes

Of the beautiful Annabel Lee

The poet says, "the shining moon reminds me of my playmate, the beautiful Annabel Lee, and the shining stars remind me of her beautiful eyes. Thus her presence is always about me though she is dead and gone." **All the night-tide** —throughout the night I, in my imagination, am present by the side of my beloved friend who is dead and buried in the grave by the seashore **Bride**—the poet imagines her to have grown up into a beautiful maiden and have been married to him. So he calls her his bride.

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17. SEVEN TIMES ONE

BY

JEAN INGELOW

I. THE POET

Jean Ingelow is an English poetess. She was born in 1820 and died in 1897. As a poet she had both power and freshness. She has written quite a large number of poems and her works are unequal in quality, yet she is decidedly one of those poets who count. Her shorter poems show quite enough versatility and imaginative development of the theme. Many a time her poems appear to be wanting in music but this was only after she discarded the older methods of rhyming in favour of newer methods. There is abundant cleverness in some of her metrical experiments.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

A little girl of seven who has just completed her seventh year feels proud of it and now considers herself quite grown-

up. She cannot believe that there is in this world anything like "sorrow". She sees the waning moon and thinks that perhaps God had punished the moon for some misdemeanour and therefore the moon did not show its face. She says all the birds and natural objects regard her a reliable person of grown-up mentality.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The poem is a beautiful expression of the innocent pleasure felt by the child in growing older. The language of the poem is very simple. The little girl goes about sure of her becoming a respectable person and addresses all and sundry in a tone of confident superiority to those who have been in this world for a shorter period of life. The birds are almost always a source of attraction to the children and in this poem too in the hour of her triumph the child turns to these birds and wishes to make them realise that she has now come to an age when she can be safely relied upon.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The poem is about a little girl who has just completed her seventh year. It is her birthday and she has learnt the multiplication tables up to seven. Having done all her homework, she is in a happy and carefree mood and goes out to enjoy nature. She first comes across lands gamboling in a field and feels much more grown-up because the lambs are one-year-old only. Then she looks up in the sky and sees the waning moon and immediately enters mentality upon a comparison between herself and the moon. She is young and happy and she does not at all like the old moon. God is, perhaps, angry with the moon and as a punishment has hidden half of his face.

Moving further on the fields, she is attracted by the bees humming round the marigold flowers. The waking robin with his green and red singing throat attracts her curiosity, but she moves further and goes on to inspect the nest of the linnet. She assures the bird that she is now quite grown-up and will not steal her eggs as she did previously.

V. SUMMARY

The dew drops have dried up with the sun, and there is no cloud in the sky. The little girl says "I" repeated my multipiication tables up to seven and am seven years old too.

"I am now grown-up, old and wise. I can write a little now. I have done my lessons for today, but the lambs can do no work and play all the day long, because they are one year old."

"O moon ! I see you moving through the sky at night but you are old and no better than a mere arc in the sky."

The girl thinks that the moon was punished by God because it had done something wrong. The child hopes that the moon will soon be forgiven and will again become the shining full moon.

The girl then comes across the busy bee humming round the yellow-coloured marigold flowers.

The columbine flower with the pattern of twin turtle-doves inside its petals is the next object of her attraction. The child passes on to the waking-robin with its purple green throat.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. The dew drops had dried on the daisy flowers and clover, and in the sky there were no clouds I had repeated my multiplication tables up to seven and on that day I was full seven years old.

Stanza 2. I am now old enough to write a letter. That day was my birthday and I had done my home task. The lambs are always jumping about and can do no work because they are only one year old.

Stanza 3. O moon, I have seen you passing through the sky at night. You are bright and round so low. Formerly you were bright but to-day you are only a bow, a horned moon.

Stanza 4. You have, perhaps, done something wrong and as a punishment God had hidden a part of your face.

I hope you will soon be forgiven and will again shine as you have done in the past.

Stanza 5. O bee, you are soft and covered with dust. Your legs are powdered with the pollen of flowers. The marigold flowers of rich yellow colour are beautiful and I will always remember them.

Stanza 6. The girl asks the columbine flower to blossom and show the pattern of twin turtle-doves inside. She further addressed the waking robin with green and purple throat to sing.

Stanza 7. Last of all she turns to the linnet and peeps into its nest. She asks the bird not to worry because she assures that she would not steal her eggs as she is now grown up and is no longer a thief.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Daisies**—a kind of flower. **Clover**—a kind of grass used as fodder. **There's no rain left in heaven**—there are no clouds in the sky giving an indication of rain. **Said my 'Seven times'**—repeated the multiplication table of seven (سات کا پہاڑا کہنا). **Over and over**—again and again.

Stanza 2. **I am old**—the child is happy because of growing older. **So old I can write a letter**—I am now grown quite old and clever, and like grown-up person I can now write a latter. **My birthday lessons are done**—to-day is my seventh birthday and I have done all my home work. **Lambs play always**—lambs appear foolish to the girls because they are always jumping about and can do no work. The girl compares herself with the lambs. She is now seven years old and writes a letter while the lambs can do no work at all. **They know no better**—the lambs are always playing because they do not know how to do any better work. **They are only one times one**—The lambs are only one year old and thus junior to the girls. Moreover, their mental stock never knows any increase They constantly remain at the same primitive and unintellectual level.

Stanza 3. **Sailing**—moving noiselessly through the sky. **And shining so round and low**—you have many times appeared to me full and bright. The girl means to say

Important Questions of a General Nature

ON

PART I

Poem about Recollections of Childhood and Youth

Q. 1. Having read these seventeen poems by English and American poets, what general critical estimate do you form about English Poetry?

Answer. Most of these poems are written by poets in a remembrance of the past. The poet feels, invariably, the loss of certain things he had at one time, but which he had to give up. This loss of the desired objects and precious friends has a permanent effect upon him. This is the reason why most of these poems have a tragic note running through them. The poems are lyric and the poet expresses his feelings and emotions in words.

The poem, *We are Seven, Youth and Age, River of Life, Oft in the Stilly Night, Childhood and His Visitor and Annabel Lee,* all portray admirably the feelings dominant in the minds of the poets. There is some loss or some bereavement which the poet cannot forget.

The dominant note in most of the poems is comparison between childhood and old age. This is again a recollection of what we had and what we have lost. Cumulatively, the poems have a chastening and ennobling influence on the reader. The reader gets up, after a persual of these poems, a better though not a happier man.

The language of all these poems is practically simple and the ideas are not abstract. These are admirably befitting the oriental mind and particularly the youthful students who can well realise that youth and pleasures of youth are a passing phase, leaving behind in the trail certain happy memories.

This section represents well to the reader a minor but important section of English poetry as a whole. The tragic note in English poetry is discernible right from the begin-

ning and even modern poets do not ignore it totally. Practically every thinker feels the transitoriness of all things created, and these poems are a successful interpretation of that feeling of loss which comes over us when a beloved friend or relative dies and we are faced by the loss of some coveted scene or vision.

Q. 2. Compare and contrast the idea expressed in the poem "Oft in the Stilly Night" by Thomas Moore with the ideas expressed in the poem, "I Remember, I Remember" by Thomas Hood.

Answer.—Both poems are permeated with a feeling of tragedy and both poets appear to be deeply affected by a remembrance of their past life. In the all-pervading silence of the night, Moore is reminded of the smiles and tears of his boyhood and memory brings to light incidents of his previous days He poignantly feels the loss of near and dear ones who are hidden by the dateless darkness of death. He feels like a person treading alone through a deserted banquet hall. Hood is equally personal and subjective. He remembers his childhood and the home where he had passed that period of his life. The lilies, flowers, violets, birds and bees of the field and forest visit his mind once more. He feels sad over the loss of that period of carefree life which shall never come back.

The difference, however, becomes apparent in the descriptions of nature given by the two poets. In Moore's poem 'Nature' is only a background and the poet is concerned primarily with his own feelings. Hood on the other hand gives us a vivid and realistic picture of the fields, forests and hills round the village in which he was born and brought up.

Q. 3. Which of the poems in this section of the anthology do you like and why ?

Answer.—I like the poem, *We Are Seven* most of all. The language of the poem is very simple and easy and the poem has a haunting music of its own. Wordsworth, the writer of this poem, is a famous poet of nature. Its descriptions are natural and realistic. The cottage of the old woman, the mother of the girl, situated near a churchyard

in which are buried her brother and sister is so well described that we actually see the whole scene with our mind's eye.

The poem is about a little girl whose one brother and one sister had died. When questioned by the poet, the girl says, "*We are seven*" : two of us live at Conway, two are gone to sea, two lie buried in the churchyard and the seventh, she herself ; lives with her mother in the cottage near the churchyard. The poet tries to explain to her that the dead are not to be counted along with the living but the girl in her innocence refuses to believe in adult arguments and calculations She persists in her faith that they are seven. The poet has tried to explain that to real love there is no change even after death. The little sister remembers her dead brother and sister with such real love that their death makes no change. To her they are as real and alive as the other five who are still living.

IMPORTANT PASSAGES EXPLAINED WITH REFERENCE TO CONTEXT

1. *The dancing pair that simply sought renown*
By holding out, to tire each other down
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face
While secret laughter tittered round the place

These lines are taken from Oliver Goldsmith's poem Sweet Auburn. The poet, in a reminiscent mood, remembers the various joys and pleasures the village people had—their seasonal festivals and occasional sports. Here he is talking about a dancing party in which the participating couples tried to win and get renown by dancing continuously for a very long period, so that by thus continuing the dance, they may defeat the other couples by tiring them out. A villager with a dirty and spotted face looked all around with an eye not trusting the others who were present round there. He was afraid that people would look at his face and laugh at his funny appearance. In spite of all his cautions he became the cause of plenty of merriment among the people who had gathered there.

2. *My stockings there I often knit*
My 'kerchief there I hem

And there upon the ground sit—
I sit and sing to them

These lines are taken from the poem *We are Seven* written by the famous poet of nature William Wordsworth. The poet met a little girl in the countryside. The poet questioned the girl, how many brothers and sisters they were The girl replied that they were seven. She further told him that two had gone to the sea, two lived at Conway and two were dead. The poet tried to explain to her that the dead should not be counted along with the living; but the girl refused to believe in what he said. She said that two who had died were near her heart and she loved them dearly. She often took her stockings and sat near the graves of her brother and sister and knitted those. Sometimes she sat there and hemmed (prepared the border of) her scarf. She used to sit there on the ground and sing a song to them.

3. *But never either found another*

To free the hollow heart from paining
They stood aloof the scars remaining
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder
A dreary sea now flows between

These lines are taken from Coleridge's poem *Alas! They Had Been Friends in Youth.* The poet says that time parts fast friends who were so dear to each other. Sir Leoline and Ronald were intimate friends, but they quarrelled and parted never to meet again. The poet says they parted from each other and never more did they meet. Neither of the two was able to find a friend to replace the one he had lost. To none else could he tell his secrets and thus unburden his heart of all the suffering and pain that was stored therein They stayed away from one another and the wounds caused by the quarrel did not heal. They stood like hills parted by a gulf that flowed between them. Friendship once broken, doubts begin to develop and relations begin to be strained more and more. In the case of Sir Leoline and Ronald the same thing happened. Misunderstandings developed more and more and they were parted for ever.

4. *I see again, as one in vision sees*
And hear the children's voices shout and call
And the broun chestnut fall

These lines are taken from Henry Longfellow's poem *From My Arm-Chair*. This poet had written a poem about a village smithy situated under a chestnut tree. A few years later some philanthropists joined together and contributed money for the purchase of a chair prepared from the wood of that very chestnut tree. This chair they presented to the poet. "The poet says, when I sit in this chair I am reminded of the past. The old chestnut tree comes before my mind's eye and all other scenes associated with that tree also present themselves one after another. In my imagination I see the flower-beds with bees humming about and hear the children playing and making noise and the chestnut fruit falling from the branches of the tree."

5. *There are things of which I may not speak*
There are dreams that cannot die
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak
And bring a pallor into the cheek

These lines are taken from Henry Longfellow's famous poem *My Lost Youth*. The poet laments over the loss of his youth which is now gone and past. He remembers the town where he had passed his childhood and youth. The hills, the fields, the forests of that locality come before him vividly and clearly and he feels saddened over the loss of so many things that were dear and precious to him. He says, "There are many things which I remember and their loss causes me so much suffering that words cannot adequately express it. There are many dreams which were precious and dear to me and though they are now no more I cannot afford to forget them. Some of these feelings are so acutely painful that even the strongest heart cannot resist the pain that these bring in their train. The very recollection of these losses is so acutely painful that my face changes its colour at once.

6 *The winds are sweet with berth and fern*
A sweeter memory blow ;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago

These lines are taken from "*My Playmate*" by J. G. Whittier. In a mood of reminiscence the poet recollects his past. While a boy he had a playmate who died quite young. As young children, they played about everywhere on the fields and on the forests. In spring and summer the two collected flowers and fruit from wild trees. The poet says now it is spring season and the high fern trees have put forth their flowers and the air is fragrant with their sweet smell; but this smell reminds me of my playmate whose remembrance is far more sweet than the smell of flowers. In spring the veeries come and sing a sweet song as they used to do in the good old days.

7. *I range the fields with pensive tread*
And pace the hollow rooms
And feel (companion of the dead)
I am living in the tombs

This is an extract of Abraham Lincoln's poem '*Memory.*' The poet visits the home where he was born and brought up, and all the associations of childhood are brought back with a surprising accuracy and intensity. The poet remembers those familiar faces of childhood which have departed leaving behind a void that nothing can fill. He says I wander about in the fields and my mind is filled with sorrow. I walk heavily on account of this burden. I passed through the rooms of that house which are now empty and deserted because the inmates have all either forsaken the house or are dead. He addresses his dead friends and relatives as 'companions of the dead' because he cannot bear to account them as actually dead. He says to them, "You are dead and gone. I too feel myself to be dead and buried in the grave."

PART II

LOVE AND BEAUTY

18. THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

BY

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

I. THE POET

Marlowe was born in 1564. The early years of his life were spent in a quiet cathedral. Educated at the King's School, Canterbury, through the help of a patron he was able to go up to Cambridge in 1581 and obtain his degree in 1583. Of his life after this period little is known. He wrote six dramas for the stage, and quite large number of other poems mostly lyrical in content. At his best, Marlowe challenges comparison with Shakespeare. As a poet he has an intense appreciation for colour and beauty. To a cursory reader he may appear to be a passionate singer of love : but as we probe deep into him we find that of full blood passion he has very little or nothing. He is rather excitable and ecstatic, moved to exuberant expression by certain appeals to the imagination such as the appeal of beauty and love. He fails to become profoundly emotional like Shakespeare, Keats or Browning.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

Here the young shepherd swain addresses his beloved and requests her to come and live so that they may be able to enjoy to the full all the beauties and pleasures of nature. In company they will sit and enjoy the songs of birds and the melodious sound of the flowing river. The youthful swain promises to prepare garlands and ornaments for his beloved. In spring they would participate in the dances organised by the country people.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

This poem is in the best style of Marlowe's shorter poems. He is direct, and credit goes to him for using a langua e which is almost modern in syntax and grammar. This wasga definite advance on all previous poets of the sixteen th century. The picture that he paints of pastoral life is one of perfect happiness and innocence. The pleasures aimed at

by the shepherd have no hint of suffering from age. Marlowe has this poem in a mood of pastoral idealism and romance. In the poem that follows Sir Walter Raleigh has given a reply to Marlowe's possionate shepherd.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The poet addresses his beloved and says, "Come and be my companion and I will try to provide for you all the pleasures that nature can yield. We will sit on the rocks and listen to the songs of birds in the forests. I will make for you a bed of roses and prepare ornaments from flowers for you to wear. I will prepare for you gowns of woollen cloth and belts with coral clasps and amber studs. If these things can be a source of attraction, you please come and live with me."

V. SUMMARY

Come and live with me and be my love and I will try to provide for you all those pleasures which nature yields.

Together we will sit on the rocks and see the shepherds grazing their flock of sheep and we will hear the song of birds.

I will prepare for you a bed of roses and many ornaments from flowers. I will prepare a skirt from myrtle leaves.

From the best wool taken from small lambs I will prepare for you a gown and fur slippers for winter use and these slippers will have golden buckles.

I will prepare for you belts of straw and ivy buds. If these pleasures can charm you, then come and be my love.

In summer the village people celebrate festivals and we will dance with them. If these can give you pleasure then come and be my love.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Come and live with me and I will love you all my heart. If we are together we will be able to enjoy all the beauties of nature that can be had in the woods, fields, hills and slopes of rocks.

Stanza 2. We will sit on the rocks and watch the shepherds grazing their flock of sheep by the side of shallow rivers and hear the melodious songs of beautiful birds.

Stanza 3. I will prepare for you a bed of roses and a large number of posies of fragrant flowers. I will prepare for you a belt of flowers and a skirt of myrtle leaves.

Stanza 4. For you I will prepare a gown of the best variety of wool procured from beautiful lambs and I will prepare for you fur slippers with golden buckles.

Stanza 5. I will prepare for you a belt of straw with ivy flowers coral clasps and studs of amber. If these joys and attractions can please you then come and be my beloved.

Stanza 6. In summer the village swains will dance in the morning for you. If these things have any attraction for you then come and be my sweetheart and live with me.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **And be my love**—let me love you. **All the pleasures prove**—we will test all these joys by actually experiencing them. **Groves**—clusters of trees (درختوں کے جھنڈ). **Steepy mountains**—slopes of mountains. **Yield**—give.

And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yield

Together we will experience and thus test all the pleasures that can be derived from the valleys, trees, hills, farms, forests and the slopes of steep mountains.

Stanza 2. **Seeing**—watching. **Flocks**—sheep. **Feed**—graze. **Shallow**—not very deep. **Melodious birds**—birds which can sing sweet songs. **Madrigals**—short poems composed ro be sung in a chorus.

By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

The shepherd invites his beloved to come and sit with him by the side of the small river and they will be tleao b

hear the songs of birds singing together by the bank of the river.

Stanza 3. **Make thee**—prepare for thee. **Fragrant**—Odorous, *i.e.*, sweet smelling. **Posies**—flowers (گلدستہ).

An orb of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

I will prepare for you a zone of flowers to be used a belt and I will prepare for you a petticoat adorned with flowers interwoven with myrtle leaves.

Stanza 4. **Finest**—The best. **Which from our pretty lambs we pull**. I will get a gown prepared for you from a cloth woven of the best quality wool taken from lambs. Wool of lamb is soft and shining and is considered to be superior to the wool of sheep. The shepherd says to his beloved, come, be my love, live with me and I will provide for you the best quality woollen cloth for your petticoat.

Fair—beautiful. **Lined**—having a lining (استر) of fur (جنگے اندر سمور لگا ہؤا ہو). **For the cold**—for the winter season. **Buckles**—ribbon or metal rim with hinged and spiked tongue for securing straps (بکل). **With buckles of the purest gold**—the shoes that I will prepare for you will have buckles of gold. As a token of love the shepherd will provide fine shoes for his lady-love.

Stanza 5. **Straw**—dry long grass. **Ivy**—climbing evergreen shrub with dark green shining leaves. **Coral**—sea shell (مونگے). **Clasps**—buckles, contrivance for interlocking parts by fastening. **Amber**—yellow fossil resin. **Studs**—large headed nails projecting from the surface and used for purposes of decoration.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs

The shepherd says to his beloved, "I will prepare a belt of straw for you with ivy buds woven into it and with

buckles made of beautiful coral and large-headed nails of amber fixed in it for purposes of decoration.

And if these pleasures may thee move.
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd says to his sweet heart, "I have given you a detailed description of all the joys and pleasures in which we can participate. If you like these you may come and live with me and we will thus be able to enjoy these together."

Stanza 6. **Swains**—rustic young men, young villagers, lovers. **Shepherd swains**—rustic youth, whose profession was rearing flocks of sheep. **For thy delight**—to give you pleasure. **May morning**—a morning of the month of May in summer season. **Thy mind may move**—may succeed in making an impression on your mind and be able to convince you of the advisability to come and live with me and be my love.

The shepherd's dog swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning

The shepherd says to his sweetheart that if she was willing to come and live with him he would every day in summer invite shepherd youths to come and dance and thus please her.

VIII. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Idealism is the all-pervading note in the poem. Marlowe, in this poem, appears to be an idealist. The shepherd, who is his mouthpiece, holds out various attractions provided by the simple and pestoral life in the fields and forests. The beauties of nature and all the simple joys of nature are recounted by him to attract his beloved. We cannot help feeling that the shepherd believes in this life and its associated pleasures as undying and permanent.

Common experience teaches us that youth and beauty are transitory phases of life and subject to change with the passage of time. But the shepherd is over opitmistic and believes that he will always remain young and his sweetheart too will retain all the charms and innocence of youth. In spite of beauty and innocence of the nature the poem is

lacking in the genuine passion which makes an appeal to the heart. The poem is, at best, a fine description of the beauties of nature and an expression of the idealism that reigns in every human heart under the away of youth and love.

IX. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. What offer does the passionate shepherd make to his beloved.

Ans. See the summary.

19. THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD

BY

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

I. THE POET

Sir walter Releigh was born near Budleigh Saltert in 1552. He is one of the most brilliant versatile and daring persons of his times. He was a youth of extraordinary abilities. From the first he was fond of outdoor life. Raleigh was a great lover of books too and was for a time student of Oriel College, Oxford ; but later on gave it up for the study of law in London. At the age of eighteen he became a soldier and won distinction in France while fighting against the Holy League. By this time he became known to Queen Elizabeth. Being a man of good appearance and a witty conversationalist, he soon became a favourite at the court. He was knighted in 1584. As a verse-writer he is brilliant and distinguished, but he is also a prose-writer of no mean reputes.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

The poem is written by Sir Walter Raleigh in reply to Marlowe's poem "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love." The shepherd labouring under an idealistic view of life and its problems extends an invitation to his lady love inviting her to come and share his joys in his company. The Nymph says in reply that she would come to live with him only if he can make youth last for ever and make love permanent. Her outlook on life is extremely realistic as compared with the idealistic outlook of the young shepherd. She will not

be duped into falling in love with flowers that fade and the honey tongue which hides a heart full of bitterness.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The young shepherdess takes a realistic view of the romantic lover's invitation to come and live with him and prove in his company all the pleasures of nature. She refuses to have faith in the vows of a shepherd's love, neither can she believe in eternal youth. She gives examples from nature proving that all things young or beautiful perish and vanish. The views taken by both the young persons are two extremes, the shepherd is romantic root and branch, and the young nymph is cynical and most unfeeling in her outlook on life. Marlowe's poem is most beautiful while in the case of Sir Walter Raleigh there is a lot of wit and humour in this poem.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The nymph says, "All these pleasures mentioned by you can attract me only if all the world and love were young and every young lover possessed constancy and faith. In this world all things are perishable : youth and love are just passing phases, flowers wither and fade, beauty is transient. If joys were limitless and age did not bring weakness and want in its train, I would be willing to live with you and be your love. So long as all pleasures and joys are mortal, I refuse to have any faith either in your love or in your protestations of faith."

V. SUMMARY

The nymph says, "I cannot feel any joy in the various pleasures mentioned by the young lover unless you assure me that this world and love will always be young and protestations of love made by you are true and reliable.

Summer changes into winter, rivers become stormy and rocks grow cold, the nightingale sings no more.

Flowers wither away and the fields with wild growth become barren with the coming of winter. A sweet tong e and a heart full of fraud are all sources of sorrow.

"The offer of beautiful dresses, ornaments and shoes etc. is an offer of things brittle. This temptation given by you is a foolish offer."

"Your belt of straw with coral clasp and amber studs cannot move me to come and live with you and be your beloved."

"If youth were permanent and love increased with time and joys and pleasures were enduring and permanent I would surely have consented to your wishes."

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. The young shepherdess says to her ardent lover that she would live with him only if all the world and love were young and every young man's promises of love could be relied upon.

Stanza 2. With the coming of winter flocks of sheep are driven from pastures to enclosures. The rivers swell and become torrents. The rocks become icy cold. The nightingale stops singing. The spring passes away.

Stanza 3. She says, "Winter comes, flowers and fields submit to their bad luck. Many a time sweet words hide a heart full of bitter hatred. Often we imagine ourselves to be happy but the bloom of spring hides bitterness of sorrow.

Stanza 4. "You offer me gowns, shoes, beds of roses, cap, kirtle and posies, but these suffer a change very soon at the hands of time."

Stanza 5. "The belt of straw and ivy buds with coral clasps and amber studs which you promise to give me are all perishable things. Hence they cannot at all prompt me to become your beloved and live with you."

Stanza 6. Had youth been enduring and love had increased with time and had joys not become less, slowly but surely I would have valued these charms and would have gladly accepted your invitation."

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **If all the world and love were young**— The young shepherdess laments over the transitoriness of

youth and love. She takes a very realistic view of the entire affair. The young shepherd had invited her to come and be his sweetheart and live with him but the nymph says that love and youth are passing phases of a non-permanent nature. She would willingly enjoy love, beauty and pleasure if these things were permanent and constant. As long as these remain of passing content she would not succumb to their allurement.

And truth in every shepherd's tongue

She further laments over unfaithfulness in love which is so common. The lover is generally liberal in making promises; but at the time of putting those promises into practice he becomes miserly and faithless. She says she would accept his offer of love only if she were assured that his promises were made in good faith and he would be constant to her in love. **These pretty pleasures**—reference here is made to the various pleasures which the two would share and of which a promise is made by the lover in the poem, *The Passionate Shepherd to his Love*. **Might we move**—might make an impression on my mind and I may respond to your love.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move.

The young shepherdess says that the pleasures and joys of life will surely have an effect on her and persuade her to live with the young shepherd provided the joys and pleasures of love were constant and lovers could be relied upon.

Stanza 2. **Time**—the passing time. **Drives**—changes. **Fields**—open-land pastures. **Folds**—enclosed places where sheep are kept during the cold, winter months.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold.

Time passes and brings in the train of this change the changes of season. Summer is replaced by winter and these flocks of sheep which passed their time in grazing in open pastures are brought back to their flocks where they pass the winter. **Rage**—autumn rainfall increases the volume of

water in the rivers, and small slow moving rivers change into torrents rushing forward to the sea. **Philomel**—nightingale. **Becometh dumb**—the nightingale ceases to sing when the summer season is followed by the winter. **Dumb**—silent, speechless. **The rest complains of cares to come**—as we grow older, joys and pleasures of youth are superseded by the cares and worries of old age.

Stanza 3. **The flowers do fade**—as summer merges into autumn and later on into winter, the flowers which lend so much beauty to natural landscape slowly wither and dry. **Wanton**—playful. **Wantonfields**—the fields which in summer are in a happy and playful mood and put forth their leaves and flowers. **Wayward**-childish and self-willed. **Reckoning**—judgment ; figuratively it means punishment.

To wayward winter reckoning yields—The fields which in summer are in a sportive and happy mood submit to the judgment of winter and lose all their beautiful leaves and flowers. **A honey tongue**—sweet words. **A heart of gall**—a heart full of bitter hatred.

A honey tongue, a heart of gall

In life we experience that so many people we meet and come into contact with are gentle and kindly in words. They speak to us sweet and kind words ; but their hearts are full of bitter hatred. The shepherdess means to say that appearances are often deceptive. There is a very large number of people who outwardly make a show of love and sweetness but in reality they are our bitter enemies.

In fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall

We imagined that the spring of life is going to last for ever, while in reality it is the slow and steady decline of life which is a cause of sorrow.

The young nymph refuses to respond to the advances made by the shepherd because life is so disappointing and subject to change. Youth, beauty and love are mortal and joys and pleasures of life do not last for ever. She, therefore, is content to pass her life in loveliness. She would love only

if she were sure that love would be permanent and the lover reliable and faithful.

Stanza 4.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle and thy posies
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten—
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

In this stanza a reference is made by the shepherdess to the third stanza of the previous poem. *The Passionate Shepherd to His Love,* by Christopher Marlowe. The shepherdess means to sav, "all the gifts which you promise to procure for me are short-lived and of a non-permanent nature. They will very soon break, dry up and be forgotten. Gowns, shoes beds of roses, clasps, kirtle, posies. etc. are things of a nature that are perishable and we can have no faith in these things. This offer of yours is foolish and the arguments advanced by you are rotten because no reliance can at all be placed on things of this type.

Stanza 5.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thv coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love

This stanza again is in continuation of the previous stanza. The shepherdess refuses to be attracted by such temptations as a belt of straw and ivy buds, coral clasps and amber studs because all these are perishable things and for the sake of such things she refuses to become his sweetheart.

Stanza 6. **Youth last**—youth be permanent and unchanging. **Love still bred**—love that grows and multiplies instead of becoming less and less as time passes on. **Had joys no date**—if there was no time limit imposed on joy, if joys did not become less and less pleasurable as time passed. **Nor age no need**=if old age did not have its needs.

But could youth last and love still bred
Had joys no date nor age no need

Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love

In this stanza the nymph winds up the two poems. The arguments advanced by the young shepherd inviting his beloved to come and live with him and be his love are one by one duly answered by the Nymph. She says, "If youth were permanent and unchanging if love went on increasing, if joys were limitless, if age did not bring need, weakness and senility in its wake, I would willingly come to you to reciprocate your love and live with you. Since the above qualities cannot be found in this world I will accede to your request."

VIII. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. What assurance does the nymph seek from the passionate shepherd ?

Ans. See summary.

Q. 2. Compare the nymph's realism in this poem with the passional shephred's idealism in the preceding poem.

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

20. STILL TO BE NEAT

BY

BEN JONSON

I. THE POET

Ben Jonson is a well known English poet and dramatist. He was a contemporary and friend of Shakespeare. He was born in 1573, a month after the death of his father. Little, however, is known of Ben Jonson's antecedents. He came to London in 1592 and about this time began to write for the stage. Ben Jonson is primarily a realist and critic of life and he can successfully write satires. His critisim and satire, however, have no touch of personal jealousy. As a poet he shows an exuberant and graceful fancy and his lyrics have plenty of grace and sweetness.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

This poem is a satire on woman's anxiety to always have her make-up intact, but Ben Jonson tells her that all

that glitters need not necessarily be gold. It is the beauty of the soul and mind that matters most of all. Powdered and perfumed woman may strike the eyes but it need not necessarily influence the heart and the mind. Spiritual and mental beauty has a charm of its own which is far supperior to attractions based upon the physical charm.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

This poem is in the best style of Jonson as a poet as well as a thinker. There is a word of advice for young ladies of the English higher society. He advises them to concentrate upon the development of mental and spiritual qualities rather than that of mere physical charm and attractions. There is a simplicity of language and thought which is so much at variance with those of Shakespeare or Marlowe.

IV. SUBSTANCE

To be always neat, well-dressed, will-powdered and well-perfumed should not be the only purpose of woman's life, Woman should rather aim at the achievement of higher excellences associated with the mind and the heart. Simple dress, good habits and a good mind make up a physical charm, and also appeal to the heart.

V. SUMMARY

Women who are over-careful of personal appearance and toilet are not the best of their sex, because things that appear most beautiful need not be the best.

Simple grace combined with refined habits, culture and honesty are the qualities to be desired and acquired.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Always to be neat and well-dressed as if you were going to attend some function, always to be well-powdered and well-perfumed should not be the only aim of a woman's life. It should be fully understood that the causes of art and beauty are all known but things that are artistic need not all be perfect and good.

Stanza 2. The poet says, "Give me a woman having a graceful appearance and simple looks, loose dress and hair free of too much dressing and decoration. Such carelessness about personal appearance attracts me more than those faces whose reality has been changed through toilet and

make-up. External beauty makes an appeal to the eyes while the good qualities of the mind and the heart appeal to my heart."

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Still**—always (old usage of this word). **To be neat**—to be clean and tidy and careful about personal appearance. **Drest**—dressed, properly dressed.

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast

Always to be clean and tidy and well-dressed as if you were going to some feast or party is not a sign of good character or good habits. Persons who are over-careful about their appearance are generally not the best or most useful members of society. These people are generally shallow in knowledge and rather too selfish. **Powdered**—to apply rouge and powder to the face to make it appear smooth and fine. **Perfumed**—sweet smell applied to the clothes and body to make it attractive. **It is presumed**—we have to bear in mind. **Hid**—hidden. **Are not found**—cannot be seen or tested. **All is not sweet**—appearances are often deceptive, any object or person my appear very desirable and charming from its external appearance and may not be good and pure. **All is not sound**—all that glitters is not gold. Things and persons with a perfect, flawless appearance may many a time turn out to be useless or vicious.

Lady, it is to be persumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found
All is not sweet, All is not sound.

The poet addresses women in general and says, "O lady, we must understand it well and bear it in mind that the various causes which produce any work of art are not known. The causes which bring out perfection need not necessarily be sweet or perfect as far as mental and moral qualities go. The most beautiful face may have a wrong and perverted frame or bent of mind."

Stanza 2. **Look**—appearance, outward form and feature. **Face**—facial expression.

Give me a look, give me a face
That make simplicity a grace

Jonson says give me a person who has a face and appearance of simplicity, such a person will have grace about him or her which a person rather fond of artificial make-up will surely be lacking.

Robe—dress. **Loosely flowing**—not very tight. **Robes loosely flowing**—dress not very nicely tailored and therefore loose and not showing the form or contour of the body to advantage. **Hair as free**—not very elaborately done or decorated hair. **Sweet neglect**—Carelessness about personal appearance which is a charming habit and also sign of a good and healthy mind. Persons who are rather too careful about their person are generally not the best people to meet in life. The best characters generally are those which are a bit careless about their self. Persons who pay too much attention to their toilet or dress are generally self-centred. **Adulterers of art**—mixture and alloy introduced by art : here it means make-up which combined with the original gives the face a form, a new and artificial appearance. The Elizabethans were fond of make-up and decoration of the body. Jonson here satirises this weakness of his contemporaries.

They strike mine eyes, but not my heart—artificial make up and decoration affect my eyes only and do have no effect on my heart. Ladies who use a lot of toilet material and powder and perfume their hair appear bright and attractive to the eye but since women are shallow-witted and deficient in intelligence they fail to make any appeal to the heart. The effect they make is temporary and passing and not permanent and deep.

VIII. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. What according to Ben Jonson is the criterion of true beauty ?

Ans. See Summary.

Q. 2. Critically appreciate this poem.

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

21. DO BUT LOOK ON HER EYES

BY

BEN JONSON

I. CENTRAL IDEA

This poem is written by Ben Jonson in the praise of his beloved. She has beautiful eyes and hair, a forehead more smooth than smooth and soft words. Her brows are arched and curved and have a beauty possessed by very few other women. She is white like the lily, soft to touch like the fur of beaver and sweet like honey.

II. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The poem brings out all the good qualities of Ben Jonson as a lyricist Simplicity of language is combined with a passionate sincerity which gives the poem its special charm and beauty. The similes introduced by the poet lend it a special charm which no lover of poetry can ignore. The poet believes that his beloved has so much grace and charm that she can with her looks settle all the strife that prevails on this earth. She is not only beautiful ; she is also pure and innocent like the new-fallen snow.

III. SUBSTANCE

The poet says, "If you just look at her eyes, you will notice that she is the most beautiful woman in the world. Her form and feature are perfect and charming. She is graceful and can bring perfect peace in the discordant elements and force of the world. She is white like spotless snow and fur, is soft like the fur of beaver and is sweet like honey.

IV. SUMMARY

The poet says, "Do look upon her eyes and her hair and you will find all that is beautiful and fine in this world. She has a smooth forehead and an arched brow. Her form and features shed a beauty which may be said to be the best in the world.

"She is white, pure, soft and sweet. She is white like the lily or the snow, she is soft like the fur of a beaver or the down of swan and she is sweet like honey.

V. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Look upon her eyes and you will see the best beauty which can be found in the realm of love. Her hair is bright and glossy like a star newly shone. Her forehead is smooth like words that comfort. Her arched brows have such charm and attraction about them that she can vary well be called the perfection of beauty attained in this world through the effort of all times.

Stanza 2. She is white and pure like a lily flower untouched by rough and dirty hands or like the new fallen snow which has not been dirtied by mud or dust. She is soft like the fur of beaver or the down of swan. She smells sweet like the fragrance of wild rose and is sweet like honey.

VI. NOTES & EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Do light**—give light to. **Compriseth**—consists of. **Smoother**—smoothness is an attribute of beauty. **Soothe**—comfort. **Arched brows**—curved brows admitted to be beautiful all the word over. **Grace**—beauty and charm. **Sheds**—gives to the world. **Triumphs**—gaims or victories. **Elements**—forces of the world (عناصر)

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that love's world compriseth

This poem is a eulogy written to celebrate the beauty of the poet's beloved. The poet says, "The eyes of my sweetheart are so beautiful that they give light to the entire kingdom of love. All things and qualities held precious by love get a light from the bright and beautiful eyes of my beloved"

Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth.

Her hair too is bright and beautiful. If you but look at it you will surely be attracted by its beauty. Her hair is bright like Venus, the star of love, when it rises. **Forehead smoother**—her forehead is smooth, and smooth skin is a sign of beauty.

Such a grace
Shed itself through the face,
As alone their triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the element's strife

Such beauty and charm emanates from her face, that through that face alone come out the good qualties of life which accrue after all competition and strife. Her face shows about it a charm and grace which is the sign of the progress achieved by mankind during the last so many years. She is, in short, the triumph and glory of humanity.

Stanza 2. **Bright**—beautiful and fresh. **Lily**—the name of a flower reputed for being the sign of innocence (سوسن). **Rough hands**—rough and uncivilised people who generally have dirty hands The poet calls those people rough and rude who pluck flowers and spoil their beauty **Marked**—seen attentively. **Fall of snow**—the falling of snow in summer. **Smutched**—smeared and made dirty. **Beaver**—a broad tailed and soft furred animal which can live on land as well as water. **Swan**—a beautiful animal known for flying very high up in the sky and singing. **Down**—soft hair like feathers on the lower part of the skin of a bird. These are generally covered by feathers. **Briar**—wild rose with fragrant leaves and flowers. **Nard**—a mixture of chemicals and drugs which give out an aromatic smell when burnt. **Bag**—hive, honey got from the hive of bees.

Have you seen a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall o'the snow
Before the soil had smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o'the bud o the briar?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee
O so white,—O so soft,—O so sweet is she!

The poet says my beloved is white and soft and sweet beyond description. She is white and pure like the lily flower and has not been soiled on account of being touched by the dirty hands of rough and rude persons. She is pure and white like the new fallen snow which has not yet been made dirty by mud or earth. She is soft like the wool of beaver (animal) or like the down taken from a swan. She is sweet like nard burnt in the fire and she is sweet like honey taken from the hive of bees. In short the sweetheart of the poet has all the excellences that can be imagined by any one.

VII. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Discuss Ben Jonson's idea of womanly beauty.

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

22. THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE

BY

THOMAS CAMPION

I. THE POET

Thomas Campion was born in 1575. He was both a poet and musician. He has written some very good lyrics. He can, to some extent, be classified with poets of the period of Renaissance. Most of his verses suffer from over-critical approach to the subject matter.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

The poet says that the face of his beloved had the beauty of a flourishing garden. Her face was like a cherry and the double row of the teeth was like rose-buds full of snow. Her eyes and eyebrows were like watchmen keeping a close watch over her beautiful face.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Campion praises his lady by comparing her to the various flowers and fruits of the garden. On account of her beauty and innocence she appeared like a heavenly paradise. She was innocent and pure and nobody could approach her because her eyes and eyebrows sound a note of warning to all those who dare too much. The poet, in the last stanza, beautifully expresses the opinion that in spite of all charm

and beauty she was unapproachable and nobody could at all look at her with impure intentions. Her purity and chastity could be seen from her eyes and this acted as a deterrent.

IV. SUMMARY

Her face was beautiful like a garden and pure like heaven. It was pleasant to look at her cherry-like face and nobody could dare to approach her.

Her face was beautiful like a cherry. She had a double row of white teeth which were beautiful like a rose-bud filled with white snow.

Her eyes and eyebrows kept a strict watch on her beauty. The look in her eyes admonished the ardent lovers and kept them at a safe distance.

V. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Her face is like a garden in which rose and lilies blossom. Her face is like the heavenly paradise because she is a chaste lady. In that garden beautiful flowers and fruits flourish. In her garden cherries grow but none can purchase them.

Stanza 2. These cherries encompass a double row of white eastern pearls. Her teeth are seen when she laughs and appear to be like a rose-bud full of white snow. No rich man or prince can buy her favours because she is a pure and chaste lady.

Stanza 3. Her eyes keep a strict watch on her guardian angles. Her eyebrows are like bows and keep a strict watch on her beauty. Any eye or hand that may try to misbehave is reprimanded and checked by her severe looks. Nobody can have the courage to approach her unless she herself extends an invitation to be made love to.

VI. NOTES & EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **There is a garden in her face**—her face is fresh and beautiful like a garden. **Where roses and white lilies blow**—her face shows a combination of white and

red and ideally beautiful face that combines a white skin with the red bloom of youth and health. **A heavenly paradise is that place**—her face is not only beautiful but is also pure and innocent like heaven. The poet means to say that his sweetheart is not only physically attractive but also has good qualities of the head and the heart. **Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow**—in her face all good things combine and flourish. **Pleasant**—desirable. **Fruit**—fruit is the most perfected product of a tree. The poet compares the world to a tree and his lady-love is the final and most complete product of the earth.

The cherries grow which none may buy
Till "cherry-ripe" themselves do cry

Her face is like a cherry. It is beautiful. But no one can approach her till she herself comes of age and desires a lover. **Cherry-ripe**—till she herself feel a natural inclination to make advances to some lover who is after her own heart. **Themselves do cry**—she of her own accord makes advances. Some young man who is after her own heart and comes up to her standard.

Stanza 2. **Cherries**—red cheeks of her beloved. **Do enclose**—encompass. **Orient**—east (مشرق). **Pearls**—precious and costly gems (قیمتی موتی). **Row**—row of teeth which are white. The poet compares these teeth to costly oriental pearls because of their glitter and shine. **Double row**—teeth are always one row above the other. **Lovely laughter**—when she laughs she appears all the beautiful. Beautiful teeth add to the beauty and charm of face.

They look like rose-buds filled with snow—here the cheeks in particular and the face as a whole are compared to a pink coloured rose, and the teeth inside the mouth to snow, So the poet says that on his beloved's face the teeth appear like snow placed inside a rose-bud. The mouth of the beloved in Urdu poetry too is often compared to a rose-bud. **Peer**—Lords, dukes, and the nobility, *i.e.*, rich men.

Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy

She is beautiful and charming ; but she is chaste and no rich or great man can at all have the courage to approach and be able to win her over because she is a lady of a very strong character and irreproachable honour.

Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry—no one dare approach her or make love to her until she permits him to do so of her own accord. The poet introduces the simile of a ripe cherry : the fruit when ripe falls down in the same way no one can have the courage to make any advances to her unless she shows her willingness overtly.

Stanza 3. **Still**—always. **Watch**—keep a watch, guard. **Bended**—curved. **Do stand**—wait.

Her eyes like angels watch them still
Her brows like bended bows do stand

Her two eyes are guardian angels and keep a strict watch over her while her two curved and arched brows are bows ready to shoot arrows in her defence. The simile, if developed to the full, may be taken to mean that her brows are bows while her glances are arrows that exercise a sobering influence on over-ardent or confident lovers who might become importunate. She is beautiful and chaste : her beauty attracts while her eyes repel. **Threatening**—frightening into submission (ڈرانا). **Piercing**—penetrating. **Frowns**—angry looks.

Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh

Her angry looks which are piercing and sharp like arrows deter all those who try through their eyes or with their hands to come near her. None can approach her and if some one steps beyond formalities and makes any advances either with the eye or hand, her angry and frowning eyes repel him.

VII. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. What similes and metaphors does the poet employ to describe the chaste beauty in whose there was a garden ?

Ans. See Paraphrase and Critical Appreciation.

23. ADVICE TO A GIRL

BY

THOMAS CAMPION

I. THE POET

This is another poem by Thomas Campion ; therefore read his biography under "**The Poet**' in the note to the preceeding poem.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

The poet advises young girls to mind this rule of life that they cannot possibly have the men they love entirely to themselves. They should not be jealous and should not try to notice and catch hold of petty faults in men. They should not mind temporary indifference on the part of men.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

In this poem the poet conveys to his readers a very good philosophy of life and a very nice explanation of why men generally are liberal in making promises and protestations of love, but when it comes to actually putting these promises into practice they fail to come up to the standards set by them voluntarily. The poet tells women in general to forbear and put up with the fautls of men because very often, while still in love with their first lady-love, men pretend to fall in love with others. They have public business to attend to and occasionally, do not have time to attend to their beloved as much as they would like to if they were not so busy. Such lapses, on the part of men the poet advises his women readers to forget. He ignores the time-honoured belief which was later on substantiated by a psychologist like Freud that men are by nature polygamous and with very slight exceptions cannot be held down to one particular love.

At the vexing problem of love Campion looks from the male angle and does not try to understand the point of view of women. If man is to be excused for his lapses in marital relations why should the other half of humanity be pinned down by conventions and regulations ? It is a controversial

problem, but one point of view has been admirably advocated by Campion.

IV. SUBSTANCE

Men, who generally love truly one and only one woman, many a time pretend to be in love with many another. Often they have to attend to the routine duties of life and have not enough time to attend well to their ladies. The women are advised by Campion to put up with such petty faults of men and not be jealous and exacting.

V. SUMMARY

Never fall in love unless you can put up with the defects which are deep-rooted and inborn in the very nature of men. Men will often become jealous and hang down their heads with sorrow although they do not have much reason to do so.

In realitv man loves one woman only but often he just makes a show of loving many more. Beauty can be served in one only; but there is no harm in appreciating it in others. Manv times the heart may remain true and faithful, but the eyes may deceive.

Very often, when men have some duty to perform, they may make a show of having given up loving. Sometimes they may have to go on hunting parties, etc , but this is not to be take to mean that they have given up love entirely.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Never fall in love unless you can put up with those defects which are a part and parcel of man s nature. Many a time men will appear to be jealous although there be no apparent cause for their being so. Occasionally they may appear dissatisfied and sorrowful and utter words of which they would repent after a short while.

Stanza 2. Man loves truly only one woman; but he does often make a show of loving many more. Though beauty can be truly served only in one particular woman, yet it does not mean that the beauty of every other woman is to be looked down upon. Courtship is nothing but a

pretension and often the eves believe the heart. The heart may continue to love but the eyes may go astray.

Stanza 3 On acount of being extremely busy in the performance of their duties men may often appear careless in conjugal love. Sometimes they may go away on hunting parties and mav not be able to sit and talk with you lovingly. You must bear with such petty faults. If you can forgive such temporary shortcomings, then you may love and be not afraid that you will be disappointed.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Never love**—do not fall in love. **Bear**—put up with faults—defects **Sometimes**—occasionally **Little cause**—very little cause or reason, the feint for feeling rivalry. **Hand the head**—bend down their heads with worries. **Discontent**—disgusted, unhappy. **Straight**—very soon, immediately **Repent**- feel sorrowful for (पछताना). **Bear with all the faults of men**—put up with the defects and shortcomings of men whom you love. The poet means to say that wives should not quarrel with their husbands over petty affairs and minor causes.

Men sometimes will jealous be,
Though but little cause they see

Many a time men will feel jealous of their sweethearts though there mav he no particular cause for it. The poet means to say that men are jealous by nature.

And hang the head as discontent,
And speak what straight they will repent

Men will often hang their heads down as a sign of sorrow and dissatisfaction and often they will say things of which they will feel sorrowful very soon. The poet means to say that men are moody the nature and often, on the spur of the moment, say things of which they repent immediately afterwards.

Stanza 2. **Saint**—object of reverence ; here the word means 'beloved'. **Adore**—love and reverence. **Show of love**—pretend to be in love with, they may not in reality be

in love but may just pretend that they are. **To more**—to more than one woman.

> **Men that but one saint adore,**
> **Make a show of love to more.**

Men in general love truly one particular woman, but many times out of sport they make a show that they are in love with other women too. **Scorned**—looked down upon. **Truld served**—properly attended to, cared for fully.

> **Beauty must be scorned in none**
> **Though but truly served in one**

The poet says that beauty should be admired in all women and due regard to be paid to in the form of love and respect, although full appreciation can only be done in the case of one particular woman only **Courtship** – a particular period before marriage during which the boy and the girl mix with each other to observe and know each other in a better way. **Disguise**—to change clothes, face and form (بهيس بدلنا). **True hearts**—faithful hearts, hearts full of true love and regard. **Disembling**—deceiving by disguising.

> **For what is courtship but disguise ?**
> **True hearts may have dissembling eyes.**

The poet says the courtship is nothing but a change of form and dress ; it is possible that the heart may be full of faith and love but the eyes may all the time be misguided and attracted by some woman other than the beloved.

Stanza 3. **Affairs**—business, duty. **Require**—need. **Awhile**—for a time. **Retire**—go away. **Hunt**—go out for hunting. **Sometimes hawk**—go out for hunting with the hawk **Ever**—always.

VIII. IMPORTANT PASSAGE EXPLAINED WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

> **Men when their affairs require,**
> **Must awhile themselves retire ;**
> **Sometimes hunt, sometimes hawk**

And not ever sit and talk—
If these and such like you can bear,
Then like, and love, and never fear!

These lines are taken from the poem *Advice to a Girl* written by Thomas Campion. The poet advises women to be forbearing and considerate in love because men are generally subject to certain weaknesses which are inherent in their nature. He tells them not to fall in love unless that can put up with and forgive these weaknesses. Your lover will certainly forget you and ignore you temporarily when they will busy themselves with the performance of some particular duty or business At such odd times you must put up with this defect. Sometimes they will go out upon hunting expedition and occasionally it will be impossible for them to sit and talk with you intimately and lovingly. These lapses it will be absolutely essential for you to ignore and forget. If you can exercise this forbearance and tolerance and can bring yourself round to forget the weaknesses of your lover, you may fall in and need fear no bad results.

VIII. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. What is Campions conception of marital relations? Do you see eye to eye with him? If not, why?

Ans. See Critical Appreciation.

24. WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND LOVER

BY

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

I. THE POET

Sir John Suckling was born in 1609 and died at the early age of 33 In 1629 he inherited the fortune of his father and went abroad. Witty and generous, he became a favourite at the court of King Charles I. Suckling was a light-hearted man and his poems, mostly lyrics and songs, are couched in a simple language. They are almost always adapted to singing.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

The poem is an advice to a lover whose love is not requited by the lady-love. The foolish lover persists in his course

and loses his health. He becomes sickly and pale. The poet tells him to give up such a lady, because he would gain nothing by wasting himself with despair.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

In simple language and in a few words the poet manages to convey to the reader a very good advice on the topic of love. Unreturned love is a canker that eats up the vitals of a man. Where love is not reciprocated, it is simply foolish on the part of the lover to kill himself with suffering.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The poet questions the lover why he was pale and so woe-begone. He further questions him why he had gone dumb with suffering. Will his chances of winning the love of his beloved increase if he went dumb, and lost his health and bloom of youth ? The poet says, "Surely not. He has more chances of winning the love of his lady when healthy and young rather than when he looks wasted and done up with suffering.

V. SUMMARY

The poet tells the lover that his looking haggard, weak and woe-begone will surely not help him win the love of his sweetheart. She would rather dislike him.

The lover had become dull and mute on account of failure in love. When he failed to win her with sweet words, how will it be possible now for him to make an impression upon her when he is silent and dumb ?

He says, "Give her up, you cannot win her love. If she does not love you of her own accord, nothing done by you will succeed in winning her.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. The poet asks the lover why he was pale and haggard. Did he hope to win the love of his beloved by appearing before her in this woeful condition ? If so he was surely mistaken.

Stanza 2. The poet questions the lover whether dumbness on his part would create a better impression on his

beloved than the speeches full of love and passion which he formerly delivered to her. If those speeches failed, dumbness will surely not impress her at all.

Stanza 3. The poet asks the lover to give up his foolish game. When the lady does not pay any heed to his advances he too should give her a cold shoulder.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Pale**—weak, pallor of face is a sign of physical weakness and sufferings. **Wan**—thin and haggard. **Fond lover**—foolish lover. The poet calls him foolish because in spite of the indifference of the beloved he goes on making a fool of himself by continuing to be in love with her. **Prithee**—pray or please. **Why so pale**—why are you so wan and weak ? **When looking well cannot move her**—when you were healthy looking and handsome in figure, she did not fall in love with you. **Will looking ill prevail**—will it be possible for you to inspire love in her by appearing ill and weak ? The poet asks when she did not feel any love for him while the lover was healthy, will she fall in love with him when he will appear sick and diseased.

Stanza 2. **Dull and mute**—not able to speak and express himself with full confidence in what he happened to be saying. **Young sinner**—The poet calls the lover a young sinner because he was not able to grasp the full significance of the difficult situation he was in. He had foolishly managed to fall in love with a woman who did not at all care for him. **Prithee**—I pray you to let me know. **Why so mute**—why are you dumb and do not speak ?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't.

The poet says to the foolish lover when he had failed to win the love of his sweetheart while he was healthy and young and could express his love well in suitable language, will she feel any inclination to fall in love with him, if he appears before her in such a miserable and unhealthy condition ?

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Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't.

The poet says to the foolish lover when he had failed to win the love of his sweetheart while he was healthy and young and could express his love well in suitable language, will she feel any inclination to fall in love with him, if he appears before her in such a miserable and unhealthy condition ?

Stanza 3 **Quit** – go away and leave her. The poet means to say that the lover should give up a beloved who does not return his love because making love, to a woman who is obdurate to all his entreaties is most foolish on his part.

If of herself she will not love
Nothing can make her.

The poet means to say that love is purely a spontaneous feeling. Where real love is wanting no power on earth can plant it in the heart of the ladylove. Love comes from within. External powers or agencies cannot make it grow out of nothing. **The devil take her**—when the lady in question does not love he should give up caring for her and let her go to the devil.

VIII. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. What word of advice has the poet for the dejected lover and how far do you approve of it ?

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

25. THE RECONCILEMENT

BY

JOHN SHEFFIELD

I. THE POET

John Sheffield is not a very well-known poet. He was born in 1648 and died in 1721. He is remembered as a friend of Pope and Dryden. He has written an Essay on Poetry and an Essay on Satire, and a few less known poems.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

This poem is a piece of advice given by the poet to young lovers. That the more we love the sooner we quarrel, is a well-known factor of our daily experience of life. Where there are no quarrels there is generally no love. The lover requests his sweetheart to forgive him this time so that they may forgive each other and live happily afterwards. He says that he loved her most at the time when he was angry with her. There used to be a frown on his forehead while love kept surging in his heart.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The poem is a good specimen of love lyric meant to be adapted to singing. The language is simple and easy to understand. There is an ease and flow in it which make it one of the most beautiful poems of this collection. The last lines of the poem are full of a happy anticipation of the joys that would attend their reconciliation. Love has its ups and downs but reconciliation after a petty quarrel between true lovers is one of the happiest features of true love.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The lover says to his beloved "Come, let us make up our quarrel and be friends once again. Those lovers cannot have true enjoyment who have never quarrelled and never forgiven each other. Real feelings of love come only when there is a reconciliation and old grievances are forgiven and forgotten."

بڑا مزا اس ملاپ میں ہے کہ صلح ہو جائے جنگ ہو کر

V. SUMMARY

Come, let us make up our minds not to quarrel again and unite so lovingly that no power on earth may be able to cut us away from each other.

Those lovers rarely get a chance of feeling really happy who have never quarrelled. I feel the most passionate love for my beloved when I am angry with her over some petty affair.

When I am in a mood of indifference towards my sweetheart I generally feel most unhappy.

If the beloved too admits similar feelings towards him he would surely be most happy. It is never too late to be kind and loving towards a person whom you happened to be in love with.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1 Come, let us make up our minds to live quietly and happily from now onwards. We will tie the knot of our love so securely that no power on earth will be able to cut us away from one another.

Stanza 2. Those persons who have never quarrelled and

never made up their petty quarrels rarely get a chance of enjoying true happiness. Forgiveness is a divine quality in man.

Stanza 3. Lovers who do not occasionally fall out are never able to taste the joys of love to the full. The best part of love comprises in forgiving the faults of one another.

Stanza 4. When I was not interested in my beloved or was indifferent to her I had the least pleasure or joy in love. When I pretended to frown at her and look at her angrily at that time in my heart I had the greatest love for her.

Stanza 5. If you admit that your condition was the same we can then rest assured that we will be the most blessed couple on earth. It is never too late to be kind and forgiving.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Resolve**—determine, *i.e.,* make up our minds.

To live and love in quiet

To lead a simple and quiet life but live happily, loving one another. **Knot**—bond. **Fast**—secure.

We will tie the knot so very fast

We will unite in such a secure and strong bond of love as can never be severed.

That time will never untie it.

Our mutual love will be so strong and secure and we will be so faithful that no power on earth would be able to bring about separation between us.

Stanza 2. **Truest joys**—the most sincere and faithful love is always the source of real happiness.

The truest joys they seldom prove
Who free from quarrels live

Those lovers who do not occasionally fall out with each other are seldom able to taste the joys of love to the full.

Petty quarrels enhance the pleasure lovers get from love, because when lovers make up differences and forgive each other's faults and failures, there is consequent increase of love for one another. **Most tender part of love**—love is most tender and kindly when lovers forgive each other after some petty difference of opinion.

Stanza 3. **When least I seemed concerned**.—when I appeared indifferent and not interested in my beloved. The poet means to say that indifference in love is the worst possible thing that might come to pass between the lover and the beloved, because indifference indicates cessation of interest which finally develops into a break-up of relations. **I took no pleasures nor no interest**—when I became indifferent towards my sweetheart, I generally felt miserable and was consequently restless and worried. **Feigned**—pretended. **Feigned an angry look**—when I made a show of anger and simply posed that I was angry with my beloved.

Alas, I loved you best—at the time I pretended to be angry with you I was really most in love with you.

Stanza 4. **Own**—admit. **But the same**—if you also admit it that your feelings are similar to mine. **You will find how blest will be our fates**—if you admit that your feelings were similar to mine, then we would be a blessed and happy couple. All joys on earth will be ours. **O to be happy**—how lucky it is to be happy in the trusted love of each other. **To be kind sure never is too late**—certainly it is never too late to be kind and forgive the faults and shortcomings of one another.

Own but the same to me—you'll find
How blest will be our fate
O to be happy—to be kind
Sure never is too late

The lover says to his sweetheart, "Quarrels are the true test of love. Quarrelling and later making it up and becoming friends is the best and happiest sign of having true love and regard for one another. Where indifference comes in, love

dies. Indifference towards one another is possible among strangers but cannot be practised among lovers. If the beloved has identical feelings, the poet is sure, their lot would be a happy one in life. To forgive and be kind to each other are divine qualities and it is never too late to do so.

VIII. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Critically appreciate the poem, ***Reconcilement***

Ans. See Critical Appreciation.

26. WHETHER STELLA'S EYES

BY

SAMUEL JOHNSON

I. THE POET

Samuel Johnson was born in 1709 and for nearly fifty years after the death of Pope he remained the dominant figure in the literary life of England.

"The son of a poor book-seller, in Lichfield, he came up to London with twopence half-penny in his pocket and a fragment of a play, little to aid him in his literary ambition, but particularly he brought also an indomitable will and great power of endurance." (*Compton Ricket*—page 240).

Boswell, his faithful and devoted servant, has immortalised him in his biography, which is rightly considered to be one of the best biographies written in the English language. Johnson lives for most of us in the pages of Boswell, rather than in his own writings. As a writer he is better known for his critical works and essays rather than his poems.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

The poem is addressed to Stella and the poet advises her to be simple and natural in her make-up, dress and appearance because natural beauty is most pleasing and is constant. Pendent gems and rich brocade may create a glamour ; but they cannot be said to create real beauty.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Johnson is primarily a critic of art and life. This poem, too, is written in the reformer's spirit. Women in general,

and Stetlla in particular, are odvised not to indulge in too much toilet and to avoid ornaments and costly dresses. The language, though a bit difficult, is free from the flowery and ornate expressions and diction which have come to be associated with the name of Dr. Johnson.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The poet says that the natural beauty of the mind, heart and face are qualities that appeal most. Where there is too much artificiality no glamour may be the result ; but there can be no real beauty. Costly gems and rich dresses are generally used to cover up some inherent defect. As such, the poet can bring himself round to offer homage to natural beauty only. Natural beauty is constant and unchanging and is therefore to be valued and prized.

V. SUMMARY

Stella's eyes may be fixed on the earth or she may look around her, but what pleases most are her natural and spontaneous feelings and easy grace, expression and gait. If she were to decorate herself with very costly ornaments and dresses and to beautify her face and body with cosmetics and make-up, her grace and charm would become artificial. The poet, on the other hand, values her for her simplicity and refinement. He is not in favour of artificiality of behaviour or vain display of costly garments and dresses.

VI. PARAPHRASE

No matter whether Stella's eyes may be fixed on the earth or she may look around her. It makes no difference for me. But if her face becomes bright with joy and she sighs when she sees others suffer, and if from her behaviour she shows appreciation of virtue and piety for suffering, her grace and beauty are charming and attractive for me. If her body is decorated with costly gems and valuable dresses and ornaments, these make her glamorous and charming. I am attracted by her in this condition too. Her toilet and make-up neither increase nor disminish her charm and beauty. Such artificial beauty is of a non-permanent nature and is therefore not to be prized too much.

Real beauty, which is enduring, is dependent upon easy grace and charm created by the goodness and purity of mind and soul. I only prize those charms which are the outcome of permanent nature and which dress or toilet cannot modify.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Fixed on the earth—downcast and modest, out of modesty looking down towards the earth. **Are found**—are observed. **Glancing**—looking from side to side. **Glow**—become lighted up and bright. **Sigh**—feel sorry for and express her sorrow in the form of a sigh, woe, sorrow or suffering.

If her face with pleasure glow,
If she sigh at others' woe

If Stella maintains her natural behaviour and expresses her honest feelings in a natural manner, it is a sign of her purity and goodness of mind. If her face brightens up when she is pleased and if she sighs over the sufferings of others we can safely conclude that she has not become too sophisticated and does not try to hide her true feelings. Such behaviour is an expression of honest feelings and are qualities so rare in life. These are the qualities we must admire in whomsoever we come across them. **Easy air**—graceful way of doing a thing, ease and grace of action. **Express**—show. **Conscious worth**—having a knowledge of her good qualities. **Soft distress**—grief over the suffering of others.

If her easy air express
Conscious worth or soft distress

If in a natural way she expresses her sorrow over the sufferings of the others and also shows her appreciation in a gentle and quiet manner, these qualities are appropriate to her and should be appreciated. **Air**—charm, graceful way of doing a thing, grace of action. **Charm**—grace and beauty. **Undiminished**—which does not become less which is constant.

Stella's eyes and air and face
Charm with undiminished grace

The beauty of her face and her graceful behaviour are qualities of permanent nature and do not become less with the passage of time. **Displayed**—shown. **Pendent**—hanging. **Gems**—precious stones. **Rich**—costly. **Brocade**—cloth interwoven with gold (کمخواب).

If on her we see display'd
Pendent gems and rich brocade

If you find her wearing beautiful ornaments that hang from her ears or are hung round her throat, or there are other ornaments on her body, you will surely feel that this costly jewellery, and rich and valuable dresses befit her and appear to advantage. **Chintz**—cotton cloth fast printed with particoloured pattern and usually glazed (چھینٹ). **Less expense**—by spending less money on it. **Easy**—graceful. **Negligence**—carelessness.

If her chintz with less expense
Flows in easy negligence

She is so beautiful that all dresses befit her and appear beautiful upon her body. She has grace and lends grace to the clothes she wears. Thus even cheep chintz dresses worn without care appear attractive and fine upon her graceful form. **Lights**—affects the heart, inspires love. **Conscious flame**—she inspires in the heart a feeling of warm admiration.

Still she lights the conscious flame
Still her charms appear the same

The poet means to say that Stella inspires love in the heart when she is dressed in a simple way. She is so beautiful that costly clothes and precious gems do not make any change in her appearance. She appears beautiful and fine even when carelessly dressed.

If she sit or if she move
Still we love and still we approve

Her sitting and walking are equally graceful. She may be seated or may be walking, we can in no case help

loving her and in every posture she has our approval. **Vain**—useless, ineffective. **Casual**—that which comes by chance. **Transient**—short-lived.

Vain the casual, transient glance
Which alone can please by chance.

The poet says that in the case of other women we can well say that their beauty is perfunctory and not always effective. Occasionally some look or particular way of behaviour might create an effect or please us ; but these women are not contentedly beautiful. Such chance beauty, the poet says, is vain and foolish.

Beauty which depends on art
Which demands the toilet's aid
Pendent gems and rich brocade

The poet says that beauty which is dependent upon makes-up, toilet and ornamentation is a vain beauty. Beauty which is got by using artificial means such as toilet perquisites or gems and ornaments cannot be called true beauty and cannot therefore be valued on that score. At best it is an artificial make-up. **Charms**—attractions. **Prize**—value. **Constant nature**—charms which are natural and therefore more durable than artificially acquired beauty. **Circumstance**—external agencies.

I alone those charms can prize
Which from constant nature rise,
Which nor circumstance nor dress,
E'er can make or more or less.

The poet says, "I can hold valuable and worthy of love and regard only that beauty which is natural, because such charms and attractions are inherent and are thus more durable and lasting. Beauty can neither be increased by toilet, make-up and dress, nor one's status in life is true and real beauty." Artificial beauty is condemned by the poet while he has full and whole-hearted praise for true, pure and natural beauty.

VII. QUESIOTNS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. Compare and contrast the ideas about beauty expressed in the two poems *Still to be Neat* by Ben Johnson and *Whether Stella's Eyes* by Samuel Johnson.

Ans. Both the poets are in favour of simplicity in dress and observance of cleanliness of person and mind. Samuel Johnson's ideal woman, 'Stella', is beautiful in action, thought and emotion. A charm and beauty emanate from her person that light all those she comes into contact with. She lights the conscious flame. Her loveliness and charm are not dependent upon artificial devices of clothes and make-up. Clever devices of toilet are generally employed to cover up some defect. True loveliness consists in simplicity of dress and purity of thought and emotion.

Ben Johnson harps upon a similar tune and says,
"Give me a look, give me a face
That make simplicity a grace."

The woman who, according to him, is too liberal with the use of powder and rouge is generally a woman suffering from some mental weakness. She is almost always vain and foolish. "All is not sweet, all is not sound." She is not sure about her appearance.

True worth and beauty are almost always more an affair of the mind and the heart rather than the face and the body. A fine and cultured mind combined with virtuous thinking lends even a homely face a charm and attraction rarely possessed by a person who is beautiful in form and feature but happens to lack purity of thought and nicety of feeling.

Q. 2. Explain with reference to the context the following verses :

"I alone.....or less" (Lines 22—25)

Ans. See Notes and Explanations.

27. STRANGE FITS OF PASSION HAVE I KNOWN

BY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I. THE POET

(See poem No. 2. *"We Are Seven"* of the First Part).

II. CENTRAL IDEA

The poet says that sometimes he is affected by strange fits of feelings and premonitions which are peculiar to a lover and none else can possibly have such passions. He loved Lucy and she was fresh and beautiful like the moon. One night he made up his mind to go and visit her, the moon was shining as he procceeded on horseback to her cottage. When he came near the cottage the moon suddenly went down and disappeared behind the cottage and at that time he felt a shock at the thought of the sudden death of Lucy.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Wordsworth is called the father of "Romantic Poetry" and "The High Priest of Nature." In this poem he is seen perhaps at his best. The poem is full of beautiful descriptions of nature in a language so simple that everybody can understand and appreciate it. The moon and the moonlight lent to the whole scene a weird strange background. The poet travelling on horseback is so much affected by this scene that he at once falls into a tragic mood and the idea comes into his head, how sorrowful would it be if Lucy were to die as suddenly as the moon had set behind the cottage !

IV. SUBSTANCE

One night Wordsworth made up his mind to visit his beloved Lucy and for this purpose he started towards her cottage. The moon was shining and the whole landscape was bathed in moonlight. The poet proceeded farther and farther on his horse. When he neared her beloved's home he

saw that the moon had gone very low in the West. Suddenly the moon dipped behind the cottage. Wordsworth thought how tragic it would be if Lucy were to die and disappear like the moon.

V. SUMMARY

Sometimes my mind is filled with strange thoughts. I will now narrate an incident of my life.

I was in love with Lucy and she was fresh and youthful like a rose in the summer. In the evening the moon had risen when I wended my way towards her cottage.

I looked at the moon as I rode on the grassy plain and my horse went at a fast trot.

I reached the orchard as I went over the hill. When I reached near the cottage, the moon had almost sunk.

All this time I was lost in a reverie about my beloved, and my eyes were fixed on the moon that was fast going down.

My horse moved further and further when suddenly I saw the moon hidden behind her cottage.

Strange thoughts came into my mind and I said, "What would happen to me if Lucy were to die !"

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Sometimes strange ideas come to me. I will tell these in the ears of a lover only and I will tell him what happened to me once.

Stanza 2. I was in love and my sweetheart was fine and fresh like the rose in June. I was on my way to her cottage and the evening moon had come out.

Stanza 3. My eyes were fixed on the moon as I rode over that grassy plain and my horse trotted fast over that way which was so dear to me because it led to my beloved's home.

Stanza 4. Soon I reached the fruit garden as I went over the hill. The moon was fast going down and appeared just above the cottage of Lucy and was going lower and lower.

Stanza 5. I was almost lost in a reverie about my love

and passion for Lucy and was almost lulled to sleep by the quiet and calm of nature. All this time my eyes were fixed on the moon that was fast going down.

Stanza 6. My horse trotted onwards with rhythmic steps and did not stop even for a single moment. All at once the moon appeared to drop behind the cottage and disappeared.

Stanza 7. What foolish and strange ideas do sometimes come into the agitated mind of the beloved. I thought how tragic it would be for me if Lucy were to die!

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Strange**—unusual. **Fits of passion**—forceful ideas that come and pass through the mind. **Dare and tell**—will have the courage to tell. **But in the lover's ears only**—the extraordinary ideas that come to me suddenly and unexpectedly, I will whisper into the ears of a lover only, because a lover alone can understand and appreciate these. **Befell**—happened.

Strange fits of passion have I known :
And I will dare to tell,
But in the lover's ear alone,
What once to me befell.

Many a time strange and unusual ideas rush through my mind ; they come and pass out. But I will have the courage to tell all these only into the ears of a lover because the lover alone is in a position to understand these well. What once happened to me can be understood by a true lover alone.

Stanza 2.

When she I loved looked every day
Fresh as a rose in June

At that time I was in love with Lucy and she appeared to me fresh and beautiful like the rose flower in the month of June. In England in the summer season during the month of June the flowers come out in abundance and are very beautiful and fine to look at. The poet means to

say that in those days, his sweetheart was young, beautiful and fresh-looking. **Cottage**—small house with thatched roof. **I bent my way**—I went, I wended my way. **Beneath** —under the shining moon. **Evening moon**—it was the time of evening and the moon was shining brightly.

Stanza 3. **Upon the moon I fixed my eyes**—as I went towards the cottage where my beloved lived, I kept gazing at the moon. **Lea**—meadow. **All over the wide lea**—I travelled all over that spacious grassy plain and the light of the moon was spread all over that area. **Quickening**—becoming faster and faster. **Pace**-trotted. **Drew nigh**-came near ; approach.

With quickening pace my horse drew nigh
Those paths so dear to me

The horse went faster and faster until it brought me to the locality in which the cottage of my beloved was situated. The paths in that area were all very dear to me on account of association of ideas. In this very place I was in the habit of wandering about in the company of my beloved and the place had been endeared to me.

Stanza 4. **Reached**—arrived at. **Orchard**—fruit garden. **Plot**—place where there was a fruit garden. **As we climbed the hill**—as we went up the hill, *i.e.*, as the rider and the horse journeyed upwards.

The sinking moon to Lucy's cot
Came near and nearer still

The moon which was going down and down appeared to come very near the cottage in which Lucy lived, *i.e.* the moon descended lower and lower and appeared to come down to such a low level that it touched the top of that cottage.

Stanza 5. **Gentlest**—most tender. **Boon**—gift.

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,
Kind nature's gentlest boon !

The calm and quiet atmosphere of the night combined

with the dim light of the moon created such an effect upon the mind of the poet that the fell into a trance, which he says is the most welcome blessing that nature can confer on us. Wordsworth is the poet of nature and he believed that nature gives a peace to the soul and mind of those who came into intimate contact with it. He says the night was quiet and calm and this gave him a chance of establishing communion with nature. The resultant effect was that a calm pervaded his soul. **All the while**—during all that time. **Decending moon**—the moon that was going to set and was getting lower and lower in the west.

And all the while my eyes I kept
On the descending moon

While I was in this trance, I kept my eyes fixed upon the moon which was going lower and lower and was about to set.

Stanza 6. **Hoof after hoof he raised**—the horse trotted on farther and farther. **Never stopped**—The horse trotted on, covering the distance towards the home of Lucy.

When down behind the cottage roof,
At once, the bright moon descended

The moon was getting lower and lower in the west. I kept looking at it, but it suddenly dipped down lower and disappeared from my view.

Stanza 7. **Fond**—foolish and prompted by love. **Wayward**—strange and unusal, capricious. **Will slide**—will come unexpectedly. **O mercy**—may God have mercy and such a thing may not come to pass !

What fond and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a Lover's head

Many foolish and baseless fancies crowd upon the mind of a lover. Thus Wordsworth says that as he was riding through the meadow on that night the setting moon at once switched his fancy over to death. He thought as the

moon suddenly dipped low and disappeared, in the same way in this case love can be but short by the death of his beloved.

"O mercy !" to myself I cried,
"If Lucy should be dead ! "

I said to myself, "May God have mercy on me, how cruel and sad it would be if Lucy were to die suddenly, my whole world would be enveloped in the darkness of sorrow."

VIII. QUESTION AND ANSWERS

Q. What fears did the setting moon raise in Wordsworth's mind ?

Ans. See the Summary.

28. LOVE

BY
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

I. THE POET

(See. No. I of third poem *"Youth And Age"* of Part I).

II. CENTRAL IDEA

The poet expresses his faith that the elemental forces of nature combine the sacred flame of love. He was in love with Genevieve but she did not return his love. On a moonlit night, he with his beloved was sitting near an old tower on a hill-side. Nearby was the statue of an armed knight. The poet related to Genevieve the love story of that knight and told her how he was in love with a beautiful lady who did not requit his love. On one occasion the knight rescued that lady from the clutches of some armed ruffians who were going to violate her. The lady now returned his love ; but the knight had, by that time, lost his mental equipoise and later on fell mortally ill. The narration of this story had the desired effect and Genevieve vowed her passion for the poet and told him of her love with virgin pride.

III. CRITICAL APPREECIATION

Coleridge is a master of the art of narration. He knows

how to maintain the interest of the story right up to the end. Incidents follow each other in quick succession and thus the reader is all the time engrossed in the narration. He can also weave into the simple texture of the story, a delicate vein of the passion of pure and sincere love. In this story through the medium of the weird tale of the knight and his ladylove, Coleridge gives a clever hint to Genevieve. The hint is taken by her and she begins to reciprocate his feelings. Side by side with the story and the element of love, Coleridge creates an atmosphere of the unknown and the strange. The knight whose statue was nearby and the lady he loved are figures of the past. The reader has no idea who they were and this constitutes the mystery which is one of the characteristic features of all stories told by Coleridge.

IV. SUBSTANCE

All the forces of this world unite to create in us the flame of love and the poet says, "I remember even now that night on the hill when in the moonlight I sat in the company of Genevieve. I loved her but she did not care much for me. She stood there leaning against the statue of a knight. I told her the story how that knight was in his life-time in love with a beautiful damsel who did not return his love. That beautiful lady fell a captive in the hands of some ruffians who shut her up in a cave. He went there and jumped up on that murderous band who wished to violate the honour of that lovely lady. The knight fought with them and rescued the damsel ; but first he went mad and then fell seriously ill. This incident made it amply clear to the lady how much the knight loved her ; but it was too late. The knight died of that fatal disease and his statue was erected upon that hill. Genevieve understood fully the implications of that story and vowed her love to the poet. She was a shy maiden ; but candidly she told how much she was in love with him.

V. SUMMARY

The thoughts and all actions in this world combine with the elemental forces of the universe and feed the flame of love which is sacred and holy to the whole world.

Often in my day-dreams, I think once again of the period of my youth when once half-way up a hill I lay by the side of a half-ruined tower.

The twilight of the evening had slowly merged itself in the moonlight and there by my side was present my beloved, Genevieve.

She was leaning against the stone statue of an armed knight. She stood there and heard the song I sang in that dim, all-pervading light.

Genevieve is an innocent and shy young maiden. She has no sorrows or worries in life. She loves me most when I sing to her some tragic song.

On musical instrument I played a low and sorrowful tune and sang an old and moving story. It was an old and rough song which was in perfect accord with that wild and mysterious place.

She listened to my song and blushed ; but her shyness soon passed away. Modestly and with eyes looking downwards did she listen to me because she knew that all the time I kept gazing upon her lovely face.

I related to her the story of the life of the knight against whose statue she was leaning. This knight had upon his shield the heraldy of a burning brand. He had courted the Lady of the Land for ten long years.

To Genevieve I told the details of the story as to how that knight suffered. I sang my song in a mellow and sad tone. I sang about the love of somebody else ; but in that song I interpreted my own love.

She listened to me with a modest bearing, looking downwards. A blush kept coming and passing upon her face. She excused me for my boldness in looking fixedly upon her face.

Then I related to her that the lady had no love for that knight and spurned him. On account of her scorn that brave knight became mad. He left his home and crossing the mountains he went over to a foreign land.

When this knight was wandering about in that strange land he met a lady who was bright and beautiful like an

angel. Like a ghost this figure sprang before him in the green valleys and the plains. Though this figure was beautiful like a seraph, yet it was so terror stricken that it looked like a ghost.

The knight had gone crazy and had no idea as to what he was doing. Unconscious of the results that would follow he jumped in the midst of a land of cut-throat ruffians, fought them and put them to flight. Thus did he save the honour of his lady love from violence and outrage.

Now the lady came to realize the full importance of that unselfish love the knight had for her ; she wept and embraced his knees and she nursed him. But it was too late. In vain did she try to atone for her past careless which had brought about the insanity of that knight.

She took him to a cave and looked after him and very soon he was cured at his madness. But death soon overtook him and he lay dying on the yellow leaves of the forest in autumn.

By the time I reached the final phases of that story and was going to quote the last words of the knight, I saw that Genevieve was so much moved by pity that my voice wavered and the harp fell silent.

The emotions that affected the soul and the mind of the innocent and unsophisticated Genevieve were very deep and strong. This was the natural effect of my song, my sorrowful tale and the evening which was so calm and tranquil.

Her emotions were deeply stirred. Hopes and fears that give birth to hopes crowded together upon her mind indiscriminately. These were the honest feelings which she had curbed in her heart for such a long time.

She wept profusely on account of pity and joy that contended in her heart. Like a pure virgin she blushed and felt shy, and in a sweet, subdued voice she whispered my name. I heard it as we hear low, indistinct sounds in sleep.

She sighed and stepped aside to avoid my gaze, and suddenly burst into tears.

She embraced me gently and humbly, and bending her head backwards she looked at me with eyes full of love.

This was due partly to love and partly to fear. She wanted me to see and know her true feelings.

I calmed her fears and she admitted her love for me with a maidenly grace and pride. Thus I won over my beautiful beloved who agreed to become my bride.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. All ideas, all feelings and all joys which strongly influence this perishable body of ours are agencies that feed the fire of love.

Stanza 2. Often when I am awake and dream I remember once again that happy time of my life when one particular evening I lay half-way up a hill near an old and broken tower.

Stanza 3. The light of the moon was slowly spreading over that scene and had united imperceptibly with the twilight of the evening. There by my side at that time was present Genevieve whom I loved tenderly. She was the sole joy of my life.

Stanza 4. Near me was the statue of an armed soldier. Genevieve was reclining against that statue. She stood there in dim light and listened to my song.

Stanza 5. My beloved Genevieve is a pure and gentle lady and she had no sorrows or worries of her own. She loves most when I sing some tragic and sad song to her.

Stanza 6. I played upon the harp a sad tune in a low tone. I sang a song about an old and moving story. It was an old and simple song and was in perfect accord with that ruined place.

Stanza 7. She heard my song and blushed fitfully. She was a modest maiden and all the time her eyes were downcast. She knew very well that for me there was no alternative but to continue looking at her face.

Stanza 8. I related to her the story of the knight whose shield bore the mark of a burning piece of wood. For

ten long years this soldier had made love to the Lady of the Land.

Stanza 9. I told her in detail the story of the love of that knight and how he suffered on account of his love which was never requited. My song was low in tone, deep in tune and effective in ideas. Though I sang about the love of another person in reality I interpreted my own love.

Stanza 10. She listened to me and blushed; she had the charm of modesty. Her eyes looked downwards with maidenly shyness. She forgave me for looking at her intently and lovingly.

Stanza 11. Then I came to that part of the story which related the scornful attitude of that lady and the knight's going to a foreign land on account of that and how that knight went beyond the mountains to an unknown and strange land and wandered about day and night.

Stanza 12. Sometimes he went into savage and unknown caves, sometimes wandered through dark, unfrequented places and sometimes in fits of insanity he aimlessly wandered over sunny valleys and plains.

Stanza 13. In these places he often came across a handsome lady unknown to him. She had an angelic face but was so exhausted and afraid that she seemed to be a ghost.

Stanza 14. The knight was mad and had not the slightest idea as to what he was up to. He attacked a band of ruffians and thus unknowingly managed to rescue his lady-love from the clutches of those persons who had abducted her.

Stanza 15. Now the lady repented of the carelessness and apathy she had shown to her lover. She now wept and felt sorry. She embraced his knees and nursed and looked after him. She tried to atone for her misdeeds which had made him suffer so much that he had gone mad.

Stanza 16. She took him to a cave where in seclusion she looked after him and nursed him. After some time he

was cured of his madness; but soon after he lay dying in autumn on the yellow leaves of the forest.

Stanza 17. When the poet reached the closing chapter of the story and was going to repeat to her the dying words of that knight, which was the tenderest and most tragic part of the story, his voice failed. The music stopped and he noticed that Genevieve was deeply stirred by the story.

Stanza 18. Her heart and soul were deeply stirred. She was very much affected by incidents of the story and the calm and quiet which at that time prevailed over the hill-side.

Stanza 19. In her mind surged up many hopes and fears that gave birth to more hopes. These hopes and fears crowded her mind and those gentle wishes which she had curbed but were dear to her now came to the forefront.

Stanza 20. She left a pity and a joy in her heart and blushed on account of maidenly shyness in a low and subdued tone. She whispered his name.

Stanza 21. Her bosom rose and fell because she was panting with excitement. She was conscious that the poet was looking at her and all at once from shyness she left the statue and came running towards me.

Stanza 22. She embraced me lovingly and pressed me to herself and bending her head backwards she looked at me with love.

Stanza 23. She did this and was prompted in part by love and in part by fear. She was shy but clever and did so to make me feel that her heart was throbbing fast on account of love.

Stanza 24. I calmed her and set all her fears at rest. With the pride of a maiden she told me of all the love that was in her heart. Thus I won the love of Genevieve and she became my bride.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Thoughts**—ideas. **Passions**—strong feelings **Delights**—joys. **Stirs**—moves, affects strongly. **Mortal**

frame—human body which is bound by the laws of nature and life to perish and die. **Ministers**—agents. **Sacred**—holy. **Flame**—fire of love.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are all but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

All ideas, feelings and joys that come into the human mind and all those forces that are the mainsprings of human life are agencies that feed the flame of sacred love. The poet means to say that love plays the most important part in the life of man. All other feelings are subordinate to love and combine to complete the set-up of the human mind, thus making it capable of enjoying and feeling love in full force. It is the perfect mind alone, *i.e.*, a mind whose various faculties are adequately working, which is capable of feeling and expressing love.

Stanza 2. **Oft**—often. **Waking dreams**—day dreams. Coleridge is famous for his extraordinarily powerful imagination. He was an opium-eater too and most of his poems are the outcome of his imaginative development of the themes which originally came to him in the form of a vision or dream in a state of semi-wakefulness and semi-sleep.

I live over again that happy hour—I have visions of my youth and dreams of that period when I was in love with Genevieve. That period is now gone but that was the happiest time of my life. I dream of it even now when I am grown old. **Midway**—half way up. **Mount**—mountain hill. **Beside**—by the side of. **Ruined**—broken and dilapidated. **Tower**—tall structure usually forming a part of a fort.

Stanza 3. **The moonshine**—the light of the moon. **Stealing**—coming silently and secretly. **Over the scene**—over the whole landscape. **Blended**—united and mixed. **Lights of eve**—The twilight of evening.

The moonshine, stealing o'er scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve

The poet says, "I went up a hill and half-way up the slope, I lay down half-asleep. It was the time of evening and the whole atmosphere was enveloped in the dim twilight. Slowly this twilight changed into the moonlight, *i.e.*, the twilight of the evening merged into the moonlight. "In this quiet atmosphere I felt as if I was lulled and soothed into slumber." **And she was there, my hope, my joy**—and by my side was present Genevieve whom I loved dearly. She was my hope in the world and the only source of all my joys.

Stanza 4. **Leant**—reclined (سہارا لیکر کھڑا ہونا). **Armed man**—knight, the statue of the armed soldier against which leaned Genevieve and about this statue there was a story current in the surrounding country that he in his youth fell in love with the Lady of Land who did not reciprocate his love. The knight became mad and died. **My lay**—my song which was about that knight and his love. **Amid**—in the midst. **Lingering light**—the light of the moon which was moving slowly and delaying its end.

She stood and listened to my lay
Amid the lingering light

Coleridge was in love with Genevieve but she did not return his love. Once they were together on the hill-side on a moonlit night. The poet related to her a story in verse. In that story he impressed on her his own feelings of love. Here he says, "I narrated to her the love affair of that knight and she heard my song with rapt attention."

Stanza 5. **Few sorrows hath she of her own**—The poet says that Genevieve was a gentle and pure-minded girl and she had no cares or worries pertaining to her ownself. **Grieve**—make me sorrowful.

She loves me best whenever I sing
The songs that make her grieve

The poet says that Genevieve loved him most at the time when he sang to her sorrowful and tragic songs.

Stanza 6. **Soft**—low and in tender notes. **Doleful**—sorrowful and tragic. **Air**—music and song. **I sang an old and moving story**—I sang to her and in my song I narrated an ancient story full of pathos. The story was such as to create a deep and lasting impression upon her mind. **Rude**—rough and simple and not very philsophical or sophisticated. **Hoary**—dimly lit by moonlight.

That suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

This story was in perfect accord with the environment. They were on a hill-side in the night. The moon was shedding a dim light and the whole place appeared wild and mysterious. In the same way the story too was strange, weird and ghostly.

Stanza 7. **Flitting**—that came and soon passed away. **Blush**—the reddening of the face on account of shyness or shame. **Modest grace**—with a shy and retiring charm, modesty is an essential attribute of perfect womanhood in general and of virginity in particular. The poet wants to impress upon the reader that his beloved had all those qualities one associates with a perfect woman. She was modest to a fault and her eyes were cast down because the eyes of the poet were fixed on her face. It is but natural that a girl should blush and feel shy when she is subjected to the admiring looks of a lover. **Downcast** (نیچی نگاہ). **Chuse**—choose.

For well she knew, I could not chuse
But Gaze upon her face

The poet says that Genevieve knew very well that he was deeply in love with her and when she was present there was no alternative for him but to look at her face.

Stanza 8.

I told of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand

The poet says, "I narrated to her the story of the knight upon whose shield was the picture of a hot and burning

stick. This soldier was none other than the person whose statue was near them. The soldier had fallen in love with a beautiful woman who did not return his love. So he went mad on account of extreme, despair and misery, and died. However, before his death he did real service to his beloved by rescuing her from the clutches of a band of wicked abductors. **Wooed**—courted, made love to her for getting her hand in marriage.

And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land

That particular knight made love to the Lady of Land for full ten years but failed to make any impression on her. Thus his love remained unrequited. The poet's case is analogous. He loved Genevieve but she did not reciprocate his feelings.

Stanza 9. **Pined**—languished, wasted away with grief.

The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

I sang that song in a deep and low tone. My voice was full of a tragic appeal to the sympathies of the hearres. Through that song about the love of the knight, I pleaded my own case and succeeded in making an impression upon the mind of Genevieve. **Interpreted**—made clear to my beloved.

Stanza 10.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and a modest grace ;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face !

Through the medium of that song I narrated to her the story of that knight and lady. I was all the time pleading my own cause and very soon it became apparent to me that my words were having their desired effect, because shyly and modestly like a gentle maiden she looked down, blushed and felt shy, but she was moved to pity my sad

lot and forgave me for my bold and intent look fixed lovingly on her face.

Stanza 11. **Cruel scorn**—harsh treatment indicative of contempt on the part of the Lady of the Land with whom the knight was in love. **Crazed**—made crazy, made insane. **Crossed the mountain woods**—he became mad and wandered about in disgust. He left his homeland, went beyond the forests that covered the mountains and entered a land where he was a complete stranger. **Nor rested day or night**—he wandered about all the time and took no rest either in the day or at night.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed the bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain woods,
Nor rested day or night,

The cruel and contemptuous treatment meted out to him by his sweetheart so disgusted him with life and home that he became mad, left his home, crossed over into a new and strange land situated beyond the woods on the hill. He became so insane that he wandered about aimlessly and rested neither in the day-time or at night.

Stanza 12. **Savage**—ugly and wild. **Den**—cave. **Darksome**—dark and not well-lighted. **Shade**—shadow under the trees. **Sunny glades**—grassy plains where there was plenty of sunshine.

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up and once
In green and sunny glade,—

His failure in love demented him to such an extent that he lost all control over his actions and wandered about hither and thither. Sometimes he wandered about in the dark jungles under the thick shade of trees and sometimes without any set purpose or aim he went and wandered about on the green and sunny grassy plains. The poet means to say that the knight had gone stark mad and like most insane people he wandered about in different places.

Stanza 13. **Looked him in the face**—stared him and challenged him. **An angel beautiful and bright**—a maiden who was bright and beautiful like angel. By chance the night, while wandering, met a lady who was very handsome and intelligent. She appeared to be some heavenly spirit. **But he knew that it was fiend**—though from outward appearance this stranger appeared very nice and angelic but the knight somehow felt that she was in reality a ghost. **Fiend**—devil, incarnation of evil. **This miserable knight** The poet calls that knight miserable because failure in love had made him insane and his condition was now very wretched.

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable knight !

Having lost his mental balance, the poor wretched knight wandered hither and thither all over the country. Love for the Lady of the Land still surged in his heart. By chance he came across a handsome maiden. The knight felt that the stranger was not an angel, he was rather a ghost.

Stanza 14. **Unknowing what he did**—unconscious of the full importance and significance of what he was doing. **He leaped amid**—he jumped into the midst. **A murderous band**—a group of cut-throat ruffians and wicked persons. **Outrage worse than death**—violence which would have dishonoured her and which would have been a calamity worse than death. The ruffians had abducted the knight's beloved and they were going to assault her criminally.

And that unknowing what he did
He leaped amid a murderous band
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land !

The knight was mad and had not the slightest idea of what he did, but he had in his heart true and sincere love for the Lady of the Land, and the true lover is always ready to do his beloved a good turn. A band of wicked and lawless ruffians had abducted the Lady of the Land and they were going to rape her. As the knight wandered over the hill and dale, by chance he came upon this band and at once attacked and defeated them. Thus he saved his beloved from dishonour and disgrace.

Stanza 15. **Clasped his knees**—she bent low and did obeisance to him and embraced his knees. **Tended him**—looked after him and nursed him during his illness. **In vain**—but it was of no avail, her repentence was too late, he was not beyond human care. **Strove**—tried. **Expiate**—make amends for, to pay the penalty of. **Scorn**—contempt (حقارت). **Crazed his brain**—made him crazy and disturbed his mental balance.

And how she wept, and clasped his knees
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

After this encounter with those ruffians, the Lady of the Land realised to the full, how much he loved her and how unselfish and sacred his love was. She wept over his sad condition, bent low before him and embraced his knees. She now cared for him and nursed him, but it was quite useless because his condition was so bad now that human effort and care could avail nothing. Even afterwards she tried through love and regard to atone for the neglect and scorn to which she had subjected him previously and which were the sole cause of his becoming mad. In the happy past when the knight was healthy, he showered love upon the Lady of the Land but she gave him a cold shoulder. As a result of this neglect on her part and the scorn she heaped upon him, the knight lost his mental equipoise. Now the lady realised to full the mistake she had committed and by nursing him and showing other favours to him, she tried to make amends for her past misdeeds.

Stanza 16. **Madness went away**—she nursed him very carefully and his madness appeared to be cured. We all know that mad men have a short fit of sanity immediately before death.

And she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay

Realising her past mistakes, she now tried to atone for them. She conveyed the sick and dying knight to a cave and nursed him. After sometime his fits of insanity subsided and he appeared to be cured of that malady; but in reality it was a sign of approaching death. He was no longer mad but in autumn when the leaves turn yellow he died.

Stanza 17. **His dying words**—The poet was going to quote the last words uttered by the knight before he died. **But when I reached**—while narrating the story I arrived at that part of it which moved us most to pity. **Tenderest strain**—The most tender part of the story. **Ditty**—song. **Faultering**—to speak unsteadily (لڑکھراتی ہوئی زبان سے) **Pausing**—stopping. **Harp**—a stringed musical instrument. **Disturbed**—affected.

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty
My faultering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity

When I came to the concluding stages of that story and was going to tell Genevieve about the message that he gave immediately before death, my voice failed me. I was so much overpowered by my feelings that I could not talk freely. The flow of my words was checked. This was most tender part of the story and the song. My voice failed me and I could not continue my song. The music of the harp ceased too, and all this made a very deep and lasting impression upon my beloved Genevieve.

Stanza 18. **Impulse**—strong urge or excitement of soul and sense, which affected the soul and the mind. **Thrilled**—excited. **Guileless**—without guile, *i.e.* innocent. **Doleful**—sorrowful and sad. **Balmy**—soothing and comforting.

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve.

Feelings and emotions that could produce any effect upon the soul and mind of a man combined to cause a feeling of intense excitement to the innocent and pure Genevieve. The music and the sorrowful story of that poor knight combined with that beautiful and soothing evening to impress on Genevieve's soul the tragedy and suffering which is the lot of mankind.

Stanza 19. **Kindle**—enliven, bring to life. **Undistinguishable throng**—ideas which crowded the mind and which were so many that they could not be identified separately one from the other. In the heart of Genevieve were present so many fears and hopes about life and the problems of life that it was well-nigh impossible to distinguish one from the other. **Gentle wishes**—tender wishes. **Subdued**—suppressed. **Cherished**—loved and held dear and precious.

And hopes and fears that kindle hope,
And undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes all subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

Hopes and fears that bring into being new hopes are like a confused mass of feelings and emotions that sometimes crowd upon our mind. There are many wishes which the exigencies of circumstances for us to curb and control. These wishes we subdue but we value them all the more. Genevieve had feelings of love but she had suppressed those wishes with a conscious effort. Now that the external check was removed,

she expressed her feelings eloquently both in words and action.

Stanza 20. **She wept with pity and delight,**
She blushed with love, and virgin-shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Pity and joy moved her to tears. She had pity for me because she had kept her feelings in the background for such a long time and she was happy because these feelings had now become clear and apparent. She blushed with shame and love, but this action of hers was quite compatible with her maidenly modesty. In slow and soft tones, like sounds heard in a dream, she murmured my name.

Stanza 21. **Bosom**—breast. **Suddenly**—all at once. **Timorous eye**—timid eye which is easily alarmed.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside
As conscious of my look she stepped
Then suddenly—with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

Her emotions were deeply stirred ; she began to pant and her bosom rose and fell and she went away to one side because she knew I was looking at her intently. Then she turned round and with eyes showing fear and alarm, she ran up to me and burst into tears. The poet means to say that when she realised that she too loved me, she was alarmed and frightened. At first she made a show as if she wanted to avoid me and was on the point of going away from me ; but suddenly she came back to me afraid and weeping, because she now felt that those feelings of love which she had curbed and controlled so far could not be kept a secret now.

Stanza 22. **Enclosed**—embraced me. **Pressed**—embraced hugged. **Meek**—humble, her embrace indicated humbleness and submission rather than force of passion or aggressiveness.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace ;

And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

She came to me and very tenderly put her arms around me. Like a true and modest woman, her attitude indicated humbleness and submission. She bent her head backwards and stared me full in the face.

Stanza 23. **It was partly love, and partly fear**—She did this partly out of love for me and partly because the narration of the story of that knight had frightened her. **And partly it was a bashful art**—this was done by her also because she was after all a woman and felt shy of showing her love to me. **Bashful**—shy.

That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart

She was violently agitated by her feelings; but she embraced me so that I might feel the strong palpitation of her heart due to the effect of love. She did not want to confess her love for me in words and thus by embracing me she made me feel the swelling of her heart and I was able to find out how deeply she was swayed by the feelings of love.

Stanza 24. **Calmed her fears**—removed her fears. **Virgin pride**—then she told me all about her love with a dignity befitting a maiden—**Bright**—fine and radiant.

VIII. IMPORTANT PASSAGES EXPLAINED WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

(a) **She listened with a flitting blush,**
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not chuse
But gaze upon her face.

These lines are taken from the poem *Love* written by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. In it the poet tells us that he was in love with Genevieve but she did not return his

love. One evening the two were sitting on the slope of a hill when the poet sang to her a song about a knight who loved the Lady of the Land but she did not care for him. Thus the knight pined away with sorrow and finally went mad.

In these lines the poet says that as he continued his narration of the tale in the form of a poem——and the song took on a sorrowful and tragic tone, she listened to it attentively and a blush just came and passed over her face. She looked downwards and about her there was a charming modesty which befitted a maiden. She felt shy and ashamed because she knew very well that during our meeting I continued looking at her face steadily. I was so much in love with her that there was no alternative for me but to look at her face.

(*b*) **And that unknowing what he did,**
He leaped amid a murderous band
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land.

These lines are taken from the poem 'Love' written by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The poet narrated to his beloved the love story of the knight whose stone statue stood near by. The Lady of the Land whom the knight loved did not reciprocate his love and the knight became mad on account of unreturned love. But even when he had lost all sense of proportion of things, in his heart he kept intact his love for the lady. In the course of his wanderings over hills and dales he met a band of ruffians who had abducted his lady-love. Still unconscious of what he did, he suddenly launched an attack on those wicked people and liberated the Lady of the Land from their clutches. His timely and opportune help saved her honour, otherwise she would surely have been violated and dishonoured.

(*c*) **I calmed her fears, and she was calm,**
And told her love with virgin pride,
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

These lines are taken from the poem "*Love*" written by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The poet was in love with a young woman named Genevieve. She did not return his love and the poet explained to her the condition he was in. Very cleverly he did so allegorically. He narrated to her the story of a knight who became mad because his love was not returned by his sweetheart. Coleridge narrated the story in such a pathetic tone that Genevieve's heart was affected and she became frightened. Coleridge says, "I calmed her fears and she told me how much she loved me. With maidenly reserve and modesty she admitted that she too loved me. Thus was it that I succeeded in winning over Genevieve and she became my bride.

IX. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Explain the methods used by the poet to win over Genevieve.

Ans. See the Summary.

29. SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

BY

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

I. THE POET

George Gordon, Lord Byron, was born on January 22, 1788 in London. He was singularly unfortunate in both his parents. In 1798 on the death of his great-uncle he inherited the family title and an estate impoverished by the spendthrift life of his ancestors. On coming of age in 1809, he took his seat in the House of Lords. He married in 1815, but husband and wife parted in 1816, after signing the deed of separation. Byron left England never to return. Byron was by nature an iconoclast and during the short period of his life which he passed in England he had a most reckless and unprincipled life. He set at nought all that was held dear and respectable by the Victorian English society.

"Whatever view we British people may hold of Byron's work, there can be no doubt that on the Continent he was in his own days, and still is in ours, one of the greatest figures in English literature" (*Compton Ricket*, page 362.)

"Lacking the intensity of Wordsworth, the subtlety of Coleridge, the receptivity of Keats, the aeriel fire of Shelley, Byron possessed a vigour and breadth of imagination beyond that of any contemporary. Nowhere is this more agreeably illustrated than in his love of Nature."

(*Compton Ricket*, page 333.)

The chief qualities of Byron as poet are his broad and all-embracing imagination, his love for liberty and his forceful powers of narration. Byron is the product of the French Revolution and no appreciation of him as a poet is possible unless we have full knowledge about him as a man. Byron had a complex nature, and if not one of the greatest poets of the world, there are few literary personalities more interesting than he. He is undoubtedly a powerful force in English Literature.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

This poem is written by Byron in praise of ideal feminine beauty. The poet feels that his beloved is beautiful like a cloudless and sunny sky. Her fine, black hair is beautiful like the ideas that live in her pure mind. Her cheeks and brow have a calm look and are smooth. Her smiles are so charming and fresh that she looks like a lady who has spent her days in innocent and maidenly occupations.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Byron has at his command one of the most serviceable and efficient vocabu'aries. He has force of language at his command and when he is really inspired he proves to be one of the descriptive poets. This poem is not a description of the beauty of any particular woman. It is rather a general description of ideal beauty. In a few words Byron manages to paint the picture of a maiden who has all the good qualities, both of the head and the heart. She is perfect in form and features.

IV. SUBSTANCE

All the romance and beauty associated with starry night meet in her face. She has black curly hair. Her face has a smoothness and her appearance a calm which indicate that her mind is the home of pure and good ideas.

Her heart is innocent and in her mind there reigns perfect peace.

V. SUMMARY

She is beautiful like the starry and cloudless night, Her appearance and aspect are tender and mellow like the night. She is not bright or gaudy like the day.

Her hair is curly and black, and is perfectly beautiful. her face is brightened by a grace which is the outcome of the serenity of her mind.

Her cheeks and brows are indicative of calm which is the outcome of the purity and innocence of her heart.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. She is beautiful like the starry night in a climate where there are no clouds. She has black eyes and they have in them the essence of the beauty of night. The beauty of the night is more mature than the beauty of day which is always bright and showy.

Stanza 2. She has a grace and beauty so complete and perfect that the slightest increase or decrease in it would adversely affect that properly balanced beauty. She has beautiful black hair which give her face a grace and portray the serenity and calm that prevails in her mind because her thoughts are simple and pure.

Stanza 3. Her cheeks and brows are eloquent and expressive of the calm that is in her mind. Her smiles and beauty win you over and impress upon you the goodness of her heart which is full of innocent love. Her mind is at peace because she is a pure and simple maiden.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **She walks in beauty**—she is so beautiful that wherever she goes, she takes with her a halo of beauty. The poet means to say that wherever she goes beauty goes with her.

Like the night of cloudless climes—like the night of a country where no clouds come and the sky being clear, the stars shine brightly. The beloved of the poet is beautiful like a starry night. **Starry skies—**Sky which is clear and the stars are shining brightly. Byron has here in his mind the land of Italy where the atmosphere is

generally cloudless and stars shine with a brilliance unknown to England and other cold countries of the North. **Aspect**—expression or appearance.

> **And all that is the best of dark and bright**
> **Meet in her aspect and her eyes**

The last few years of his life Byron passed in Italy and this poem appears to have been inspired by his love for some Spanish or Italian belle. Men and women of Spain and Italy have black eyes and hair and are generally swarthier in complexion as compared to people of Northern Europe. The Spaniards and Italians have Moorish and Arab mixture of parentage too.

In these lines he says that this lady's face and eyes possess all that could be called the best in darkness and brilliance. He means to say that her face which was dark in hue, was beautiful to look at and her eyes were dark and bright. **Mellowed**—well-matured and softened. **Tender light**—not very bright or dazzling lights. Under a starry night though it is not dark the light is also not very dazzling or bright. **Heaven**—heavenly power, *i.e.*, God. **Gaudy**—showy and bright, the poet calls the day gaudy because in the other Mediterranean countries the light of the sun is dazzlingly bright. **Denies**—does not give.

> **Thus mellowed to that tender light**
> **Which heaven to gaudy day denies**

This lady is dark-complexioned. So the poet compares her beauty to the beauty of night and says that her charm and beauty are mature and softened and she is not dazzling or bright like the daylight. Perhaps the lady is of a mature age and the poet compares her ripened and sober charms to the night when sobriety and calm prevails all over the world.

Stanza 2. **Impaired**—weakened, lessened. **The nameless grace**—her beauty and charm are such that they cannot be given any particular name.

> **One shade the more, one ray the less**
> **Had half impaired the nameless grace,**

The poet says in her beauty of face and form there is a perfection and the least bit of change would have affected that beauty adversely. God had properly matched dark and light in her appearance. Both are just in that correct measure to set off each other's beauty and any change would be undesirable. If one shade of darkness increases or if a ray of light vanishes, the balance would be upset and the charm would go. Her beauty is inexpressible and can in no way he improved upon. **Which waves**—which is seen in the form of waves. **Raven**—crow, black. **Tress**—a lock of hair. **Softly**—gently and tenderly. **Lightens**—gives a charm to her face.

Which waves in every raven trees
Or softly lightens over her face.

In the aspect, there is combination of perfect colours. Her raven black tresses have waves in them and these fully befit her beautiful face. This presence of these black hair lends a further charm to her face. The white face is set off by the black hair on her head. Thus the beauty of both the face and the hair becomes more pronounced. **Serenely**—calmly and quietly. **Sweet express**—make it properly clear.

Where thoughts serenely express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

The expression of her face makes it abundantly clear that her mind is the home of sweet and pure ideas. She is a woman of pure and innocent thoughts. Beauty of face and form when it is combined with piety of thoughts makes her all the more attractive and desirable. She is that unique combination of goodness where purity of thought and beauty of form are found in one and the same person. Her face is lighted by an angelic and divine beauty and this purity of expression and face is a proof of the purity of her mind and goodness of her heart.

Stanza 3. **Eloquent**—expressing fluently. **Tints**—colours and hues. **Glow**—shine. **Days in goodness spent**—her looks show that her past life was passed in

doing good things and performing noble deeds. **Below**—on the earth, in this world. **Innocent**—pure.

And on that cheek and O'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
And mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

Over her whole face there is calm and quiet expression. Her face is not only smooth and physically attractive but there is also a serenity pervading her whole facial expression which is very expressive. Her smiles are beautiful and charming and the colour and complexion become bright with health and beauty; but they also tell the world in unmistakeable terms that she is a good and pure woman. This tranquillity of the face is indicative of the calm that reigns in her mind. Her ideas are gentle, virtuous and good. Therefore her face has an expression of innocence and calm.

VIII. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. What is Byron's conception of ideal beauty?
Ans. See Critical Appreciation.

30. THE INDIAN SERENADE

BY
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

I. THE POET

Percy Bysshe Shelley was the eldest son of an old county family, and was born on August 4, 1792. He was a lad of lovable but independent and energetic temperament. He was generous in disposition. Many of his contemporaries have likened him to a flower: "An elegant and slender flower whose head drooped from being surcharged with rain." He had large, beautiful blue eyes, long bushy hair, delicate features and a strong but slender figure. This grace of delicacy remained with him till his death. He was educated first at Eton and then at Oxford. He published his pamphlet. *The Necessity of Atheism*, and was expelled

from the college. He married Harriet Westbrook in 1812 but within two years the relations between husband and wife became strained and in 1814 Shelley left London openly with Mary Godwin.

"Shelley exhaled verse as a flower exhales fragrance, and just as the fragrance of a blossom varies in quality and power, so did Shelley's verse vary in poetic merit."

(*Compton Rickett,* page 337)

Shelley had in him the reformer's spirit which was the natural outcome of his love for the French Revolution and its ideals. Poetry came to him as naturally as leaves come to a tree. Among the later romanticists he is perhaps the only poet about which it can safely be said that he never wrote a single line which is unpoetical.

The visionary quality of the verse of Shelley and his too powerful imagination often make his poems obscure and unintelligible. There is about his entire person an unearthliness which justifies the name 'Ariel' given to him by his famous French biographer Andre Maurois. He is an idealist having faith in the future of mankind. Like all other Romantic poets the vein of pessimism runs through all his poems; but in spite of this tragic want of faith Shelley is hopeful of the future regeneration of the mankind. He believes that through universal 'Love' a betterment of humanity would surely accrue.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

This poem is a song sung by the love under the window of his beloved. The poet says, "I arise from your dreams and unconsciously my feet bring me under your window. The wind is faintly blowing and the sweet smell of "Champak" flower is diffused all over the atmosphere. I am reminded of you and come to you. I faint and lie upon the grass. My lips and eyelids are pale and my heart is beating very fast. Have pity on me and press my heart against yours where it would surely break with pain and suffering."

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Shelley's poems have a tragic note running through them and so is the case of this poem. The lover is in a sorrowful mood on account of separation from his beloved. In this serenade, he gives expression to all the suffering pent up in his heart. The poem is a lyric and Shelley as a poet is at his best while writing lyrics and particularly short ones. In the case of his longer poems, he often becomes obscure; but here his ideas are clear like the day and are very easy to follow. This is a love-song full of tender and beautiful sentiments. The poet appears to have been overcome by his love and admiration for his sweetheart and in the darkness of the night goes charmed to her window. He pleads to her to have mercy on him and reciprocate his love so that his own breaking heart may at least find peace.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The poem is a serenade and as such in a simple but impassioned language expresses the feelings that surge in the lover's heart. The lover feels miserable on account of long and continued separation from his beloved. His sleep is disturbed and his song dies in his heart like the song of the nightingale which becomes choked in her heart. He is cold and white with suffering and his heart is beating fast on account of love and suffering.

V. SUMMARY

While the night is still young I wake up from dreams about you. The night is starry, a breeze is blowing wafting the odour of flowers and my feet automatically take me under the window of the room of my sweetheart.

The blowing breeze stops, the night is silent and my heart is full of passionate love for you. Feelings surge up and choke my heart and come to you because you are the person I love.

On account of the intensity of feelings, I faint and drop on the grass. If you love me and kiss me I would surely revive. I have gone cold and white with suffering. You alone have it in your power to give me a fresh lease of life.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. I wake up from dreams about you in the first part of night. At that time a gentle breeze is blowing and the stars are shining bright in the sky. I arise from your dreams and somehow or other my feet bring me to this place under the window of your room.

Stanza 2. The blowing wind becomes stationery, the night is dark, the flowing water of the stream checks its course and the odour of Champak flowers becomes weaker. Sweet thoughts about you come into my mind and die away, like the song of the nightingale which gets suffocated in its throat. In the same way I will die against your heart since you are the person I love so passionately.

Stanza 3. I have fainted and have fallen on the grass, I am going to die, help me and lift me up and express your love in the form of kisses given liberally upon my lips and eyelids which have gone pale with suffering. My cheeks are cold and pale and my heart is beating fast. If you bring me in close proximity with your own heart I am sure it would break with extreme joy.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Serenade**—evening song or instrumental music sung or played by a lover at his lady's window. **Arise**—get up. **First sweet sleep of night**—first part of the night when sleep is most sound and refreshing. **Breathing low**—blowing slowly.

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low

"In the first part of night I am wakened from sleep by dreams about you and at that time a gentle breeze is blowing." The poet means to say that all the time ideas about his beloved remain in his mind and when he is asleep these ideas take the form of dreams and visit his mind. **And the stars are shining bright**—it was a clear and cloudless night and the stars were bright and shining. **And a spirit**

in my feet hath led me—"Without any particular intention, I find myself under the window of your room." The poet says it appears that there is some inner power guiding my feet to your home and soon I find myself standing under the window of your room. **Hath led me**—has guided my feet. **Who knows how**—nobody knows how or why. **Sweet**—dear sweetheart.

Stanza 2. **Wandering air**—which goes about moving all over the earth. **The faint**—the air stops blowing, there comes a perfect lull. **Champak**—an Indian tree, bearing orange-cloured flowers which are highly fragrant.

The silent stream
And the champak's odours pine
Like sweet thoughts in a dream.

The night becomes so permeated with calm and quiet that even the flowing waters of the river appear to have stopped and the fragrance of champak flowers does not fly about in the breeze but appears to have died away like thoughts that cross our mind while we dream.

The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart

The nightingale is in such a plaintive mood that she faints and can sing no more. Her lament, thus, dies in her very heart and she does not find it possible to give full expression to it.

As I must on thine - in the same way I must die upon your breast. As sweet dreams in sleep and the song of the nightingale are short-lived, in the same way the intensity of my feelings is so great that I cannot possibly live long. The moment I attain real union with you there is every possibility that the intensity of my emotions will choke my life.

O beloved as thou art

Although you are the person I love much, it is possible you may prove to be the cause of my death.

Stanza 3. **I faint**—I swoon. **I fail**—my life fails, I die.

Let thy love in kisses rain

Kiss me repeatedly and as often as the rain falls from the clouds. Let your kisses be imprinted thick and fast like drops of rain falling from the sky.

On my lips and eyelids pale—on my lips and eyelids which have become pale with suffering and pain.

My cheek is cold and white –I have grown pale and white with suffering and low vitality ; my cheeks are cold and have become white on account of ill-health.

My heart beats loud and fast—I am excited because of love and because I am standing under the window of the lady I am in love with. My heart is beating so fast that it produces a loud sound.

O press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last !

The poet says, "I am very much agitated and the only thing that can make me calm and quiet is your close proximity. If you press me close in an embrace, my loudly beating heart would suddenly collapse and I would die."

This stanza is typical of Shelley's thoughts. Like Keats he had a haunting fear of impending death and this fear of death overtaking him soon, is expressed in practically most of his lyrics. In the *Ode to the West Wind*, the *Ode to the Skylark* and this poem, this fear is voiced. Shelley appears to have failed to adjust himself to the conditions as they prevailed in the world. He came into conflict with the adverse circumstances which he could not control or change. Being a highly sensitive person he suffered so acutely that his physical and mental faculties appeared to have become paralysed. This is, perhaps, the reason why one critic calls him a 'beautiful angel beating his wings against the world in vain.'

VIII. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Critically appreciate this poem.

Ans. See Critical Appreciation.

31. RUTH

BY
THOMAS HOOD

I. THE POET

(See the note to poem No. 8 *I Remember, I Remember* by the same poet in the Part I of the book).

II. CENTRAL IDEA

The poem is about a country maiden who stood in the midst of brown ripened corn. She was sunburnt and on her face there was a flush and she appeared like a red poppy flower growing in the midst of brown ripened corn. Her coal black tresses fell upon her forehead. Her hat had a broad brim, her forehead was covered with curls of hair and her beautiful eyes were shining. She was so beautiful that her mere presence in that corn field was a living praise of God.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The characteristic beauty of this poem lies in the appropriately fine description of the objects of beauty in nature. The village maiden may not be beautiful if refined standards of beauty were applied to her, yet she appears beautiful because she is presented to us against a background of nature. The maiden and the autumnal beauty of the fields are in perfect accord with each other and the two together present to the reader an atmosphere which is to be taken as a whole. The comparison of the flushed face of the maiden with the red poppy flower growing in the ripe corn-field lends a grace to her figure.

IV. SUBSTANCE

Ruth standing in the midst of a corn field looked so beautiful that she appeared to be the sweetheart of the sun. This poem is a fine example of pictures painted with words. The poet manages to convey to us the full significance of this girl standing breast high in the midst of the corn-field. Ruth is beautiful and so is nature. The two are in complete accord and the one is not complete without the

other. Her hat with a shady brim, black hair, sunburnt skin and shining eyes are all flooded with the light of the sun.

V. SUMMARY

The poet saw Ruth standing in the midst of a corn field. She was enveloped by the golden light of the sun. She was so bright that she looked like the sweetheart of the sun.

Her face was flushed and red. In the midst of that ripe corn she looked like a red coloured poppy flower.

Her disarranged hair fell in the form of locks and her eyes shone bright under her long eyelashes.

Her black hair came out from under her broad-brimmed hat. As she stood there in that corn field, she was a living praise and glory of God.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. The poet saw Ruth standing in a cornfield, the corn was ripe and was yellow in colour and came up to the breast of Ruth. She was enveloped by the golden light of the morning sun and she appeared to be the sweetheart of the sun.

Stanza 2. Her face was red and flushed on account of sunlight and in the midst of that cornfield she looked like a red poppy flower. The corn of a brown colour set off the red colour of her face.

Stanza 3. Her disarranged black hair fell in the form of locks on her eyes and nobody could give a verdict as to which of the two was more black, her eyes or her hair. Her long eyelashes protected a pair of dazzling bright and black eyes.

Stanza 4. Her hat had a broad brim which protected her eyes from the glare of the sun. Her forehead on which fell her tresses was not very bright because it was shaded by the brim of his hat. In this condition, she stood in the midst of sheaves of corn. She was a living tribute to the glory of God.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Breast-high**—Ruth stood in the midst of sheaves of stacked corn which were as high as her breast. **Amid**—in the midst of. **Clasped**—embraced, enveloped. **Clasped by the golden light of morn**—The light of the morning sun had spread all around her and she was bathed (steeped) in that golden light. **Like the sweetheart of the sun**—she was enveloped by the light of the sun and the poet thinks that she was the beloved of the sun and therefore the sunlight embraced her lovingly. **Glowing**—shining.

Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

Bathed in the light of the sun, she appeared to be the beloved of the sun who had won many bright kisses from her, *i.e.*, the light of the morning sun came and kissed her lovingly.

Stanza 2. **Autumn**—خزاں **Flush**—reddening of the face. **Deeply ripened**—fully matured.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripened.

Corn had ripened and crops had been moved and stacked in sheaves. Since Ruth was a village girl she led an outdoor life. Exposure to the sun had tanned her skin and made it brown in colour, just like the colour of ripened corn. Her face already tanned by the summer was flushed by the light of the sun and appeared all the more matured. **Blush**—red colour.

Such a blush
In the midst of brown was born.

The sheaves of dried corn lying all around were brown in colour while the face of Ruth was red. The brown of the corn set off the red of her face and made it more prominent.

Like red poppies grown with corn—The red colour of the poppy flower became more strikingly discernible if a stray poppy grew in some field of corn. The poet means to say that Ruth with her red blushing face looked like a poppy flower in the midst of a corn field. **Poppy**—پوست. **Poppy flower**—گل لالہ.

Stanza 3. **Tresses**—locks of hair. **Blackest**—the most black.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell.

Her black, unruly hair was ruffled, perhaps by the blowing wind, and black locks fell about her eyes. Nobody could say which of the two was more black. Black eyes and black hair are considered to be a mark of extraordinary beauty in the Northern countries of Europe. People of these regions have white complexion, auburn and light coloured red or grey hair and violet or brown eyes. Black hair and black eyes are generally very rare. Thus a combination of white complexion with black eyes and black hair is not only rare but is also considered a mark of extraordinary beauty and is therefore much prized. Ruth had raven black hair and eyes, they were so black that it was not an easy affair to see which of the two was more black. **Lashes**—پلکیں. **Veiled**—covered. **Light**—light of the eyes, radiant eyes are a sign of health and mark of beauty:

But long lashes veil'd a light
That had else been all too bright

She had long and beautiful eyelashes and these covered and protected the bright black eyes under them. If this covering had not been there it would have become impossible to look upon her eyes. They were so dazzlingly bright.

Stanza 4. **Shady brim**—broad brim which shaded and thus protected the eyes from the glare of the sun. **Tressy**—covered with stray locks of hair. **Dim**—not bright because the broad brim of her hat shaded this part of her face from sunshine.

And her hat with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim

She was wearing a broad brimmed hat ; thus her forehead did not get a glare of the sunlight while the rest of her face was made radiant by the bright light of the autumn sun.

Stooks— sheaves, bundles of corn gathered in heaps.

Praising God with sweetest looks

She was a beautiful and fine figure in the midst of those gathered bundles of corn. She was sweet to look at that everybody who saw her praised God who had created such a fine specimen of feminine beauty. Thus she was a living tribute to the glorious creativeness of God.

VIII. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Critically appreciate this poem bringing out the points of its beauty.

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

32. GIVE ALL TO LOVE

BY

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

I. THE POET

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born on May 25, 1803 at Boston. For generations past the Emerson had been priests and divines. Ralph Waldo Emerson's father was a pastor of the Unitarian Church in Boston at the time of his death in 1811. Thus the early years of the life of Ralph Waldo Emerson passed in extreme poverty and want. In 1817 Emerson entered the Harvard University. Emerson's first book, "*Nature*", was published in 1836. Emerson is the voice of conscience of New England. There is something curiously impersonal about his writings. His approach to the problems of life is that of a mystic ; but unluckily his mysticism has no warmth or passion about it. It is a mysticism adulterated by a logical and rationalistic approach to the problems pertaining to the realm of spirit. The purpose of life, according to Emerson, is to acquaint man with his own powers and limitations. The subject matter of most of his poems is not original. He

generally writes about topics already tackled, but he gives them a freshness through his novel technique of handling his subject matter. As a writer of prose he resembles Carlyle whom he owned as his spiritual mentor.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

The poet says that love is a force by itself and is, therefore, not to be trifled with. All the good and important things of life should be dedicated to 'Love' to make it successful and perfect. The mean and the coward cannot be true lovers : but the lover in this poem does possess a brave heart. If rejected by his mistress, he would surely put on a bold face on the affair and will not love the woman who slights his self-respect.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

In simple language Emerson very clearly discusses the two aspects of the picture of love. True love, if mutual and reciprocated, demands full attention and no sacrifice is too great for such a love. Name, fame, wealth, credit and hopes should all be freely sacrificed at the altar of such love. If the woman does not care for him, he should also have no regard for her and should give her up.

The lover of this poem is somewhat like the lover of the poem *Lover's Resolution* who says :

"If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go."

Otherwise the poem is in the true style of Emerson. There is no passion or lyrical outburst in it. The poet maintains a cool and detatched attitude of a rationalistic mystic.

IV. SUBSTANCE

All things should be sacrificed to love, friends, relatives, wealth, fame and good name can all be made subordinate to love and its interests. Love is a brave master and if properly served lifts the lover high. If however this love is not requited or properly valued by the beloved it should be eschewed entirely because when half-gods go, gods will surely come.

V. SUMMARY

Love should be given top-priority and all other forces should be subordinated to it.

Love is the master of all other feelings and as such should get full scope to develop and flourish. It can bless us with hope. It is a god who can lift us up to heaven.

The true love must possess the best courage. The reward one gets is that one goes on ascending higher and higher and becomes better than one was before coming under the influence of love.

All energies should be reserved for love and we should strive to achieve unselfish and divine love.

If you are in love with a maiden then stick to her but if she doubts your faith, the proper course for you would be to spurn her and give her up.

Even if you love her better than your own self but she has no true love for you, you must give her up, because when half-gods go away true gods replace them soon.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Sacrifice eveything for love and follow the dictates of your heart. Friends, relatives, time, wealth, good name, schemes, money and poetry all should be made to serve one particular cause, *viz*., 'Love.'

Stanza 2. Love is a noble and worthy master and should be given every chance to develop to the full. Our devotion to this cause should be full and indistinct. If we love with a singleness of purpose, our outlook becomes widened and we fly higher and higher. It is a god who knows its ways and can guide us through doors of spiritual knowledge.

Stanza 3. Love is not meant for the mean person. It needs a strong and brave heart. The lover must have a soul full of faith and a courage without blame. The reward of having these qualities will be that the lover will fly high up in the upper sphere and will come down a better and nobler man. Leave every other thing for the sake of love. Listen to me, one day's love, to be loved and to love

for one day only counterbalances the rest of life. The next day love may go and you may become free as an Arab.

Stanza 4. If your are in love with a maiden, then it is your foremost duty to stick to her. But if you notice even one stray feeling of doubt in her heart or in her actions, if she feels the least bit of joy while away from you, you may take it for granted that her love for you is at an end. Now you should not cling to her and should not value the gifts she gives to you.

Stanza 5. Previously you may have loved her more than your own self and though separation from here might have made your life so dark and miserable as to lose all charm in life. Yet you must now give her up because she does not reciprocate your love. Do not feel sad over it because the going away of half-gods means the coming of real gods.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Give all to love**—all forces and agencies should be made to work in the interest of love. **Obey thy heart**—the heart is the seat of all our feelings and is the centre of love ; the poet advises every one to follow the dictates of heart. Emotions and feelings he says, should be given more importance than every other thing related to life. **Kindred**—relatives, near and dear ones. **Estate**—property. **Good fame**—good name. **Plans**—schemes of life. **Credit**—wealth. **Muse**—poetry and fine arts. **Nothing refuse**—all the above mentioned attributes are essential to a good life ; but they all must be made subservient to the interests of love These should be used as the agencies which feed the flame of love so as to make it blossom and bloom.

Stanza 2. **'Tis**—love. **Brave master**—is an honest, good and courageous master. (ایک اچھا آقا ہے). **Let it have scope**—let love have a free play and develop freely and to its full capacity. **Follow it utterly**—follow love with a singleness of purpose. You must follow love and act up to it and eschew all other activities; because true love is an all-consuming fire and in its presence all other activities of human mind

take on a subsidiary role. **Hope beyond hope**—when we are in love, our outlook on life becomes sanguine and we become hopeful to such an extent that we begin to dream and hope about things which ordinarily are beyond our reach.

High and more high
It dives into noon

Our hopes and aspirati ns rise higher under the effect of love. They rise and reach their zenith, *i.e.*, they become perfect. **Wing**—power of flying. **Unspent**—not fatigued or tired out. **Untold**—not expressed in words secret. **Intent**—purpose, aim, مقصد . **But it is a god**—love is an unearthly and divine power and has a supernatural purpose in this world.

Knows its own path
And the outlets of the sky.

Since love is a divine and sacred power, it has full power and control over itself and knows the ways it has to adopt in life, since it is a divine and spiritual power it knows the ways and means to enter the spiritual world of heaven.

Stanza 3. **It was never for the mean**—only a noble and good man can become a good and faithful lover. Love is a domain in which the mean and the low can achieve no success. **It requireth courage stout**—to be successful in love it is necessary that the lover should have courage to face the various ups and downs which will beset him in the course of love. **Souls above doubt**—The true lover must possess faith. Here Emerson makes a reference to the faithless age of science against which he, Carlyle and Ruskin had raised the voice of protest. A true lover can be he alone who has faith in God and heavenly powers and who is free from doubts, etc., which formed the prevailing trend of thought of Emerson's times. **Valour**—courage, bravery. **Unbending**—which does not bend or submit.

Valour unbending
It will reward.

If the lover has true courage and is not easily diverted from his intentions he will surely be rewarded by "Love."

They shall return
More than they were,
And ever ascending
Leave all for love ;

Lovers who are courageous will go on climbing higher and higher. They will cross more and more stages of mental and moral progress and will become more perfect. When they come back from the realms of love they will be better men than before. They will then try to climb higher and cross more stages for the advancement of the cause of love.

Behove—it is incumbent upon you. **Firm**—strong. **Endeavour**—effort.

Yet, hear me, yet,
One word more thy heart behoved,
One pulse more of firm endeavour.

The poet says it is possible that in love many a time it may so appear to you that all your efforts to win the love of your lady-love are vain and ineffective, you should not at the first sigh at failure and lose heart, but make one more bid for securing the love of your sweetheart. **Keep thee today**—put up with her one day more, *i.e.*, give her one more chance, perhaps she may now begin to reciprocate your love. **Free as an Arab**—Arabs are nomads. They wander all over the country and are proverbial for their love of freedom. The poet says when you find that your lady-love does not at all requite your love then you can safely give her up. You will then be absolved from all blame and may freely wander about wherever your sweet will takes you.

Stanza 4. **Cling**—stick, do not give up. **Cling with**

life to the maid—the poet says if your beloved loves you then do not give her up ; rather stick to her at every cost.

But when the surprise,
First vague shadow of surmise
Flits across her bosom young
Of a joy apart from thee

If and when you notice some surprise on her part when you meet her, you may rest assured that she has given up loving you. That surprise indicates that dim shadows of doubt have begun to be born in her mind. Doubts in the domain of love are the precursors of final separation and break-up of relations. **Vague**—dim. **Shadow**—reflected image. **Surmise**—conjecture, suspicion (شک).

Of a joy apart from thee
Free be she, fancy-free.

The poet says when you notice that your beloved feels more pleasure when she is alone rather than in your company, then you must let her go. Let her be free of your love and you should no longer be a burden on her fancy. **Fancy Free**—you must set her imagination free. Formerly she loved you and her imagination had your image fixed on it ; now you must rest assured that she will not love you. You must, therefore, let her go and not hanker after her. **Detain**—keep back, hold (روکنا). **Vesture**—dress (پوشاک). **Hem**—border, edge (کور). **Palest rose**—withered and dried up flower. **Flung**—threw. **Diadem**—crown, plain or jewelled fillet (ایک قسم کا زیور). **Summer diadem**—fillet prepared from summer roses.

Nor thou detain her vesture's hem
Nor the palest rose she flung
From her summer diadem

When she has given up loving you, it is your duty to protect your self-respect. You must surely give her up

and you must not hold the border of her dress to stop her from going away as was your habit in the past. Formerly she loved you, but now she does not and you have now no right to detain her. Nor should you now keep the rose which she gives you out of the rose fillet she is wearing. Formerly such a present from her used to be of a special value because she loved you. Now since she has given up loving you, it is your moral duty not to attach any significance to a gift from her.

Stanza 5. **Though thou loved her as thyself**—though at one time you were so much in love with her that you valued her more than your own self.

As a self of purer clay

You loved her more than you loved your own self because you thought she was made of a better stuff than you.

Though her parting dims the day

Since she does not love you, your self-respect demands that you should give her up even if separation from her makes your day dim, *i.e.*, separation might darken your life and make you miserable.

Stealing grace from all alive

Separation from her might take away from you all the joy and pleasures which make life charming and attractive. Self-respect will force you to give her up even if this renunciation deprives you of all the joys of life.

Heartily know—know it well, bear it in mind and be happy over it.

When half-gods go
The gods arrive

These two lines are the moral and message of this poem. The love of woman, however pure and perfect it may be, is only half divine; having lost her, man is ready for a more and greater perfect love, *i.e.*, the love for humanity. Particularised love yields its place to

universal love. The poet says, "your beloved was on'y a 'half-god' and if she has proved untrue, you may safely give her up because this love will soon be replaced by a more perfect love."

VIII. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. What message does Emerson give in his poem, *Give all to Love ?* **How far do you agree with him.**

Ans. See Summary and Critical Appreciation.

33. HOW DO I LOVE THEE

BY

ELIZABETH BARRET BROWNING

I. THE POETESS

Elizabeth, daughter of Edward Moultan Barret, was born at Coxboe Hall, Durham, on March 6, 1806. She was, by nature, studious, thoughtful and dreamy and lived in a world of books and had a keen love for Greek classics. She was eager and enthusiastic with a sensitive and strongly emotional nature. At the age of fifteen a spinal injury made her bed-ridden. She married Robert Browning and their marriage turned out to be one of the happiest unicns between two great minds. For all her limitations she is one of the greatest English poets. She has force, technical skill and a powerful imag:nation. The longest and technically the most perfect of her works is *Aurora Leigh*, a narrative but didactic poem in nine parts.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

The poetess says, "I love you to the greatest depth, breadth and height of love. I love you freely, purely and with a pass:on of purity that my love becomes hallowed by a sanctity which is divine. I am sure that my love will be immortal and after death, I will love you more than I do in my life."

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Elizabeth Barret Browning had written a large number

of sonnets addressed to her husband, the poet Robert Browning. The mood and tone of the poem is unselfish and noble love and a tenderness of feeling. She is happy in giving her love which wraps up her thoughts and emotions. The language is simple and in the limited scope of fourteen lines she manages to transfer to the reader a crowd of feelings.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The poete s says that my love is deep, tender and pure and comes from the inmost recesses of my being. It is a part and parcel of my self. It is so deep that I am sure that it will survive my death. Various are the ways in which I love you, but sincerity is the corner-stone of my affection.

V. SUMMARY

The poetess says, "How do I love ?" and herself answere the question. She says, "I love you with all the depth, breadth and height my soul can reach. I love you so much as a person needs a thing necessary for him. I love you as freely as men try to secure the right. I love you with an innocent faith which I possessed in my childhood. Though I love you so much, but I will love you more after death.

VI. PARAPHRASE

How do I love you ? Let one count the variety of ways in which I love you. I love you with the full intensity and depth of feelings my being is capable of. I love you freely and purely just like children. When you are out of sight my soul can reach up to you. I love you as much as one loves a thing needed by him As men make an effort to secure their right, so do I make sincere efforts to secure you. I love you with a passion similar to the one I felt in my childhood over the loss of some desired object. I love you with all my feelings and faculties and I am sure that I would continue to love you even after death because my love is immortal.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

How do I love thee ?—The poetess puts a question to

her husband and asks him how much she loved him ? **Let me count the ways**—she says, "Let me count the ways in which I love you. They are so many and varied." She means to say that her love is varied and diverse.

I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach

Mrs. Browning says to her husband that she loved him with an intensity and depth of feeling of which her whole self is capable. The examination of breadth and depth and height is attained by the love she has for her husband.

When feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace

When to catch a glimpse of ultimate reality and ideal beauty I stretch my imagination so far as to be beyond the range of normal vision.

I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need

I need you more than all the needs of my life. My love is quiet and silent ; but it is a love on which depends the whole being of my self.

By sun and candle light—The poetess says to her husband that she needs him during all the twenty-four hours of the day. **Sun**—means day when the sun shines. **Candle-light**—darkness of the night when candles are lighted.

I love thee freely, as men strive for right—Her love is a love free from the alloy (mixture) of selfishness. She says, "I love you in the same way as free men love righteousness for its own sake. I do not love you for selfish motives. My love is merely love for love's sake."

I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise—She says, "My love is pure and is like the dislike that righteous men have for flattery and praise." She means to say that her love is not the result of the desire to please ; it is a pure and honest love.

I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith
I love thee with a love I seem'd to lose
With my lost saints

My love is intense and deep and is like a passion which is the cause of our grief in childhood. In childhood we love things with a singleness of purpose and intensity which is lost with the advance in age. Just as the sorrows of childhood are passionate and deep, in the same way my love for you is deep and passionate. I love you sincerely and my love for you has restored to me once again that faith which I had lost in my saints. Love for you has restored to me once more my faith and belief in all that is holy and sacred.

I love thee with the breath
Smiles, tears, all my life !—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death

Breathing, smiling, and weeping are a part and parcel of our life and no living person can claim that he or she has lived without these. Mrs. Browning says that love is an essential factor completing her life just as smiles, tears, and breathing constitute her very life. If God wishes it so she shall be able to love him even better after death. She believes in the sincerity of her love and hopes that her love would be immortal and her soul will continue loving even when physical life has come to an end. The last few lines of the poem express the poetess's faith in the life to come and she is sure that in after-life her love will continue and will take on a better and more spiritual form.

VIII. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Critically appreciate Mrs. Browning's sonnet, ***How do I love thee.***

Ans. See Critical appreciation.

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34. I ENVY NOT IN ANY MOODS

BY

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I. THE POET

"A guest arriving at a certain house in London, was awaiting his host in an apparently empty drawing-room, when a big, swarthy man in evening dress rose suddenly from the rug in front of the fire and growled out in a melancholy voice : 'I must introduce myself : I am Septimus, the most morbid of the Tennysons.'

(*Compton Rickett*, page 407).

"A fine, large featured, dim-eyed, bronze-coloured, shaggy-headed man is Alfred; dusky, smoky, free and easy; who swims outwardly and inwardly, with great composure, in an articulate element as of tranquil chaos and tobacco-smoke, great now and then when he does emerge, as most restful, brotherly, solid-hearted man." (—*Thomas Carlyle*.)

Tennyson was born on August 6, 1809 at Somersby Rectory, Lincolnshire. In 1828 he went up with Charles to Trinity College, Cambridge where his brother Fredrick had preceded him. His physical apearance impressed everyone and a charm of personality attracted to him a host of friends.

As a poet Tennyson is at his best when dealing with actual and concrete beauty of the visible world. None could excel him in the vividness and clarity of description. His descriptions of nature are scientific and are meticulously detailed. Accurate observation and delicate poetic feelings happily blended. Everywhere the observation of the scientist is glorified by the sensibility of the artist and bare facts are dressed in lovely imagery. Tennyson is perhaps the best master of painting a picture in words. Tennyson treats love not as an elemental force but as a domestic sentiment. There are no great heights or depths about it, but it has a tender reserve, a graciousness, a homeliness that explain its popularity. The characters of practically all his poems are types rather than individuals.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

Tennyson had written a long poem called "*In Memoriam*," in honour of his deaı friend Hallam. These verses are an extract from that poem. Hallam was one of his most intimate friends who died in youth but Tennyson immortalized him in this poem. The poet says that he who has never had a friend cannot be expected to know what the loss of a dear friend means. "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.'

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

These lines are taken from *In Memoriam*, the poem written in memory of his dead friend, Hallam. Like the rest of the poem these lines too are heavily charged with the sorrow that enveloped the heart of the poet. The elegiac note is dominant. The poet had felt bitterly the loss of his dear friend. Time is a great healer of wounds and gradually consolation came to him. He learnt through suffering, of course, that although the death of a loved friend is a cruel loss and leaves behind a void, yet the loss has its ennobling value.

> " 'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all."

Loss makes us conscious of the value of the things we have. Tennyson has ably expressed this idea when he says that man, bird or beast who has not tasted the joys of freedom cannot feel the bitterness of captivity. If they had tasted the joys of freedom and love and had lost these, he would surely have felt envy for the superiority of knowledge gained by them through experience.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The poet does not envy the people who are captives and do not know the joys of freedom ; nor for those who have never plighted their faith and love to a friend and then lost him. He ably expresses his feelings on the subject in the oft-quoted lines.

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all."

V. SUMMARY

I do not envy the prisoner who is not conscious of the loss of freedom, nor the bird in a cage who has never known the freedom of living in a forest.

I do not feel envious of the freedom of action enjoyed by the beasts because they do not know the reproaches of conscience.

Nor should that person think himself blessed who has never had a dear friend who had promised him fidelity.

I think it an incontrovertible fact that it is better to love and lose than never to have loved at all.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. I do not feel envious of that captive who never at all feels the loss of freedom, the bird born in a case has no idea of the joys of liberty of the life of birds which live an open air life in a forest.

Stanza 2. The poet would not feel envious of the lot of that beast who enjoys full freedom of action and has no fear of doing wrong only because he happens to be entirely without that feeling of conscience which informs us about right and wrong.

Stanza 3. Nor could that heart call itself blessed who never promised faith and fidelity to a friend and then lost that friend whom he held so dear. He rots in an action and his rest is the rest due to want of proper work.

Stanza 4. I consider it a fact whatever may come to happen—and I feel it most of all when I am extremely sad—that it is better to have loved a person and then lost him than never to have loved at all.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Captive**—prisoner (قیدی). **Void**—without. **Noble rage**—justified anger. **Linnet**—a small song-bird. **Within**—shut up.

I envy not in any moods,

The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods.

The poet says, "whatever mood I may be in, I do not feel envious of the prisoner who has no feeling of having lost his freedom. The captive who is not conscious of the loss of his freedom is, in the opinion of Tennyson, a low and despicable person. The bird which is born and brought up in a cage has no ideas about the joys and liberty of the lives of birds who live in the forest and enjoy freedom and the free beauty of the forest in summer season. Tennyson is quite right because the loss of liberty and consequent captivity are of no consequence by themselves. Slavery and captivity pinch only when we compare these to independence and freedom. A bird who is hatched in a cage and is brought up in a cage cannot appreciate the joys of freedom. Such a bird if shut up in a cage, will not try to get out and even if it is let out of that cage it will not try to fly away. On the other hand a bird innured to the free life of a forest will feel restive and pine away if we shut it up in a cage. We feel the loss of a thing acutely only when we 'lose' it. Things are judged by comparison and contrast. Imprisonment is pinching only because we compare it with liberty.

Stanza 2. **Beast**—animal of the forest. **Licence**—freedom that knows no checks or restraint, *i.e.,* total freedom and where there is no subordination to any principles or rules of life ; 'licence' if carried too far generates lawlessness. **Field of time**—course of time. **Unfettered**—not bounded or checked. **Sense of crime**—distinction between right and wrong. **Conscience**—the inner faculty in human beings which guides by creating a distinction between right and wrong. **Never wake**—does not work.

I envy not the beast that takes
His licence in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes.

Tennyson says, "I do not feel envious of the beasts and animals of the forest. During their period of life, short or long, they enjoy a freedom of action which is not restricted by principles, rules, or laws and regulations laid down by government or society which circumscribe and limit their freedom. On the other hand in the forest the law of jungle prevails and the beasts have total freedom to do what they like. Survival of the fittest is the rule of life there and the weak invariably go to the wall. The beasts have no sense of right and wrong because they have no conscience which might guide them. Since they make no distinction between evil and good, it is but natural that all activity in their lives should be free from moral restraint. Man is the only animal in whom there is a conscience and who can distinguish between right and wrong. Of these animals the poet does not feel envious because they are a lower form of creation.

Stanza 3. **What**—that which. **Count**—consider. **Blest**—blessed. **Plighted**—promised. **Troth**—faith, fidelity, (حلف وفاداری). **Stagnates**—ceases to flow, becomes motionless having no current in it. **Weeds**—(خود رو پودے). **Sloth**—laziness. **Want begotten**—which was given birth to by want of activity due to laziness.

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth,
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth,
Nor any want-begotten rest.

The heart which never entered into any contract of friendship and gave a promise to be faithful to his friend cannot be considered to be a blessed heart. One who has never known friendship, faith and love that go with real friendship cannot be considered to be a happy or perfect heart. He is rather leading a life of no activity in the midst of self-growing plants and his laziness is the result of want of work. Such a person stagnates and rots for want of proper physical and mental activity because he lacks

that large-hearted love which is in fact the only basis on which can be created the edifice of love and faith.

Stanza 4. **Befall**—happen or come to pass.

I hold it true, what'er befall ;
I feel it, when I sorrow most ;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

Whatever may come to pass, Tennyson has a firm faith in the fact that it is much better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. This idea comes to him most forcefully when he is sad and pensive. In the last two lines a direct reference is made to the death of Hallam, the poet's friend. Love, he says, has an ennobling influence even when tha person loved is lost sooner than expected. He loved Hallam, who died and the poet was affected by a deep gloom and sorrow ; but he refuses to admit that his love for Hallam and faith in him were wasted. Rather he believes that he had gained a definite advantage. He had a better and noble Love, and the death of friend had chastened him and made him a better man.

VIII. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Of what poem do these stanzas form a part and what is the philosophy expounded in it ?

Ans. See Critical Appreciation.

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35. MAUD

BY
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

I. THE POET

(See notes to the previous poem).

II. CENTRAL IDEA

This song is an extract from the long poem '*Maud*'. This poem, as its language and expression show, is a song. The

lover is comparatively a poor man while the beloved belongs to a higher stratum of society. The youth goes to the home of the girl where they are having a dance party inside the palatial building. He waits outside patiently until in the small hours of the morning when the dancing concludes and the merry makers disperse to their homes. The young lover addresses the flowers of the garden in which he notices a similarity to his own mood. The roses, the lilies, the passion flower, and nearly every other flower appears to the lover to be anxiously awaiting Maud. The lover notices in the flowers similarity of form and colour with his sweetheart and says, "If I were dead and buried for a century and my beloved were to pass over my grave I would start and tremble under her feet."

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

This poem is a song and has consequently a music of its own. In fact, Tennyson, in spite of the various defects pointed out by various modern critics, is perhaps the most perfect poet technically. All his poems have a special music of their own. Side by side with the music of the poem, we also notice the beautiful word-pictures with which the poem is replete. Tennyson knows very well the art of painting pictures in words ; he does with words what the painter does with colours. The scene in the garden outside the palace of Maud is vividly and clearly described. The flowers, the moonlight and the nearby sandy beach are so clearly delineated that they create a lasting impression on the mind.

The sorrowful and tragic mood of the lover permeates the whole poem. The lover realises his own inferiority and feels that he has no place inside the house where the rich gentry of the locality are assembled. The only consolation he has is that he is sure that Maud loves him only and none else. He waits patiently and satisfied for her to come out and meet him. She may dance with others but she does so only for formality's sake ; her heart is intact and loves him. The whole garden scene has about it an air of innocence and purity which is symbolic of the innocence of Maud.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The lover who happens to belong to a lower class of society goes to visit his beloved and finds that in her home they are giving a ball (a dance party). He has perhaps not been invited or perhaps he has been invited but could not bear to see her surrounded by rivals. So he does not go in, and prefers to wait outside in the garden. The night passes and in the small hours of the morning the dance party breaks up when the guests disperse for their homes.

While standing outside in the garden, the lover feels that the flowers too are in a mood of pensive dissatisfaction as he himself was. The lily, the rose, the passion flower, etc. all appeared in some form or the other symbolic of the love surging in his heart. In the last stanza Tennyson expresses his belief that even after death is love for his beloved would continue to flourish. The earth of his grave would feel a pleasure if his beloved were to pass over it.

V. SUMMARY

Come into the garden because the black bat of the night has flown away from the world and I am waiting for you at the gate all alone. The garden is full of the odour of flowers.

The morning breeze has begun to blow and the love star is visible high up in the sky, its light becoming more and more dim. The light of the moon is dying away on account of dawn.

Throughout the night music and orchestra had played in the home of Maud and the flowers of the garden had heard that music, till in the morning the music stopped and silence prevailed.

The lover told the lily flower that Maud can be happy in the company of none but he. She should now come out to meet him because the guests had all dispersed and she was free.

I said to the rose that night had passed and the rich lover of Maud who had danced with her should have no

hopes of winning her love because she loved none other than he.

The soul of the roses has passed into me. I have stood for a long time near the rose bush which grew by the side of the lake and the small river which fell into that lake.

The meadow in which we have met is dear to my memory because it reminds me of your footsteps on the bed of violet flowers. Bowers in the woods where we used to meet are dear to me because of you.

I waited for you and the air was so quiet that not a single white flower was shaken down from the acacia tree. All the flowers in the garden slept. Only the lilies and roses kept awake and kept my company.

You are the queen of the flowers and combine in yourself the beauty of the rose and the lily. You should come out into the garden and make the garden more beautiful by your presence.

A drop in the form of dew has fallen from the passion flower growing at the gate of the garden and all the flowers joined me in asking you to come down. They were all waiting for you anxiously for my sake.

I tried to cool down their impatience by assuring them that you will surely come down. My heart felt that you were coming. I welcome your arrival with my heart and am sure that after death even my grave will be thrilled to feel you pass over it.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Come into the garden, Maud, because the black bat of the night has flown away. I am waiting in the garden for you. I am alone, standing here near the gate. The odour of the woodbine flower is wafted by the air and mixes with the smell of the black rose newly blossomed.

Stanza 2. The morning air is blowing softly. Venus, the goddess of love, is visible on high and the light of that planet is moving through the sky what is studded with stars. The light of Venus is gradually decreasing as the daylight spreads more and more in the sky.

Stanza 3. All through the night, the sound of orchestra played in the ball-room was heard by the roses. The sound of flute, violin, bassoon was heard by the jessamine creeper outside the window. Inside the dancers were dancing to the tune of the orchestra. With the coming of morning a hush fell over the scene, and music and dancing stopped with the setting of the moon.

Stanza 4. The lover took the lily flower in his confidence and said that Maud could not possibly be happy in the company of anybody else except him, the dancers should go away soon und leave her alone so that she may come out to meet him. She had grown tired of that dance and merry-making. Nearby half the moon had set and the day had half risen. On the sandy beach and the sounding stony pavement passed carriages taking the dancers to their homes.

Stanza 5. I said to the rose that the brief night was fast passing away in revelry and merry-making. The rich young lover should not hope to win her love because she will never love him. The lover declared to the rose on oath that she would love nobody except him.

Stanza 6. The spirit and soul of the rose entered into my body and mind when the music sounded high in that hall. For quite a long time I stood near the lake in that garden and heard the sound produced by the water of the small river falling into that lake. This sound travelled all over the woods which were so dear to me owing to their association with you.

Stanza 7. The meadows are reminiscent of you because we used to walk there in each other's company. Whenever the wind of March blows through the plains and produces a hissing sound I am reminded of you. Your small and beautiful footprints in the field of violet flowers, which are blue like your eyes, guide me to those secret bowers in the woods where we used to meet.

Stanza 8. The slender acacia trees are calm and not a single white flower falls from the trees. The white flowers of the lakè-blossom flower fell into the water of the lake

and the pimpernel flower dozed on the grassy plain ; but the rose kept awake the whole night through waiting for you to come because it knew you had made with me a promise that you would come. The lilies and roses kept awake waiting for the morning because you were expected to come out in the morning after the dancing concluded.

Stanza 9. Maud, you are the queen rose of the garden of rosebuds, you may now come out because the dancing is over. Dressed in shining satin and wearing bright pearls, you combine in yourself the lily and rose. Please come out with your small and beautiful hair, covered with a thick growth of curly hair. Come out in the midst of flowers ; the sun too is going to appear.

Stanza 10. The passion flower growing near the gate shed a tear *i.e.*, it let fall a drop of dew. I earnestly hope that she is about to come out. She is my love and my dearest. She is coming. She is my life and my destiny. The red rose cried that she was coming but the white rose wept because she was late. The larkspur hears and says that it heard the white lily whisper that it had been waiting for the arrival of Maud.

Stanza 11. She was about to come to meet me. She is my dearest beloved. Her footfall may be very light but my heart would hear that sound and its beating would be accelerated. After death if my body were to change into dust, even then I would become conscious of her arrival. Even if I had been buried for a century, my dead earth will tremble if her feet were to fall on it, and would blossom forth into purple red flowers.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Black bat**—The poet compares the night to a bat because it is black and it is a bird that comes out only at night time.

Come into the garden, Maud
For the black bat, night, has flown

The poet had, perhaps, got from Maud a promise that

she would meet in the small hours of the morning. He is comparatively a poor young man and has not been invited as a regular guest. He, therefore, waits outside the building near the gate of that garden in which Maud used to wander about. The lover addresses her and says that the night has concluded and in accordance with her promise she should now come out and meet him.

I am here at the gate alone

This line contains in it all the tragedy which is bottled up in the heart of the lover. He cannot go in because he is too poor to be invited, and knows very well that Maud would be having a happy time in the company of other richer and more favoured lovers. He, the luckless lover, has to wait patiently and calmly at the garden gate. He is feeling jealous here. Nevertheless he knows it very well that Maud loves him and him only.

Woodbine—wild honey-suckle. This plant is a creeper and yields sweet-smelling flowers. **Spices**—odour and smell. **Wafted abroad**—blown about by the wind. **Musk**—the musky odour of rose flowers. **The musk of roses blown**—the wind wafts the sweet smell of the flowers.

Stanza 2. **Breeze**—gently blowing air. **The planet of the love**—Venus (زہرہ) which is said to be the star of love. The ancient Greeks believed that Cupid, the god of love, was son of Venus. The morning star is the Venus planet. The lover says that the morning star is visible high up in the sky, *i.e.*, the morning has come. **Daffodil**—name of a pale-yellow flower.

And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky.

Venus the morning star has come out announcing the end of the night and the arrival of the day. This star becomes visible in the morning and appears to love the sun because it precedes the rising of the sun; but the light of that very sun makes the light of the planet dim

and faint. The planet Venus appears to faint in the star-sudded sky. The poet says that the morning star appeared to be fainting on a bed of daffodils *i.e.*, the stars in the sky. The planet of love, *i.e.*, Venus or the morning star has become visible and the day is about to dawn. The light this star loved was the light of the sun, but the coming of that very sun made the light of the star dim and faint. **To die**—To disappear, to set. **To faint in his light**—to grow dim and disappear on account of the coming of the sun.

Stanza 3. **Flute**—long wooden pipe with holes along it, stopped by fingers on keys and blown inside a hole near the upper end (بانسری). **Violin**—modern four-stringed instrument of viol class held in the left arm and played with a bow (سارنگی). **Bassoon**—wooden double-reed instrument used as a bass to oboe.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon.

Dancing and merry-making continued throughout the night and the orchestra: comprising a variety of musical instruments such as flute, violin and bassoon played all the night through. **Casement**—window. **Jessamine**—a small bush with yellow-coloured flowers that gives a sweet smell (یاسمین چنبیلی) **Stirred**—moved. **Dancing in tune**—the time was set by the music of the orchestra and the dancers danced to that tune.

All night, has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in the tune

Throughout that night the dancers continued dancing to the music of the orchestra, and the Jessamine creeper trailing along the window was moved on account of the vibration (ارتعاش) of music and footfall of the dancers. The poet means to say that in the hall there was such a large gathering of dancers and they danced with so much animation that the vibration of the dance vibrated the whole hall and the creeper in the window trembled on account of

it. **Till**—until. **Waking bird**—The birds that wake up in the morning. **Hush**—silence. **Setting moon**—غروب ہونے والا چاند

Till a silence fell with the waking bird
And a hush with the setting moon

The dancing and music went on until the morning birds began to stir about and sing, thereby announcing the arrival of the dawn. The moon set and with the coming of the day a complete silence reigned over the hall where in the night a dance was held and there was so much noise and activity.

Stanza 4.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay,
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."

The poor lover got tired of standing at the door all alone throughout the night and when he saw that the dance had concluded, he took the lily in confidence and said, "Maud loves no one else, she loves only me and she cannot enjoy the company of other suitors, however rich and great they may be. The dance has ended, when will these dancers go to their homes and leave her alone so that she may be free to come to the garden and meet me? I am sure she is fed up with this dance and play which has continued for such a long time. She would surely not have liked it because, I, whom she loves, could not take part in it."

Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day.

Most of the guests have taken their leave. Half have gone to the West where the moon is going to set and the other half have gone to the East from which side the sun is going to come out.

Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

The guests are departing in their carriages, when these vehicles pass over the sand a low sound is produced and when these pass over some stone pavement a loud sound of rattling is produced.

The lover has been waiting for a very long time during which he has been carefully watching all the proceedings of the dance. His patience appears to have been tired out. When he sees that most of the guests have departed he fails to understand why the arrival of his beloved is delayed.

Stanza 5. **The brief night goes**—The short-lived night is passing away. **Babble**—noise شور **Revel**—merry-making. **Wine**—drinking wine. **Young lord-lover**—some rich and young lord who is in love with Maud but whose love in not returned by Maud.

What sights are those,
For one that will never be thine ?

The lover in this stanza tells that the rich lord who is in love with Maud though the sights he sees are wonderful for him and for her, he must bear in mind that she does not love him and will never be his. **But mine, but mine**—The lover is perfectly sure that Maud loves him and says that she will be mine and will not become the beloved of any one else, however rich and great he might be.

So I sware to the rose,
"For ever and for ever, mine"

Since I was perfectly certain that she would be mine, I declared on oath to the rose that she would belong to me and to none else.

Stanza 6. **Clashed**—sounded loud and high.

And the soul of the rose went into my blood
As the music clashed in the hall

As I heard the sound of music and orchestra in the hall I too began to feel lonely as the rose felt lonely in the garden. The rose had become impatient because Maud had not yet come out ; in the same way I too began to feel

impatient. **rivulet**—small river, stream. **Meadow**—grassy plain. **Wood**—small forest.

Our wood, that is dearer than all

The forest in which they used to wander together. That is why the lover calls it "our wood'.

Stanza 7. **Your walks have left so sweet**. Those woods are endeared to me because when I go there, I am reminded of our walking in it in the company of one another. **March wind**—March is the month when winter changes into spring and strong winds blow these days. **Jewel print**—beautiful impression of the feet of the beloved. **Violet**—a beautiful flower of blue colour گلِ بنفشہ. **Blue as your eyes**—your eyes are blue in colour and resemble the violet flowers in colour. **Woody hollows**—empty places surrounded by trees and thus providing secrecy for the lovers to meet, a natural bower. **Valleys of paradise**—beautiful valleys where they used to meet, walk and talk. So the poet calls it the valley of paradise, *i.e.*, the valley of joy and happiness of heavenly love.

Stanza 8. **Slender**—thin, tall and tender. **Acacia**—a variety of trees that yield gum which is used for medical purposes (ببول). **Did not shake**—The air was quiet and there was not the least movement in the trees of the garden. **Milk bloom**—white coloured flowers of the acacia tree. In our country the acacia flowers are generally yellow in colour, but in the cold lands of Europe these are white in colour ; so the poet calls them milk bloom, *i.e.*, white flowers. **On the tree**—from the tree. **Lake blossom**—small flower found in cornfields and waste lands, it has scarlet, blue, or white flowers which close in cloudy or rainy weather. **Dozed**—slept. **Lea**—grassy plain.

The pimpernel dozed on the lea

The whole atmosphere was so quiet and calm that even the small flowers growing on glassy plains appeared to be asleep.

But the rose was awake all night for your sake, Knowing your promise to me

The lover says, "The rose and I waited for you to come out and we waited all the night long because we both knew that you had promised me that you would come and meet us and we knew that you would keep your promise.

They sighed for the dawn and thee

The rose and lily waited for your coming anxiously. Longingly they sighed for the morning, so that with the coming of morning the dance may end and you may be free to come into the garden. The lover means to say that even the inanimate flowers of the garden are all waiting for her to come out so that they might see her. The lover's mind is generally full of strange fancies and here the lover, who had been waiting for Maud for such a long time, fancies that the flowers of the garden too are in love with her and all waiting for her.

Stanza 9. **Queen rose**—The best rose, the queen of maidens. **Rosebud garden of girls**—The poet here compares maidens to rose-buds. Just as a bud develops and blossoms into a flower, in the same way the maiden blooms into womanhood. The lover here calls Maud the queen, *i.e.*, the best of all rosebuds or maidens. **Garden of girls**—of all the girls in the world.

Queen of the rosebud garden of girls.

Maud is the most beautiful of all the maidens of the world. She is like the queen of roses among roses. **Come hither**—come to me. **The dances are done**- The dances are finished and done, so Maud is free into the garden and meet him. **Gloss**—lustre (چمک). **Satin**—a kind of bright and smooth cloth (ساٹن). **Glimmer**—faint light.

Come hither in the gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls—The lover now requests his beloved to come out and meet him. He says, "Now the dancing and merry-making has come to an end. You have put on fine and

shining dress made of satin cloth and fine pearls, and valuable ornaments. You look beautiful in this dress and with these ornaments. Come to me in this very beauty so that I too may have the pleasure of looking at you in such a decorated dress. **Queen lily and rose in one**—you combine in your person the qualities of a lily and a rose : you are white like a lily and at your face there is the bloom of health which resembles the pink colour of rose.

Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

The poet says that she should come out into the garden where her beautiful head with its crown of curls will surely be admired by the flowers and she would be a sun among them.

Stanza 10. **Splendid**—fine and grand. **Tear**—dew-drop which the poet compares to a tear-drop. **Passion-flower**—a variety of flowers considered to be holy and sacred as it looks like the Cross (صليب) which is associated with the passion (sufferings) of Christ. **My fate**—my future is dependant on her attitude : if she is kind to me and returns my love, I shall be a happy man in life ; if, however, she is cruel to me and does not reciprocate my love my life shall become sad and full of sorrows and sufferings. **My dove**—a term of endearment meaning that she is innocent and tender like a dove. **Larkspur**—a plant with a spur shaped flower.

Stanza 11. **My own** – The lover is sure that Maud loves only him and nobody else. Hence he uses this term meaning that she is his own. **Airy tread**—light footfall which is inaudible.

Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat

Her footfall may be light and noiseless like the air, but I love her so much that my senses are at all times anxiously awaiting her arrival, and will surely feel with my heart that she is coming and the beating of my heart would be quickened. **Were it earth in an earthly bed**—I would

surely be influenced by her arrival even if I were dead and reduced to dust.

My dust would hear her and beat—even when my dead body was changed to dust, she were to pass by my grave my body, then a clod of earth, would be affected by her arrival.

Had I lain for a century dead—even if I had been lying dead in the grave for more than a hundred years, the passage of time would not make any difference in my love for Maud. Nor would death create a barrier between her and me. I may die and be buried, and my body may change to dust ; but if a hundred years after she were to pass by my grave, there would surely be some effect and my dust would feel her passing by that way. **Would start and tremble under her feet**—my dust would be quickened by her passage and would jump up and tremble under her feet. When my dead earth would come into contact with her feet the earth would feel a pleasure and come to life. **Start and tremble**—jump up and come to life. **And blossom in purple and red**—The lover says to his beloved, "I may die and be buried and my body may become dust but my love for you will continue. If you were to pass by my grave a century after my death, my dead earth will come to life and blossom forth in the shape of red and dark flowers."

VIII. IMPORTANT PASSAGES EXPLAINED WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

(*a*) **O young lord-lover, what sights are those**

For one that will never be thine ?
"But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"For ever and ever mine."

These lines are taken from the poem '*Maud*' written by Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Inside the place where Maud lives a dance is going on. Outside, in the garden waits the lover whom Maud had promised to meet after the dance. The lover knows that in the dancing hall there is a young lord who is a suitor for the hand of Maud.

These lines are addressed to that very lord. The lover says, "Inside the ball room you have tried to provide all sorts of fine things because you wish to impress Maud with your wealth. But these fine sights will have no effect upon her because she loves me and me alone ; she will be mine and will never return your love. Your labour and pains will be wasted. I am sure of winning her love and this is the reason why I have declared to the rose on oath that Maud will be mine for ever and ever."

(*b*) **She is coming, my dove, my dear,**
She is coming, my life, my fate ;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near ; "
And the white rose weeps, "She is late."
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear ; "
The lily whispers, "I wait."

These lines are extracted from the poem *Maud* written by Alfred, Lord Tennyson. The lover has for a very long time waited patiently at the garden gate. The night has passed and the day has almost dawned but Maud has not yet come out to meet him. Strange are the fancies that crowd upon the mind of a lover. Here the lover tries to create an imaginary bond of sympathy. He believed that all the flowers of the garden were anxiously waiting for Maud to come out. He tells the flowers to be patient and says, "My dear, sweet Maud is coming soon, she is my life and fate." He believes that the red rose too says that he heard the sound of her arrival while the lily whispered that she was waiting for her to come."

(*c*) **She is coming, my own, my sweet ;**
Were it ever so airy a tread
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthly bed ;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead ;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red.

These lines are taken from Tennyson's poem *'Maud'*. After a patient and watchful vigil kept throughout the night the lover who has not been able to gain admittance to the ball-room, feels a bit piqued. This stanza, which is the last of the song, has a tragic note in it. He cannot bring himself to believe that Maud would not come, though she has not come so far. But she has, perhaps, been too busy in the dance. None of the guests have departed and the lover is dead sure that she would come out to meet him. He says, "I am perfectly sure that she is coming because my pulse and heart have accelerated their beating and that is a sure sign of her proximity. Her footfall may be as light as air but I am sure to hear it and be affected and excited by it. If ears failed to hear her approach, surely my heart would not fail to be affected by it. Even after death I would hear her coming. If I were to die and remain buried for a hundred years and my body was to change to earth, if she were to pass by my grave, my dead earth would quicken and come to life and put forth blossoms of red and purple colour." The lover means to say that his love for Maud is deep and lasting and of a nature that would outlive even death.

IX. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. How would you categorize this poem ? Bring out its most appealing features.

Ans. See Critical Appreciation.

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36. LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY

ANONYMOUS

I. THE POET

The name of the writer of this poem is not known.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

Nothing in this world can prevent a true lover from finding out ways and means of union. Distance, human invention or physical forces cannot keep them apart. Love is

depicted as foolish and blind, but it is never so foolish as not to be able to devise some ways for meeting each other. Even if between the two there were the distance of the whole world, love would gallop over this distance and two will come together. Even death cannot part them spiritually. Physically they may be separated but where there is true love they would continue to remember each other and even death will not be able to rend them asunder. Love is a power that can neither be deceived nor its activities be circumscribed.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The authorship of the poem is not disclosed but from its text and language it appears to have been written by a poet of the first order. In simple language and in a few words the poet manages to show to the full all those characteristics which might have a real force in life. Even all the earthly agencies cannot check and turn the passage of love. Man, through knowledge and experience, can very well exercise a check over all other things, but when it comes to love, he too is quite helpless. Descriptions of nature, in this poem, are quite clear and realistic.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The poet says that love will surely find out a way for itself; mountains, hills and oceans cannot act as obstacles in the way of love. In the darkness of night and the bright light of day love can travel to its destination. Love is often considered foolish and blind but it is clever enough to find out its goal inspite of all those hinderances that come in its way. Many may train an eagle or a phoenix but one cannot in any way exercise a check upon love. No amount of striving in any way can cross the intentions of love. However much you may scheme and plot, the activities of love cannot be thwarted by these machinations. Even death cannot erect a barrier which the lovers might not be able to surmount.

V. SUMMARY

Love will surely find out a way over mountains and waves, under graves and in fountains and floods. It will cross even the most steep hill.

The whole world might become a place quite uninhabitable by the smallest insects such as a glow-worm or midge, but if love comes it will surely find a way for itself.

You may consider love a child or you may consider him weak and chicken-hearted but she, who has fallen in love, even if you hide her in the most secret place or put a strict guard over her, she will be able to find a way out for her love to work and flourish.

Some people think that by confining love they would be able to cut it away entirely ; some think that love is blind; but the fact is that even if you do your best to shut it in somewhere, it will be able to find a way out to express itself.

Animals can very well be trained and brought under control, the lioness may be cajoled into giving away her prey, but the lover cannot be persuaded to give up his or her love.

If the length and breadth of the whole world were to part the two and if the oceans were to intervene the two would cross the distance somehow, and meet each other.

The schemes and plots of the lover cannct be counteracted or checked. True love cannot be terminated even by death.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Love will cross mountains and oceans and crawl under fountains and graves or floods. Love will cross even the deep oceans which are under the control of the sea god Neptune. Tre most difficult slope of a rock will the lover cross if after crossing it he were to meet the object of his love.

Stanza 2. If the world becomes a place so dangerous that neither the glow-worm nor the fly can survive in it and even a gnat cannot move about for fear of dying, even then love will manage to find a way out for itself and will live.

Stanza 3. You may consider love to be a child in

strength or you may think him to be weak-hearted in flight; but the maiden who has been honoured by a visit from love, *i.e.*, a maiden who is in love, even if she be hidden from the light of the day or a thousand guards are placed over her, yet she will find a way out to express **her love.**

Stanza 4. Some people in the world believe that they can be rid of love if they place a check on its activities, while others consider love to be blind and pitiable; but the fact is that you may do your best to enclose it and circumscribe its domains still it will find a way out to express itself.

Stanza 5. You can train an eagle to come down and sit on your fist, or you may deceive the phoenix, or you may tame the lioness and make it give up its prey, but you will never be able to stop a lover from finding out some way of giving expression to his passion of love.

Stanza 6. The lover who was parted from his beloved and there intervened in between them the entire length and breadth of the earth, even if the oceans were to part them, he would cross the whole world riding on horse-back and swim across the oceans. If his object of love were to become a bird, he would manage to fly through the air and would somehow or other find out a way to **meet her.**

Stanza 7. No effort can thwart or check his course, no scheming or plotting can foil his schemes. If once he got the message that his beloved was waiting for him, he would surely go to her even if his way was blocked by **death.**

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Over the mountains**—over mountains which are so difficult to cross. **Waves**—stormy ocean, (طوفان خیز سمندر). **Fountains**—springs (چشمے). **Under the graves**—under the depth of the earth (زمین کی گہرائیوں میں). **Floods**—flowing waters. **Neptune**—according to the mythological belief of the Romans, '*Neptune*' was the god of

oceans. The Greeks called this god *Poseidon*. **Obey**—followed the orders of Neptune. **Steepest**—the slopes of which are perpendicular (عمودی ڈھلوان والی چٹانیں).

Over the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves ;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey,
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.

The poet means to say that love is the most powerful and the most intense feeling of which human beings are capable. No world power can check its course. It can go beyond high mountains and can cross stormy waves of oceans. It will travel underground and under springs and fountains and cross the deepest waters of the oceans. Even the most steep rock which might appear to be impossible to scale cannot be a barricade in the way of a lover. The lover, even if he be confronted by all the above mentioned hurdles, will manage to cross these and unite with the object of his love.

Stanza 2. **Glow-worm**—a small worm with a bright and shinning tail. (کرمک شب تاب جگنو). **To lie**—to hide itself. **No space**—no place. **Receipt of a fly**—for such a small creature as a fly to take rest and hide itself. **Midge**—a small gnat (مگس). **Dares not**—has not the courage to. **Venture**—take a risk. **Fast she lay**—she may die.

The central idea of the stanza is that this world may become impossible for the smallest creature to live in, but even in such difficult circumstances love will surely make a way for itself.

Stanza 3. **Esteem**—regard. **A child for his might**—The Greeks believed that the god of love, *Cupid*, is a small child. The poet says that many people believe that the god

of love is also blind and being a child he is weak; but in reality love is the most powerful force in the life of man and all other mental and spiritual activities are subordinate to it. **Deem**—consider. **Coward**—weak-hearted, craven (بزدل). **She whom love doth honour**—but the maiden who happens to be honoured by a visit from the god of love, *i.e.*, the damsel who falls in love with some youth. **Cocealed**—hidden. **Concealed from day**—she may be confined to a place which even the daylight fails to penetrate, yet she will manage to make her love a success. **Set a thousand guards upon her**—a thousand persons take upon themselves the duty of keeping a watch over her, but she will manage to deceive them and find out a way for her love to succeed.

Stanza 4. **Lose him**—reduce the effects of love. **By having him confined**—some people believe that by placing restrictions and checks upon love, the effects of love can be minimized or utterly removed.

And some do suppose him,
Poor heart ! to be blind

Some people who have faith in Greek mythology believe that love is a poor and weak thing because it is blind and therefore helpless. These persons are in the wrong in their presumption because love is neither weak nor helpless.

But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that ye may,
Blind Love, if so ye call him
He will find out his way

You may, if you like, shut the loving heart up in the four walls of a building, *i.e.*, you may place as many checks and restraints upon love as you like and do your best to put obstacles in the way of love, but love will surely manage to cross those hurdles and overcome those checks. You may call love blind if you like but love will manage to find out a way to success.

Stanza 5. **Train**—teach. **Stoop**—bend down and come lower. **Inveigle**—entice, seduce (گمراہ کرنا - ورغلانا) **Phoenix**—(ققنس) the only bird of its kind. A mythical bird which after living five or six centuries in the Arabian desert burnt itself down on a funeral pyre and rose from the ashes with renewed youth to live through another cycle. **Move**—bring her round. **To give over her prey**—to give up some animal which it had hunted and killed.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist ;
Or you may inveigle
The Phoenix of the east ;
The lioness, you may move her
To give up her prey ;
But you'll never stop a lover—
He will find out the way

It is within the power of man to do the most difficult things in the world. He may teach such a wild bird as the eagle to come down and sit upon his fist. Eagle is a wild and untamable bird of prey but man with his cleverness can train it in such a way that it may become domesticated and come and perch upon his fist. He may by hook or by crook manage to bring within his control such a wild bird as the Phoenix—the legendary bird of the Arabian desert, a land which for the people of Europe is associated with picturesque things. Man may tame the lioness, an animal proverbial for its ferociousness and cruelty, and bring the lioness round to such tenderness as to give away its hunt. But, in spite of all his bravery and cleverness, he cannot check the propensities of a lover. However many checks be imposed upon him, the lover will manage to find out some loop-hole through which to escape and avoid those checks and hindrances, and give free-play to his love.

Stanza 6.

If the earth, it should part him

If between the lover and his object of love be interposed the entire space of the earth. **Would gallop it o'er**—The lover will cover that long distance, on a fast and galloping horse. The distance of the whole earth between him and his beloved will neither discourage him, nor be able to stop him. He would with a will cover that distance and unite with his beloved. The poet means to say that obstacles and hinderances which may check us in other activities cannot at all check us in the course of love because love is the most powerful passion that comes to life in the human mind. **Over-thwart**—check, stop. **To the shore**—the place where his beloved is.

If the seas should o'er-thwart him,
He would swim to the shore

If between the lover and the beloved there intervened even the raging ocean, the lover would not at all mind it. He would swim across that ocean and unite with his beloved. **Love**—object of love. **Swallow**— a bird (ابابیل) **Through the air stay**—and fly about in the atmosphere hither and thither without any particular aim or purpose. **Lend**—give. **Wings** – power to fly. **To follow**—to pursue, to fly after.

Should his love become a swallow,
Through the air to stray,
Love will lend wings to follow,
And will find out the way

If the object of his love happens to be metamorphosed into a bird and flies away in the upper atmosphere, sincere and true love will give the lover the power of flight. He will thus be able to pursue her and find out a way to make his love fruitful.

Stanza 7. **Striving** making an effort. **Cross**—thwart, oppose. **Intent**—aim and purpose.

There is no striving
To cross his intent

No effort can at all be made to check him in his aim or

purpose. The poet means to say that the course of love cannot be checked because no obstacle is too big for the lover to overcome. **Contriving**—managing, planning, **To prevent**—to check. **Plots**—schemes (سازشیں)

There is no contriving
His plots to prevent

However much you may try, the plots and schemes of a lover cannot be failed.

Message—information (سندیسہ - پیغام). **Greet him**—come to him which he would welcome most. **Stay**—wait for him (محو انتظار ہے).

But if once the message greet him
That his True Love doth stay,
If Death should come and meet him,
Love will find out the way.

If the true lover once got the message that his beloved was waiting for him, he would surely go to meet her. After getting that message even if death were to meet him, he would surely avoid death somehow or other and will manage to go and meet his beloved.. The poet means to say that even death, which is considered to be the most powerful agency in the world, is not powerful enough to withhold the lover from meeting his stweetheart. The lover, in matters of love, is a sovereign and no power can either check him or deter him from pursuing his intentions and aims.

Important Questions of a General Nature

ON

PART II

LOVE & BEAUTY

Question 1. Compare and contrast the ideas contained in the poems '*Passionate Shepherd to His Love*' by Marlowe and *The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd*' by Sir Walter Raleigh. Which of the two poems do you like more and why ?

Answer. In the poem *'Passionate Shepherd to His Love'* Marlowe puts into the mouth of a lover a speech which contains an invitation to the beloved. The lover is a village swain. He is simple and honest, and his love is likewise simple and true. He is not at all sophisitcated and the allurements he holds out to his beloved are simple and associated intimately with village life. He lays special emphasis upon the joys of Nature, *i.e.*, hills, rocks, rivers, gardens, valleys and flowers. Here they would have full scope to let their passion flourish and fructify. The gifts he would be able to give her are mostly pastoral. The lover is an idealist. He is all the time looking on the bright side of the picture of life—the cares, worries, transitoriness and death which make up the other side of the picture are totally ignored by him.

The next poem, *The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd* is a reply to the above by Sir Walter Raleigh who was a contemporary of Marlowe. The Nymph, the village belle, is more matter-of-fact. She knows well that all things in the world *viz.*, joy, beauty, youth and pleasure are all short-lived and bound to perish. She refuses to live with his lover and be his beloved unless she is sure that his promises are true and he would be faithful.

I like the second poem more because the language is simpler and the approach of the poet to the subject in hand is more rationalistic. The Nymph is a practical-minded woman. Life is not a bed of roses and one cannot bank on pure love as the sole stay of life. The practical side of life is not to be ignored.

Question 2. Compare the ideas of the poem, *Still to be Neat* by Ben Jonson and the poem *There is a Garden in Her Face* by Thomas Campion. What in the opinion of the two poets is real feminine beauty?

Answer. Both the poets lay special emphasis upon neatness of person and simplictiy of dress. Neither of the two appears to be in favour of the artificial aids to beauty so popular with the fair sex in all times and in all climes. Both poets particularise that the mere beauty of form and feature is not ideal beauty. Spiritual and mental beauty

associated with a high standard of morality lend to the face and body a grace and charm which mere physical perfection cannot acquire.

Jonson is in favour of a face, 'That makes simplicity a grace !' He is not in favour of 'the adulteries of art'. Campion compares the face of his beloved to a garden of lilies and roses which are signs of the health and purity of mind. Naturalness of behaviour and virtuous character are, according to both the poets, ideals to be aimed at and acquired at the expense of artificial charm.

Question 3. Wordsworth and Coleridge have written one poem each on, 'Love'. **Compare the ideas of love expressed by the two poets in these poems.**

Answer. Wordsworth is called the high-priest of Nature. *'Strange Fits of Passion Have I Known'* is a poem whose central idea is love but the poet gives this love poem a background of nature. The mood of the poet and his ride to the cottage of Lucy coincide with the changes in the atmosphere and the moon. The setting of the moon behind the cottage in which Lucy lived, reminds the poet of the unhappy possibility of Lucy dying unexpectedly.

Coleridge on the other hand is a poet well known for his remarkable powers of narration. He narrates to Genevieve the story of the love of the knight against whose statue she was leaning. Through the medium of that story he manages to impress upon the beloved the full significance of love. She now understands to the full how much her lover had to suffer because she did not reciprocate his love. References occasionally are made to nature ; but the primary concern of the poet is the narration of incidents.

The final impression we gather is that Coleridge knows very well the art of narration while Wordsworth is at his best as the poet of Nature.

Question 4. Write a critical appreciation of the poem *Maud*.

Answer. Tennyson is famous as the poet who has the art of describing scenes. The scenic effect is predominant in most of his poems. He can do in words what the patienr

does with colours. The song from the poem *'Maud'* is full of fine and beautiful descriptions of the garden in which the lover waits for the arrival of Maud.

The song is a translation in words of the mood of the lover. The lover has for a very long time waited in the garden and is almost feeling jealous of those favourites of fortune whom wealth had placed in a position to gain admittance to the manorial hall where the dance was held. The tragic note of despondency is seen portrayed in the flower of the garden. The red rose, the white rose, the lily, the pimpernel and the larkspur have all waited for Maud to come out but are now feeling sad. The lover appears to be trying to deny what is an established fact. Maud appears to have sacrificed the poor lover in the interests of the glamour and joy of the ball room. The arriving dawn has dimmed the light of Venus, the love star, and the non-arrival of Maud has damped the spirit of the lover. Tennyson very cleverly brings about a similarity in the spirit of the scene and the mood of the lover who sees his hopes and fears mirrored in the various flowers some of which are blooming while the rest, by far larger in number, are fast withering.

Important Passages Explained

WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

(1) Explain with reference to the context, the following passages :—

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold

This stanza is taken from Christopher Marlowe's poem *The Passionate Shepherd to His Love.* The lover in this

poem holds out many attractions to tempt his coy damsel. He narrates to her all those beautiful things with which village life is intimately associated. One of the many amenities and luxuries he would provide for her is the beautiful dress which he will get prepared for her, *viz.*, a gown made from the best quality wool taken from beautiful lambs. He will provide for her slippers lined with fur which will have clasps (buckles) made of gold. These she will wear in winter to protect her tiny and beautiful feet from the bitter chill of the winter.

(2) But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date nor age no need,
Then these delights might my mind move
To live with thee and be thy love

These lines are taken from Sir Walter Raleigh's poem *The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd* which is a reply to Christopher Marlowe's poem *The Passionate Shepherd to His Love.* The Nymph happens to be a damsel with a most practical and matter-of-fact outlook on life, and refuses to be taken in with promises of rustic and bucolic joys held out by her quondam lover. She says that she would come and live with him and be his love provided youth, its joys and pleasures lasted for ever and love, instead of reducing by time, continued to multiply and increase with age, and if joys of life had no time-limit and age did not bring with it weakness, needs and superannuation. If these were possible then promises of joy and pleasure held out by him would surely lure her and she would condescend to be his love and live with him.

(3) Own but the same to me—you will find
How blest will be our fate.
O to be happy—to be kind
Sure never is too late !

These lines are taken from the poem *Reconcilement* written by John Sheffield. The poet says that an even tenor of the daily routine of life is never a test of real and true love. The joy of love is further enhanced if quarrels take place and then get resolved. The poet says, "I am least pleased at the time when I feel indifferent towards you. If you too admit a similarity of feeling you will find that our lot in life will be a blessed one. It is never too late to be kind, forgive the short-comings of each other and thus to make life happy."

(4) I alone those charms can prize
Which from constant nature rise,
Which nor circumstance nor dress
E'er can make or more or less.

These lines are taken from Samuel Johnson's poem *Whether Stella's Eyes*. This poem has been written in the praise of the beauty of Stella. The poet says that Stella charmed him in all forms. Whether she used toilet perquisites or not, to him it made no difference. But he says he liked her more if she came to him in a natural and unaffected condition. He valued her natural charms more because they were more enduring and less subject to change. Beauty dependent on dress or environment or chance is not a natural beauty and therefore not reliable. Beauty which through artificial make-up can be increased or in any way diminished is not the best kind of beauty and should not be prized and held desirable.

(5) The nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart
As I must on thine
O beloved as thou art !

These lines are taken from the poem. *The Indian*

Serenade written by Percy Bysshe Shelley. This poem is a song which the lover sings under the window of his beloved. The lover dreams all the night through about love, and gets up from his sleep and goes to the house of his beloved. There is a faint drowsiness pervading all over the atmosphere and even the objects of nature are affected by it. The lover says, "The song of the nightingale is stifled within its breast. In the same manner I too would like to faint and die in close contact with you. The nightingale's song is an impression of the sorrow and sufferings which crowd upon its heart. My heart too is full of sorrow and sufferings. The song of the nightingale is an expression of the sorrow and sufferings with which its heart is full. This serenade is the expression of my agony and this song will stifle me as the nightingale's song has stifled her."

(6) But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me ;
The lilies and roses were all awake.
They sighed for the dawn and thee

These lines are taken from the poem *Maud* written by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, one of the most famous English poets. In this poem the lover had to wait for a very long time outside the palace in which his beloved lived. Inside, dancing continued throughout the night while outside in the garden, the poor lover waited patiently the whole night long. The mood of despondency is upon him. He feels his own helplessness and begins to believe that lilies of the garden and the rose were in a similar mood. He says, "The rose too kept awake the whole night and patiently waited for the coming of Maud into the garden. It knew that you had promised and would surely come. The lilies and roses of the garden all kept awake. They too sighed like me and yearned for you to

arrive with the coming of the dawn." These few lines express all the bitterness that had got stored up in the lover's heart. He identifies the flowers of the garden with his own self and gives them feelings which are the creation of his own mood.

(7) There is no contriving
His plots to prevent ;
But if once the message greet him
That his True Love doth stay,
If Death should come and meet him,
Love will find out the way

This extract has been taken from the poem, *Love Will Find Out the Way*. The authorship of this poem is not known. The poet says that love is the most powerful function of the human mind. No earthly power can check it or stop its course. The human mind is capable of achieving every success in all the fields of action that are open to it ; but when human powers are faced by the ingenuity and perseverance of a lover it fails to cope with. In these few lines he says, "The lover invariably perseveres in his course. His plots and plans are such that nobody can be wise enough to counteract them. Once the lover gets a message from his beloved and makes up his mind to meet her, he shall pave the way for his success even though his path be blocked by such a powerful and dangerous force as death. The lover will not at all be daunted by it and will manage to keep his appointment with his beloved. The poet means to say that love is a force which can neither be checked nor diverted from its way and is destined to achieve its aim.

PART III

POEMS THAT TELL A STORY

WHAT IS A BALLAD

This part of our poetry book contains objective poetry of two kinds, *viz.*, ballads and narrative poems. Of these the ballads are the most important. We shall, therefore, deal with them at some length.

The origin of the ballad : The ballad is one of the oldest forms of poetry. The poetry of almost all the languages of the world begins with the epic. These poems are generally very long and give the reader a detailed account of the life and adventure of some hero, legendary or real. A ballad is an epic reduced in length. The minstrels of old used to wander about singing the exploits of some hero, or the story of some happy or unhappy lover. The art of writing had not as yet been discovered. These simple and touching stories in verse were not written but learnt by heart, and preserved in memory. The minstrel would wander from one place to another, and entertain his listeners by reciting simple stories in verse.

These poems were the common property of the whole community. Today every poet likes to make known that he is the author of a particular poem. His poem is his personal property, but this custom is of a very recent origin. Especially in the beginnings of literature, no one cared to assert his authorship. Every poem was the common property of the whole community. Nobody, therefore, knew who has composed a particular ballad.

Another explanation, given by Sidgwick, will make it clear why the authorship of old ballads is unknown, and will also throw light on the origin of ballads. Sidgwick says, "Imagine a festival taking place in the childhood of the world ; some community or clan is singing and dancing together joyously. What are they to sing? We may auppose something has happened in their clan. They make up a song narrating this event ; some one speaks a line, another adds another line, another a third and so on. When they have had enough of it, it stops. Who is the author ?

Every one who has helped : the story is made, not by one poet but by the people."

Thus the ballad originated long, long ago, when men were but half-savages. This process was much often in operation in the prehistoric past. Most of our Punjabi folk songs originated in this manner and have been passed on from father to son.

The main characters of a ballad : In the general introduction were given certain characteristic common to all ballads and now we have only to discuss those in greater detail.

It is clear in the first instance that the ballad will have a great simplicity about it, because these poems were written at a time when the knowledge of man was meagre and the language still in its infancy with a limited range of vocabulary. "They are therefore like a story told by a child. They have a simplicity about them, and are as simple and touching as a story told by a child."

Secondly the ballad always restricts itself to only a certain type of themes. It generally treats of love or honour. It may give us a story of how the two lovers loved and how they died together, or ended happily by marrying. It may relate to us adventures of a brave man. In other words, it will be as simple in its themes as in its language and treatment.

Thirdly, there will be no complicated plots. The story will be told in the most straightforward manner and there will be no much running after details. The poet will give what is absolutely essential for making us understand the story. In other words the story will be related in as direct a manner as possible.

Fourthly, the ballad, generally always, has some sort of refrain, that is, certain lines which are repeated at regular intervals. As children, all of us remember how much we enjoyed listening to stories in which certain sets of words were repeated again and again. A ballad too has some such repetitions.

Fifthly, the story that the ballad tells cannot be very

long and neither can too many characters be introduced in it. It gives only a short story : it takes only one incident and completes it. As in the case of the lyric, a long ballad is almost an impossibility.

Sixthly, it is as limited in its metre as in its themes. The old uneducated poet did not know much about prosody and he tells his tale generally in a measure called the ballad metre. It is a very short and simple measure. Even when a ballad is written in a metre other than the ballad metre, the metre is always simple and generally short.

We may now sum up our results about the ballads : –

(1) The authorship is often not known (annonymous).
(2) The ballad, *i.e.*, the subject-matter and language, is always simple and nave.
(3) The ballads have as their themes love, honour, adventure or religion.
(4) The story is told in a direct and straightforward manner ; complications are generally eschewed.
(5) The ballad generally has a refrain, and there is much of repetition.
(6) The ballad is short in length and the metre is simple and short.

The ballad metre : The ballad metre consists of four lines. The second and the fourth lines generally rhyme together. Sometimes the first and the third also rhyme. The first and the third lines have four feet or eight syllables each. The second and the fourth have only three or six syllables each. The lines are iambic in movement, *i.e.*, the stress falls on the second syllable.

Thus the following are the essential qualities which characterise the ballad metre :—

(1) It has four lines.
(2) The second and fourth of these lines always rhyme, and often the first and third also rhyme.
(3) The first and third lines have four feet, or eight syllables.

(4) The second and fourth lines have three feet, or six syllables.

(5) The first of these syllables is always unaccented and the second accented. The stress always falls upon the second syllable.

The ballad proper and the literary ballad : So far we have been dealing only with one variety of the ballads, the real ballad, or ballad proper, written perhaps centuries ago, at a time when literature was in its infancy. But there is another variety of ballads called the **Literary Ballad**. Occasionally a modern writer, a university man, tries his hand at ballad writing. He tries to tell a simple story, in a simple, direct manner in the ballad metre. He tries to capture the simplicity and directness of the ballad proper. His attempts are like the attempts of a grown-up person to behave with the simplicity and innocence of a child. Such a ballad is called the literary ballad. Very few poets of the modern age have achieved real success in writing really good ballads. They often fail to maintain the simplicity and directness which is in fact the soul of a real ballad. *Bishop Hatto* by Southey, *Saddle to Rags* by an annonymous poet are good examples of a modern literary ballad.

The Narrative poem also narrates some incident, but there are no restrictions imposed on rhyme scheme or metre. Its language may be simple or ornate. It may be very long or very short. The only quality common to all descriptive poets is the element of story. *Baucis and Philemon*, *Paul Revere's Ride*, *Hart-Leap Well* are examples of good narrative poems.

37. BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

BY

JONATHAN SWIFT

I. THE POET

Of English parentage, Jonathan Swift was born in Dublin (Ireland) on November 30, 1667. After a brief school career, he went to Trinity College, Dublin and graduated in 1686. Swift earnestly wanted to be a clergyman, because he was never a self-seeking person ; but necessity forced him to adopt for a time the career of a politician.

Gulliver's Travels were published in 1726 and brought immediate recognition to Swift as a man of letters. Like his contemporary, Defoe, he, too, is a satirist and has a direct vigour and matter-of-factness about his satire. Swifts humour is often bitter because he has a tragic outlook on life. He is in literature a sombre and tragic figure. In the domain of poetry, too, like his other contemporaries, he is a reformer and a critic aiming at improvement.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

Centuries ago there lived a couple Baucis and Philemon in a village in England. One day two saints came to that village and went from door to door begging for shelter and food, but no one took pity on them and they were turned away from every door. They passed through the whole village and last of all came to the cottage in which lived Philemon with his wife Baucis. The two were a kind-hearted couple and gave the saints shelter and food. The saints were very much pleased and converted their cottage into a church and the old man into a parson. The two lived on happ ly, and after death were changed into a pair of stalwart yew trees.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Swift is primarily a satirist. He is more famous as a writter of prose than as a poet. *Gulliver's Travels* and *The Tale of the Tube* are his well-known novels. In this poem too, he appears to have a fling at the church and churchmen. But the poem is allegorical and has a moral

too. Swift wishes to impress upon the readers that a good turn done out of humanitrarian motives takes us a long way towards reform and well-being. Baucis and Philemon with no ulterior motives before them provided a shelter to the two saints and are compensated by the saints, who bless them and extend their term of life. The poem is told in a simple and direct manner and is one of the best narrative poems in this selection of English verse. Its story, however, is borrowed from Classical mythology and adopted by Swift to suit the trends of his age and land.

IV. SUBSTANCE

This poem relates a story of a very old period of history in the life of the English people. In those days people were very superstitious. They believed in saints and worshipped the holy places. In this story Swift tells us of two saints who were hermits. They passed through a village incognito. They were disguised as two mendicant beggars. The people of that village were wicked-natured and did not show these two beggars any hospitality, nor gave them any alms. They begged from door to door in vain. Last of all they came to the cottage of a poor old couple Baucis and Philemon. The two were honest and pious persons. They gave food and shelter to the two saints, and extended every form of hospitability to them. The saints were pleased and prayed to God to bless this couple. Their small cottage was converted into a big church (cathedral) and husband and wife were entrusted with the duties of parson. On their death they were converted into a pair of big yew trees that grew side by side. The trees remained there as some old residents of the village testified, until two priests, who came to that church one after the other, cut the trees down.

V. SUMMARY

In old times the saints often left their cells and wandered about incognito, testing the hospitality of the people of the world.

Once it so happened that on a cold winter night two brother saints went to a village. They had disguised themselves as beggars and had put on torn clothes. They begged

from door to door. The night was cold, but no villager took pity upon them and none gave them food or shelter.

The condition of these two saints was most pitiable and having passed through the village they came to a small cottage in which lived an old couple who were honest and hardworking people. They were husband and wife, Philemon and Baucis. They were kind-hearted people and invited the two saints into their cottage and gave them food and shelter. Baucis lighted a fire for the saints to warm themselves and Philemon brought bacon and wine for them to eat and drink. The couple were astonished when they found the wine jug full to the brim although so many goblets of wine had been drunk by the saints. The couple became afraid of their two visitors. The saints noticed their look which were full of wonder and fear, and said, "Good folks do not fear us ; we are saints and not evil spirits." They further said, "We have love and regard for you, though we have hatred and contempt for the other people of your village who are wicked. These villagers are not fit to live, their houses will be drowned while your cottage will be changed into a big church."

The saints had just uttered these words when the roof of that cottage began to rise higher and higher and the walls too. The chimney grew wider and higher and became the steeple and spire of a church. The kettle was hoisted on high and became a bell with wheels inside, and moved and revolved slowly in the steeple. The jack, which had always remained in the close proximity of chimney, was lifted high and became a clock. The chimney became the steeple and the jack became a clock fixed in it and even today announce the midday hour to the people of that village. The old chair began to crawl along the wall. It became higher and bigger and was changed into a pulpit. The porringers which were hanging in a line changed into leather buckets. The ballads written on a paper and pasted on the walls now looked better and bigger in size and became the heraldry of the different tribes that lived in that locality. An old type of bedstead, that stood near the wall and which was made of massive

and heavy wood, was converted into a pew and maintained its old mode of use as a place for the congregation to sleep upon.

Thus the cottage became a cathedral and the hermit saints asked their hosts what they wanted to have. Philemon thought over it for some time and then humbly told his guests that he would love to become a parson of that church.

As he expressed his wish he noticed that his old farmer's coat slowly changed into the ceremonial dress of a priest. But he was an old man and, to fit his old age, the dress was worn out and threadbare. His mind too was changed, and now like a true priest he talked about matters pertaining to church life and religion. He quoted text from the Bible, and holy books and became a staunch supporter of Divine Right of Priesthood. Many other schemes and plans about improvement in the church administration crowded into his head.

Having provided for Philemon as a parson, they turned their attention towards Baucis and instead of home-made clothes she now found herself dressed in a costly dress befitting a parson's wife. She was now wearing a gown of black shining satin. When Philemon saw her wife thus transfigured he was greatly amazed at the change and with admiring eyes looked at Baucis who appeared to be so fine and gay in her new dress.

Both the husband and the wife were happy at this change in their status of life and lived happily for many subsequent years. One day while they stood outside the church and were talking they noticed a change coming over them slowly but steadily. The fell branches sprouting out of their heads and foreheads. They appeared to be taking root at the place where they were standing.

In short, they were both changed into a couple of yew trees.

Old residents of that village tell us that these two yew trees remained near the church for a very long time. These

old villagers can tell you the exact place where the two yew trees stood. Time passed on and a parson cut down one tree and used the wood to repair his barn, and another priest cut down the other tree and used it as fuel.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. There is a story of old times when saints often left their rooms and wandered about. They disguised themselves and thus tested the hospitality of the people of the worlc.

Stanza 2. Once upon a time on a bitter cold winter night, as the legend goes, two brother hermits, who were saints, were wandering about incognito. They had dressed themselves in the garb of medicant beggars. They wandered through a village singing and begging ; they went from door to door asking in most pathetic tones for the inmates to have pity on them, give them shelter for the night and protect them from the bitter cold of that night.

Stanza 3. These saints in this pitiable condition wandered through that village and suffered cruel treatment at the hands of residents and finally arrived at a small cottage in which lived an old farmer named Philemon with his wife Baucis. He very kindly invited the two saints into his home and gave them shelter for the night. The hospitable Philemon told his wife Baucis to light the fire while he himself took a flitch of bacon from the chimney and cut from it a big, f t and juicy slice to be fried and presented to the two guests. Then he took a large jug and filled it to the brim with wine and took it round twice so that the guests may have their fill of it. They were struck with wonder that the jug remained full inspite of all the wine that the guests had drank out of it. Baucis and Philemon wondered over it and looked at each other frightened. They began to cry, "What is it ?" Softly did they turn to one side and looked at the light to see if it turned blue. The gentle pilgrims looked their hosts in the eyes with amazement and informed them that they were hermits and were saints by profession. They said, "Good folks, do not fear ; we are saints and no evil spirits." The hermits further said, "No injury will come to you nor

to anything belonging to you ; but the inhabitants of that village who are so wicked and are not fit to live in a Christian land will surely be made to suffer. Their houses will be drowned. Your cottage will, on the other hand, be converted into a big church.

Stanza 4. The saints had just uttered these words when the roof of their cottage began to rise. All the beams and rafters were lifted and the heavy walls too became higher than they formerly were.

Stanza 5. The chimney of the cottage became wider and higher and was converted into a spire or steeple of the church.

Stanza 6. The kettle was hoisted to the top of the steeple and was there fixed at the top with its bottom turned upwards, indicating that it was pendent downwards. It hung in this condition and was now not a kettle but a bell.

Stanza 7. A wooden jack, which was very old and was now not used at all, felt a sudden change come over it and inside it were fixed a new set of wheels. Even more wonderful was the work that inside that jack was fitted the machinery of a clock. It slowly worked and moved and appeared to have heavy leaden feet. The movement of the clock was quick but outwardly appeared to be slow. In the cottage the place of that jack was near the chimney and appeared to be connected intimately. The chimney had become a steeple and the jack could not be left alone by itself. It was raised high and got fixed in the shape of clock along the steeple of that church. Thus the two remained together and even now the jack did its work of helping domestic life by announcing the time of the day and told the cook to attend to her duties properly as the masters would soon be coming home.

Stanza 8. The old chair, which groaned because it had become rickety, began to move slowly along the wall of the cottage. It was lifted high up and was open to the view of all in the shape and form of a pulpit.

Stanza 9. The shining and well polished porringers,

which hung in a row along the wall, got depreciated in quality and now hung there in the form of leather made buckets.

Stanza 10. The ballads of, *Joan of France, English Moll, Fair Rosamond, Robin Hood* and *Little Children In Wood* were written on papers and pasted along the walls of that cottage. This written material also underwent a change. The pictures on these papers were improved. The size of the letters became bigger and more bold and they began to give description of the heraldry of various tribes.

Stanza 11. There was in the cottage an old-fashioned bedstead made of very strong and heavy wood. It was a type of bedstead generally used by English people in the past ages. This was changed into a row of pews. As a bedstead it was used for purposes of getting rest and sleep. When it changed into pews it continued to be used for a similar purpose. The congregation sat there in the pews, took rest and went to sleep.

Stanza 12. By such quick and unexpected changes the cottage got transformed into a cathedral. The hermits then asked their two hosts what they wanted to have. Philemon waited for some time, thanked the saints in a simple and rustic manner, and then said, "My cottage has been changed into a beautiful and grand church, but I think I may continue calling it my own. I should very much like to lead life of comfort. If you think it proper then change me into a parson of this church."

Stanza 13. As Philemon uttered these words, he found that his old coat fell down round his feet and instead he was wearing pudding-sleeves coat, his waistcoat had changed into a cassock and both the coat and the waistcoat were of black colour. He wes a very old man and naturally his dress was worn out and covered with dust. He had become a priest and now his talk was about tithes and taxes. He now smoked cigarettes and talked about the newspapers. He had learnt to preach sermons like a good and efficient clergyman exploited to his own benefit the Bible and the text of holy books. He could

very well perform the duties of the priest at christening and remembered the service by heart. He advised the women to have more children and always bore in mind when the sow of some parishoner farrowed. He could criticise the creed of the dissenters, and stood firmly in favour of the Divine Right of kingship and Church. His mind was filled with new ideas which he had learnt from old authors whose books he read regularly and carefully.

Stanza 14. The saint, having fully equipped Philemon as a parson, now turned to Baucis and enacted their drama upon her too. Instead of clothes prepared from home-made coarse cloth, she now wore good pinners having colberteen hems. In a trice her old petticoat was changed into one made of shining black satin with a border of lace. He could not now be addressed with the simple word 'Goody.' Instead she was accosted as 'Madam', because she was the wife of a parson and wore silk gowns. When Philemon saw her in this fine and new dress he was so much surprised that he could not bring himself to believe his eyes because she looked so pretty on account of this change of dress.

Stanza 15. This change in their mode of life made them happy and in this state they lived on for many years. One day, which proved to be the last day of their life, while they were talking about the past incidents of their life both of them walked into the churchyard. Baucis looked her husband in the face and told him that something was sprouting out of his forehead. Philemon was at first astonished at these words but soon felt that something was actually sprouting out of it. He said to his wife, "What you says is true, and something is sprouting out of your forehead too. I am rooted to the place and now I am unable to move from this place."

Stanza 16. "If I continue long your patience would be tired" says the poet, "but to cut the story short, I say that both the husband and the wife were changed into two yew trees that grew side by side."

Stanza 17. Old Goodman, a resident of 'Green' village, remembers having seen those two trees. He would

go on talking about those trees from midday to nightfall. On Sundays after the evening prayers Goodman assembled all residents of that parish in the churchyard and pointed out to them the place where stood at one time those two yew trees. It continued like that till a parson of the town cut down one of those two trees and used the wood for mending his barn. Baucis was cut down and Philemon was left behind. This tree slowly withered and dried up until another parson came and cut down this tree too and used the wood as fuel.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Ancient times**—many years ago. **As the story tells**—as the story is told. **Saints**—good and virtuous people, here it means monks who had renounced the pleasures of life and taken the vow of service to religion. **Leave**—come out from. **Cells**—rooms wherein they lived a lonely life of renunciation and prayer. **Stroll**—wandered about. **But hide their quality**—but keep it a secret from the people that they were saints. **To try**—to test (امتحان لینا). **Good people**—the honest people of the world. **Hospitality**—kindness (میزبانی).

Stanza 2. **Happened**—it chanced (ایسا اتفاق ہوا). **Authors**—writers. **Hermits**—Christian recluses of early ages, persons living in solitude (راھب). **Legend**—some collection of lives of saints or similar stories, myth (روایت). **Taking their tour**—wandering about. **Masquerade**—in disguise or incognito (بھیس بدل کر). **Saints by trade**—by profession they were saints. Swift is a satirist and this poem is a satire on clergymen and parsons. These few words indicate that the people took up the work of a clergyman not because they had a liking or a natural bent of mind for religion, but because it was a lucrative profession and they wanted to make money out of it. **Disguised**—having changed their dress and appearance. **Tattered**—ragged, torn. **Habits**—clothes. **Kent**—name of a country in England. **Went to a small village down in Kent**—

Having disguised themselves they went to a village situated in the district of Kent. **Strollers**—wanderers, mendicant friars ; an order of priests who wandered from place to place begging for alms. **Canting**—*cant* is the peculiar language of a class spoken in such a way as to be unintelligible to others. Hence canting means babbling and singing (بڑ بڑاتے ہوئے). **Strain**—way and tone of talking.

They begged from door to door in vain

They went from door to door begging for food and shelter but nobody took pity on them and none did provide them food or shelter.

Tried every tone pity might win
But not a soul would let them in

These two saints in the garb of beggars went from door to door and tried in every way to move the hearts of men to incline them towards pity, but no one was affected either by their condition or by their tone and there came out not a single person out of that village who would give them permission to enter and have shelter for the night.

Stanza 3. **Our wandering saints**—the saints mentioned in the story who strolled through the village in the guise of poor beggars. **At this ungodly**—cruel treatment by people who were not at all afraid of God. The people of that village were so cruel that they appeared to have no fear of God. **Rate**—way, treatment.

Where dwelt a good honest yeoman.

They passed through that village and begged from door to door but no one did them any kind turn, until they came to a cottage which was the last house of that village. Here lived an honest, kind-hearted old labourer. **Yeoman**—a labourer who did work on some farm.

Called in the neighbourhood Philemon

The name of this man was known in the surrounding villages and he was called Philemon.

Who kindly did these saints invite

He was a kind-hearted man and took pity on the poor condition of these two and invited them to come in and have food and shelter. **Hospitable**—one who gives a liberal reception to friends and strangers (مہمان نواز).

Sire—master of the house, *viz.*, Philemon. **Bid**—told. **Goody Baucis**—good woman whose name was Baucis. **Mend**—look after the fire and burn it properly so that food may be prepared for the two saints. **Flitch**—side of hog salted, cured and preserved. **Bacon**—cured back and sides of pig.

A flitch of bacon off the hook

Philemon went to the chimney and took from the hook a slice of bacon to be fried and presented to the two guests. **Freely**—generously (فراخ دلی سے). **Fattest side**—from that side of the piece of bacon where there was plenty of fat. **Slices**—pieces (ٹکڑے). **Fried**—roasted (بھنے ہوئے). **Then stepped aside**—he gave them fried bacon to eat and then went to another place in the cottage. **To fetch them drink**—to bring for them wine to drink. **To the brim**—filled the jug to its edges (لبالب بھر کر).

And saw it fairly twice go round

And he saw to it that the jug went round twice so that the guests might have their fill of wine. **Replenished**—loss made good (جتنی شراب نکالی گئی اتنی پھر آ گئی)

'Twas still replenished to the top

Though that jug of wine had gone round twice and the guests had helped themselves to their fill, the jug was yet full to the brim. It so appeared that as much was taken out of it, an equal amount was poured into it and hence the quantity was not diminished.

As if they ne'er had touched a drop

The jug remained full to the brim and it appeared that not a drop was taken out of it. **Amazed**—were wonder-struck. **Gazed**—looked at one another with wondering eyes.

And just began to cry—"What art!"

The couple looked at each other wonderingly when they saw the jug replenished again and again and cried out as to what was the secret of that strange thing.

Then softly turned aside to view

Then gently they turned to one side to see whether the light was burning as it burnt previously or the light had turned blue in colour. English people in the Middle Ages were very superstitious and believed that the coming of the ghost or some other evil spirit turned the light blue.

The gentle pilgrims soon aware on't

The saints saw Baucis and Philemon thus filled with amazement and looking at the lights inquisitively.

Told them their calling and their errant

When the saints saw Baucis and Philemon looking around them with wondering eyes, they told the couple that they were saints and had come out disguised as beggars in order to test the charity and hospitality of the villagers. **Calling**—profession. **Errant**—business. **Pack**—group. **Churlish**-persons of low birth. **Boor**—peasant, a clumsy and ill-bred fellow.

Not fit to live on Christian ground.

These are people of evil nature and cruel. They are unfit to live in a Christian land *i.e.*, a land where cultured and refined people live.

They and their houses shall be drowned

For their churlish and cruel behaviour they and their houses will be drowned, *i.e.*, a curse will fall upon them and they will be ruined. **Rise**—will become higher and larger. **Grow a church**—will become big and will be converted into a cathedral (big church).

Stanza 4. **Scarce had spoke**—The two saints had hardly said these words when the roof of that cottage began to rise higher and higher. **Mount**-rise. **Aloft**—higher and higher. **Beam**-long piece of squared timber, (شہتیر). **Rafter**—one of the wooden planks comprising the roof. **Wall climbed slowly after**-as the roof rose higher the wall also began to rise higher and higher.

Stanza 5. **The chimney widened**—The chimney became wider and bigger. **Steeple**—spire of a church. **Spire**—top of the church of a conical shape.

Became a steeple with a spire

The chimney became bigger and higher and changed into a tower surmounted with a spire.

Stanza 6. **Kettle**—a cooking pot (کیتلی). **Hoist**—raised aloft, elevated. **Stood fastened**—there it stuck hanging. **Joist**—parallel timber streched on edge from wall to wall. **Upside down**—bottom upward (الٹی) **Inclination**—bend or curve. **Superior**—stronger. **Applied**—put to. **At bottom**—from below. **Stops**—checks. **Doomed**—fated. **In suspense**—hanging (آویزاں، لٹکا ہوا). **To dwell**—to live.

Stanza 7. **Jack**—machine for turning spit for roasting meat. **Almost**—nearly. **By disuse**—on account of not being used as it was very old and had become unserviceable. **Sudden**—unexpected. **Alteration**—change. **Intestine wheels**—wheels inside.

A sudden alteration feels,
Increased by new intestine wheels

The Jack, which lay in the cottage and had become very old and unserviceable, suddenly felt a change coming over its structure. The change was most unexpected. The inner mechanism underwent a change and new wheels began to work in it.

And what exalts the wonder more
The number made the motion slower

What increases wonder and astonishment is the fact that increase in the number of wheels made the motion of the machine slower. The poet means to say that the jack became a clock and the hands of the clock made slow and methodical movements indicating time.

The flier, tho't had leaden feet
Turned round so quick, you scarce could see't

But slackened by some secret power
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.

The Jack when it was used for turning spits moved upon leaden fixture. It revolved so fast that you could scarcely see it. Now being converted into a clock, it moved very slow, *i.e.*, at the speed of one inch per hour. **Near allied**—previously this jack and chimney lived in the close proximity of each other. **Reared**—rose up. **Still adhered**—remained there permanently. The poet means to say that the Jack became a clock and was fixed in the steeple of that church. **Cares**—petty and routine household affairs.

And still its love to household cares
By a shrill voice at noon declares

In the past when Jack was used for the roasting of meat it served as an implement in the kitchen, its function was at that time associated with domestic life. Now that jack has been converted into a clock. Although it is no more a kitchen apparatus, yet its interest in the daily routine of home life has been maintained. The clock at noon chimes and informs the kitchen maids that lunch time had come and she should set things in order.

Stanza 8. **Groaning chair**—The old rickety chair which creaked when any one sat upon it. Being an old chair its joints had become loose, and they creaked and groaned when the chair was subjected to use. **Crawls**—creeps, moves slowly. **Snail**—a small animal well known for its slow movement. **Stuck**—got fixed. **Aloft**—high up. **In public view**—The chair was changed into a pulpit and was raised to a high position where it was visible to every one. **Pulpit**—a rostrum in a church where the priest stands to deliver his sermon. The cottage was converted into a church and all articles of domestic use were slowly changed into furniture of the church. The chair changed into a pulpit and became high and visible to every one.

Stanza 9. **Porringer**—small basin from which soup is eaten. **In a row**—in a line. **Glittering show**—they shone because they were washed well and polished bright. **Less noble substance**—The quality of these porringers of

metal was reduced. Formerly they were metal vessels but when converted into buckets, they became leather. **Leather Bucket**—چمڑے کا ڈول. **Ranged**—arranged in a row.

Stanza 10. **Ballad**—a story written in verse. **Pasted**—written on a paper and then stuck to the wall. **Joan of France**—Joan of Arc who, during the Hundred Years War, freed. Dauphin *i.e.*, the Crown prince of France, from the imprisonment of the English. The other names written in italics in the selection of our poetry book are the names of ballads famous in English literature. **Seemed**—appeared. **Abundance better**—much better than before, *i.e.*, the ballads mentioned above were written on old paper and looked dirty and old ; but this metamorphosis of the cottage into a church changed every other thing in the cottage. The paper on which these ballads were written and the letters printed on them were all improved in appearance and looked much better than they did before. **Improved in picture**—even the pictures illustrating the incidents about which these ballads were written, underwent a change for the better. Formerly some of the pictures must have been vulgar and obscene ; but now they became religious in tone and cultured in idea and colour.

Now seemed to look abundance better
And high in order placed describe
The heraldry of every tribe

There was a marvellous change in the text and the contents of those ballads pasted on the walls. Baucis and Philemon had decorated their cottage walls by pasting on them ballads written on paper. When the cottage changed into a church the ballads pasted on the walls changed in contents and language. The print and the letters became better and now on them were insignia of various tribes that lived in that locality and also their ancestral history. **Heraldry**—pedigrees of those entitled to armorial bearings. In the Middle Ages all rich and noble families in England had some mark or insignia of their family. **Tribe**—the rich lords and dukes who lived in the surrounding area.

Stanza 11. **Bedstead**—framework of a bed (پلنگ). **Antique**—old, ancient. **Mode**—type, pattern (وضع قطع). **Compact**—strongly made, closely and neatly packed together. **Timber**—dry wood used for making furniture and house-building material. **Many a load**—large quantity.

Compact of timber many a load

This bedstead was made of dry wood. It was very strongly built and quite a large quantity of wood was used in its preparation. **Ancestors**—forefathers (آباو اجداد). **Metamorphosed**—entirely changed (بدل گیا). **Pew**—place, often enclosed and raised, in a church appropriate to a family. It is a fixed bench with a back in a church. **Ancient**—old. **Nature**—purpose. **Keep**—maintain. **Lodging**—providing place to rest.

Which still their ancient nature keep
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

The bedstead was used for the purpose of providing a place of rest and sleep. Now the bedstead had become a pew and provided seats for the people who came to the church and felt like sleeping. In a satirical vein Swift says that people came to the church mostly for the purpose of rest and sleep and not for the sake of offering prayers to God. Thus the bedstead continued to perform its old time-honoured function of providing a place of rest and sleep. The shape was changed but the function remained the same. **Folks**—people. **Disposed**—inclined.

Stanza 12. **Cottage**—a small house, a hut. **Feats**—strange happenings. **Grown**—changed and became bigger. **Just degrees**—step by step (درجہ بدرجہ). **Desired**—asked. **Fancied**—liked. **Having paused a while**—having waited for some time, after a short interval. **Returned them thanks**—thanked them for their kindness. **Homely style**—in a manner common to the simple villager.

Returned them thanks in homely style

He thanked them for their kindness and did so in a simple but sincere way. **My house is grown so fine**—my house has now become a beautiful and grand church.

Methinks I still would call it mine

Philemon said, "Now my cottage, through your blessing has got changed into a big and fine church but I love it now all the more and I would like to continue calling it mine." **Fain**—glad.

I am old, and fain would live at ease

Philemon said, "I am now an old man and am weak; therefore there is no course open to me other than to live in comfort and not to undertake much labour. **Parson**—rector or clergyman.

Stanza 13. **He spoke**—Philemon said to the two priests that he liked to become a clergyman. **Presently**—very soon, there and then. **Grazier**—one who feeds cattle for the market. **Pudding sleeves**—a large bulging sleeve drawn at the wrist or above; a sleeve generally in use by the priests.

He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels;
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm and pudding-sleeve

While talking to the two saints Philemon felt that the rough coat he was wearing fell down his body and lay round his heels. He saw; but could not bring himself round to believe that he had on him a fine coat with large bulging sleeves, a coat worn by the priest. However, the change had come and he was dressed in the ceremonial garb of a priest. **Cassock**—under-gown worn by a clergyman. **His waist-coat to a cassock grew**—his waistcoat was changed into an under-gown worn by clergymen. **Sable**—dark and black. **Hue**—colour.

And both assumed a sable hue
But being old continued just
As threadbare and as full of dust.

The clergyman's dress which now Philemon wore was dark and black in colour. The dress befitted him well. He was an old man and in keeping with his age the coat and gown were old and worn out and full of dust. Philemon's age and appearance did not change. He was quite an old man and to show that he was an old priest, the ceremonial dress provided for him was old and dusty. Had he been provided with a new dress, he would have looked funny and out of keeping with his age. **Threadbare**—worn out. **Tithes**—tax of one-tenth, especially one payable in kind, tenth part of annual proceeds of land taken for the support of church and the clergy. **Dues**—money due to the church.

His talk was now of tithes and dues

Change had come not only in the person of Philemon, not only in his cottage and the furniture inside the cottage, but even the mental set up of the man was changed. Philemon became a priest not only in appearance and clothes, but even mentally he was metamorphosed. Instead of thinking about things that interest countrymen and farmers he now thought like a clergyman and talked about the income and expenditure of the church of which he had now become the parson. The saints through the supernatural power that they possessed brought about a complete change in Philemon. From a yoeman he changed over physically and mentally into a priest.

He smoked his pipe and read the news

Like a typical and good churchman, all the day long he would smoke his pipe and read the newspaper. The poet means to say that formerly when he was a yeoman, he had to work hard all the day long ; but now he was a parson with a settled source of income from the revenues of the church and therefore he had no work to do. All the day long he sat and smoked his pipe and read the newspapers.

Knew how to preach old sermons next

He was now an old and experienced clergyman. Though his previous period of life was passed in doing the work of

a yoeman and it was only through a miracle performed by a saint that he became a clergyman in his old age ; yet the miracle worked by the saints was complete. Philemon became a clever priest and knew how to preach old sermons again and again and dupe the congregation by making them believe that the sermons were new. Swift is here satirising a custom common with all the religious divines that they did not take the trouble of preparing their sermons every time they were going to preach in the church. What they generally did was that they took out some old sermon preached on some previous occasion, made a few minor changes in it and thus made it to pass off as a new one. Philemon too, like an old and experienced parson, did the same thing. **Vamped**—patched and designed with a view to make an old thing look new. **Preface**—foreword (دیباچہ)

Vamped in the preface and the text

Philemon like a clever clergyman, took some old sermon, made some slight changes in the introduction and the text and passed it off as a new sermon. **Christening**—admit as a Christian by baptism, administer baptism, give name to a person at baptism. **Baptism**—(بپتسمہ) religious right of immersing (ڈبو دینا) in, or sprinkling (چھڑکنا) water as a sign of purification. After the performance of this rite the person is considered to be formally admitted to the church. On this occasion name is also given to the person.

At christenings well could act his part

In the case of Philemon the miracle was a complete one. Philemon not only became a priest but a very clever priest who could, on the occasion of administering baptism, play the part of a priest very well. **Service**—liturgical form of office appointed and fixed for ceremonial occasions such as birth, death or burial ; prayers or recitation from the Bible on ceremonial occasions. **By heart**—he could conduct the service from memory without making any reference to some book.

And had the service all by heart

Philemon remembered, and could recite from memory, all the various forms of services prescribed for the Christian church. Beginners in ecclesiastical service invariably had to make a reference to some book on such occasion. The old and experienced priests, however, performed all the services from memory. Philemon, though old in age, had become a priest only recently; but the miracle worked by the two saints was so complete and perfect that in spite of being a novice in the profession of priesthood he remembered all services by heart.

Wished women might have children fast

He expressed like a true and pious clergyman that women may give birth to more and more children and thus multiply the number of followers of Christ and also because he, the priest, would get his dues on birth and christening of a new child. **Farrowed**—gave birth to litter of pigs, all the day long he thought of the pigs of farmers who lived in the village because whenever the pigs gave birth to young ones he, as priest, could claim the right and due of the church. **Dissenters**—one who dissents from the national Church, member of a sect that has separated itself from the Church of England and Scotland. **Repine**—fret, be discontended and criticise adversely. **Stood up firm**—strongly supported. **Right divine**—the right by birth and given by God. Reference here is made to the belief commonly held in the Middle Ages by English people that the King and the Church got their rights from God and hence no one could dispute or challenge these.

Found his head filled with many a system

Philemon found that new plans and schemes for improvement of the system of control over the Church came into his mind of their own accord. He also thought out plans for making people more virtuous and religious-minded.

Classic authors—The ancient writers of the Greek and Roman periods. **He never missed them**—he became a punctual and devoted student of these ancient Greek and Roman writers.

Stanza 14. **Furbished**—renovated, polished up, brightened and given a new l fe ; provided with a new setting. **Farce**—diamatic work e.acted for pu poses of exciting laughter.

Thus having furbished up a parson
Dame Baucis next they played their farce upon

Having renovated Philemon as a parson and setting him up in this new position they next turned their attention to his wife, Dame Baucis, and played the drama upon her changing her into a parson's wife. **Instead**—in the place of. **Home-spun**—wool spun and prepared at home (گھر کا بنا ھؤا کپڑا). **Coifs**—close cap covering top, back, and sides of head. **Pinners** coifs with two long side flaps pinned on. **Edged**—bordered. **Colberteen**—a kind of open lace with a square ground so named after a French minister, Jean Calbeit.

Instead of home-spun coifs were seen
Good pinners edged with colberteen

Formerly Philemon was a poor man and his wife wore simple, home-made head-dress ; but when that miracle came to pass and he became a parson, his wife too was metamorphosed and she began to wear fashionable pinners (head-d esses) with edges made of lace. **Petticoat**—a part of the dress of a woman like a gown. **Transformed**—changed. **Apace**—quickly, very soon, in a very short time. **Satin** a kind of glossy silk cloth. **Flounce**—strip gathered and sewn by upper edge round woman's skirt and with lower edge hanging for ornament. **Flounced** - trimmed with flounce.

Her petticoat transformed apace
Became black satin flounced with lace

Very soon the petticoat of Bausic was changed into a fine and costly petticoat made of satin, black in colour and trimmed with flounce. Formerly her petticoat was of coarse cloth prepared from ordinary stuff used by the poor woman of the village. Since her husband had become a parson now and his position in the society had become higher and respectable, the wife too began to wear costly

and fine garments. **Grogram**—coarse and rough silk cloth often stiffened with gum.

Plain 'Goody' would no longer down
'Twas 'Madam' in her grogram gown

Formerly people called her 'Goody' meaning a good woman. Previously she was just an ordinary woman belonging to the poor working class and 'Goody' was a title good enough for her. Now she was the wife of the parson, a woman belonging to the higher strata of society. As such she had to be addressed as 'Madam.' Being the wife of a priest she wore gowns made of costly grogram cloth.

Philemon was in great surprise
And hardly could believe his eyes

This change in dress wrought a marvellous change in her physical appearance and her husband wondered at this change. He looked at her with wondering eyes and could not bring himself round to believe that she had become so attractive. **Amazed**—full of wonder. **Prim**—formal, demure, serious and respectable.

And her admired as much as him

The two looked at each other with eyes full of admiration. Baucis looked at her husband who had become a parson and appeared very serious and venerable. Philemon looked with wonder at his wife who, now the wife of a parson, was the picture of respectability. Both were filled with astonishment as they looked at each other.

Stanza 15.

Thus happy in their change of life

The couple were pleased with change that had come over them. Philemon and Bausic became clergyman and were satisfied with their new profession. **Were several years**—for many years they lived like this. **Which proved their last**—which turned out to be the last day of their life on earth, *i.e.*, on that day they were transformed into yew trees. **Discoursing**—talking, conversing about. **Old stories past**—they were discussing old incidents and happenings of their past life. **Amidst their talk**—thus talking together they went to the churchyard. **Hastily**—

unexpectedly. **Sprout**—shoot forth (شگوفه یا شاخ پهوٹ پڑنا) **I see your forehead sprout**—Baucis said to her husband that his forehead was shooting forth new buds and branches. **Quoth**—said. **Yau**—you.

I hope you don't believed me jealous.

The actual fact was that Philemon was now changing shape, and was very soon to become a tree. The first step of that change was the budding forth of his forehead which began to shoot forth its branches. Baucis saw this change coming over her husband and cried out with wonder and amazement that his forehead was sprouting. Philemon did not understand the reality of what she said and took the world 'sprout' to mean that horns had begun to sprout from his head. In the Middle Ages, the period of which this story is written, people believed that horns grew on the heads of those husbands whose wives had illicit relations with other men. Therefore, he says, "I have given you no cause to believe that I am a jealous husband and consider you to be unfaithful."

But yet, methinks, I feel it true ;

But I am feeling myself that my forehead has sprouted and what you say is true.

And really your's is budding too

And really not only my forehead is sprouting, yours too is shooting forth buds and branches.

Now I cannot stir my foot

I am taking root here and cannot even move from this place.

Stanza 16. **Description would but tire my muse**—if he indulged in too much description the muse who is his patron will surely be tired. The poet means to say that he does not wish to tire out the patience of his readers by making the poem too long. **Yew**—a kind of tree.

Stanza 17. **Goodman Dobson**- name of a villager. **Green**—name of a village. **Remembers he the trees**——he remembers the trees and the place where that change took place. Dobson, an old resident of the village, knew

the place where Philemon and Baucis suffered that change and became yew trees. **Talk of them**—Dobson talked about Philemon and Baucis and related to the poeple incidents from their lives. His information was so full and detailed that about this subject he talked the whole day long.

And goes with folks to show the sight

Dobson takes people along with him and shows them the site where these two trees grew in the good old days. **Gathers all the parish**—all the residents of the parish gather there round Dobson and talk to them about Philemon and Baucis. **Of either yew**—he pointed out to these people the exact spot where yew trees grew. **Mend**—repair (مرمت کرنا). **Barn**—covered building for storing grain and corn. **Cut Baucis down**—cut down that tree which originally was Baucis.

At which, 'tis hard to be believed,
How much the other tree was grieved

When one of the yew trees (Baucis) was cut down the other tree (Philemon) was left alone, it began to wither and dry up. This fact may be difficult to believe but nobody can deny that it happened thus. The other tree felt very sad when it lost the companion who had lived by its side for such a long time. **Grew**—became. **Scrubby**—stunted like a shrub (درخت چھوٹا ہو کر جھاڑی ہو گیا). **Died a-top**—the upper part of the tree got dried up and was dead. **Stubbed**—grub up by the roots (جڑ سے اکھاڑنا).

VIII. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. From where did Swift adapt this story ? Give the mythological reference and point out the changes made by him.

Ans. "*Baucis and Philemon*" is a story taken from Greek mythology. Baucis and Philemon were an aged couple who lived in a cottage situated on the outskirts of a village in Phrygia, a province of Greece. Herms and Zeus, two gods, came to Greece after their travels in Asia. They visited every home in the village and asked for food and shelter ; but every villager denied them hospitality. This

angered the gods very much. Passing through the village, they came at last to the cottage where Philemon and Baucis lived. Here they were accorded welcome, and were given food and shelter. The two old residents entertained them not knowing that these were gods and not human beggars. The gods were much pleased and converted their cottage into a temple of which the old couple were made the priest and priestess. They lived long and performed these duties justly and well, and both died at the same hour. They requested the gods to change them into trees and the kind gods granted their request and converted them into two trees whose branches intertwined.

Swift has taken this story from Greek mythology and has given it an English colour and a background of English life in the Middle Ages. He applies the moral lesson of the story to the condition of the clergy and religion of England of his period. The Greek gods are replaced by English saints and the scene is laid in Kent, a county of England. The saints pass through the village whose inhabitants are all wicked and cruel people and show no kindness or hospitality to them. The only true, pious and gentle souls they meet are Philemon and Baucis. As a reward for their Christian qualities of gentleness and hospitality their home is changed into a church and Philemon becomes its head parson and his wife a respectable lady.

Swift is essentially a prose-writer and satirist and in this poem, too, he launches a merciless attack upon falsehood and corruption which prevailed in religion. Though, in this poem, he maintains a purity of language and style, even to the most casual reader it becomes apparent that he is out to condemn the so-called Christians who, though Christian in faith and name, were devoid of essential Christian virtues. The story has a moral. The wicked residents of the village are carried away by the floods raised by the saints while the gentle and virtuous pair, Philemon and Baucis, are rewarded—their cottage is changed into a church and the husband and wife become gentle and well-to-do couple who pass their lives in the service of the church and ultimately become two trees growing side by side.

38. HART-LEAP WELL
BY
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I. THE POET

(See No. I of the 2nd poem of the Part I)

II. CENTRAL IDEA

A lord named Sir Walter goes out a-hunting and pursues a hart who, tired and exhausted, dies by falling in a spring of water. The lord builds a palace there, but soon after his death the palace is completely ruined showing that our pleasure and pride should never be acquired by causing pain and suffering to any of God's creatures.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Wordsworth is the poet of Nature and he preaches that Nature is the only power in the world which can bring peace and quiet to the heart of man provided we love her in all her moods. His worship of Nature is based on a pantheistic belief that God is present behind every object of Nature. It is through a love for Nature and for every form of creation that man can have communion with God and make himself better and gentle. He has admiration not only for the beautiful landscape but even ordinary and simple village people appear to him superior to the small highly-educated and sophisticated men and women who live in cities. In the poem *Hart-leap Well*, a general advice is given to all that we should respect the animal world, for animals too are the creation of God and have a beauty of soul.

This poem has two sections : in part first the poet recounts the story of the hunt. This incident of hunting the hart took place in the past Wordsworth imaginatively describes the scene of the hunt and cleverly the incidents of the pursuit and the death of the hart. The hart is pursued by Sir Walter until he leaps from a rock to his death.

In the second part of the poem we are brought back to the present and the poet meets a shepherd at that

very spot where the stag had fallen and died. The poet philosophises over the incident. The people believe that this place is haunted by evil spirits and that was the reason why that place had become barren and desolate. All the buildings constructed by Sir Walter are decayed and the trees planted by him have fallen down. The basin by the spring constructed by him is avoided by the animals of the forest. This, according to Wordsworth, is the revenge taken by Nature.

The poet concludes that all glory or pleasure acquired by us at the expense of joy and life of animals, bird and beasts, is wicked and Nature and God abhor it. The poet is hopeful too. He says that man is wicked no doubt but nature has a power which can finally remove all wickedness from the heart of man or can at least remove the effects which man's evil nature produces on nature. He hopes that the place where the stag fell and died will again be covered by beautiful verdure. Human pride and pleasure at the death of an animal is false, for God cares equally for all His creatures, while efforts of man to feed his false sense of glory perish ultimately.

The scene of the story is laid in natural surroundings and the language used in the poem is simple as is used by the common man in the daily intercourse of ordinary life. Wordsworth can tell a story very well. In this poem too the incidents follow each other in quick succession and nowhere does Wordsworth allow the interest of the story to flag ; he describes many aspects of Nature and also gives us in unmistakable terms his philosophy of Nature.

IV. SUBSTANCE

Sir Walter had come riding from the Wensley Moor to the door of the cottage of one of his tenants and asked for a new horse because the horse he was riding was exhausted and tired out. The tenant provided him with a new horse and the Knight rode on further in pursuit of the hart. That morning Sir Walter had begun the hunt in company with many followers but now he was quite alone and had few dogs to help him in his hunting expedition. Very soon

he saw the tired poor stag laboriously climb up a hill and then it disappeared from sight. When Sir Walter approached the spot he saw that the stag lay dead near a spring below that hill. Sir Walter was overjoyed at this sight and was also charmed by the beautiful scene of nature that he saw there. Sir Walter made up his mind to build a pleasure house in that locality and to plant a small orchard there. Being a rich and well-to-do man he put his scheme into effect and within three months of expressing his wish he was able to get a house built at that site. In the summer when the days were long and the surrounding land was beautiful with fresh verdure he often came there along with his paramour and passed days and nights full of merriment and pleasure. He died after a few years and the garden and house built by him soon crumbled to dust. Nature took its revenge by making that place utterly barren and desolate.

Years had passed over this incident when the poet visited that place and met, by chance, a shepherd who narrated to him the whole story. The shepherd said that the accursed place was haunted by evil spirits and that was the reason why it had become barren and desolate. Wordsworth looked down the hill and felt as if springtime never came to that valley; but he did not believe in the interpretation given by the shepherd. He arrived at the conclusion that Sir Walter had cruelly murdered that hart and Nature and God took revenge by demolishing his house and by making that place totally barren and desolate. Wordsworth philosophises over the whole situation and finally arrives at the conclusion :—

> One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,
> Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals;
> Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

V. SUMMARY

Part I

Sir Walter rode down from the Wensley Moor and his horse was fatigued. He came to the door of one of his tenants and asked for a new horse.

The vassal heard the cry for a horse and brought and presented to his lord the best and most beautiful horse form his stable. This was the third horse he rode since morning.

The rider and the horse were a happy pair and the horse was happy over it. Immediately the rider mounted it, the horse set off at a quick speed.

Sir Walter had started in the morning with a train of followers and as they galloped they created a loud stir; but now he was all alone.

Sir Walter rode on horseback with the velocity of a wind and called to the few hunting dogs that were left with him.

The Knight shouted and called his pack-dogs and urged them further with both sound and jesture, but gradually these dogs too were exhausted and lay down dying on the mountains.

The crowd and the tumult all vanished and all the followers were left behind; only Sir Walter was now pursuing the hart.

That hart in a pitiable condition was seen labouring up the ascent of a hill and after a very short time the Knight saw him stretched in a nearby valley.

Coming down from his horse the Knight leaned against a bush. He had no followers or servants or dogs with him. He looked at the dead stag with silent pleasure. .

Nearby was standing the horse he had ridden. The horse was foaming at the mouth and was utterly exhausted.

The hart lay stretched upon its side: its nostrils touched the water of the spring and its last breath had disturbed the water.

Sir Walter was overjoyed and his gaze was rivetted upon the spot where the dead stag lay.

Sir Walter climbed up the hill, and along the grassy slope he found many marks of the hoof of the stag.

Sir Walter wiped the sweat from his face and said;

"Such a thing had never come to pass before ; three leaps have taken the stag down the slope to death.

"I will build here a pleasure-house and a small arbour for the use of travellers, pilgrims and lovers."

"I will get a clever artist to prepare a basin near the spring and it will be called by the name 'Hart-leap Well.'

"And brave hart, to make you famous, three pillars of stone will be erected at different places to mark the three fatal leaps you took down the hill-side.

"During summer when days are long I will visit this place in the company of my mistress and dances and songs will be arranged."

"Till the mountains fall my house will continue to be there and it will be a source of pleasure to the dwellers of Swale."

Then Sir Walter returned home and left the dead hart behind and very soon he gave a practical shape to his wish and promise.

Before three months had passed, a basin of stone was constructed near the spring. The three pillars of stone and a pleasure-house were also erected.

Near that fountain flowers grew up and a forest of trees and creepers were planted. Very soon an arbour of leaves and creepers came into being.

There in the summer came Sir Walter with his mistress and with dancers and singers held revelry and merriment.

The Knight died in the course of time and was buried in the family vault. Further on begins a new tale.

Part II

The incidents and their narration I am not much interested in, and sensational tales I do not like to narrate. I prefer to compose a song which may inspire meditation and thought.

When I went from Hawes to Richmond, by chance I came to a valley and there near a spring stood three aspens and three corners of a square.

I failed to follow the full significance of these things and checked my horse. There I saw a line of three pillars, the last of which was on the brow of a hill.

The trees were dried up and broken, and the mound of the square was also broken. The ruin indicated that in the past in this place there lived human beings.

I looked about me on the hill and found a place utterly forsaken and lonely. It appeared as if the spring never came to this place aud nature was of its own accord decaying.

I was lost in a reverie. In the meantime a shepherd came along. I greeted him and asked him what place it was.

The shepherd stopped there and narrated the same story which I have told you. He said that previously this place was green and beautiful.

There are few stumps of old trees here. These may be aspens, beeches or elms. There used to be a bower and once here was situated a fine palace.

The arbour is ruined and the palace is lying in a heap ; but as for the house, you may search for it the whole day long without being able to find it.

There is no beast or animal in the forest that would drink water from that spring. Often in the stilly night when the world is asleep a groan would come from the spring.

Some people are of the opinion that in this place a murder was perpetrated and a curse has now fallen on the place. But my opinion is that all this is due to the cruelty done to the hart.

The poet says, "We can guess what ideas would have whirled through the mind of that hart which forced it to take such a cruel and fatal leap."

The hart ran a race for thirteen long hours and arrived at this place to die. There was a purpose behind this perseverance.

Perhaps he lay down here and fell into eternal sleep

lulled by the stream. Perhaps here he drank water for the first time in his life.

Perhaps near this very stream he was born and might have for the first time in his life heard the birds singing.

Now the place is barren and desolate, and thus it will remain for ever till Doomsday.

Wordsworth said to the old man, "Between your faith and mine there is but a slight difference. Nature is taking revenge for the cruelty that was done to the hart.

"God who is omniscient maintains a vigilant watch over harmless creatures."

"The pleasure house is a ruin no doubt, but the universal life-giving forces are at work and this spot will once more bloom and flower forth."

"This place is undergoing a period of decay, but surely life will once again surge forth and these valleys and mountains again be covered with flowers."

"But, shepherd, bear this lesson in mind, never injure any living creature for your pride or pleasure."

VI. PARAPHRASE

Part I

Stanza 1. The Knight had come riding from Wensley Mcor. He came riding at the slow speed of a cloud in summer. When he came to the door of his tenant, he shouted and asked for a new horse to be supplied to him at once.

Stanza 2. He cried aloud and asked for a new horse. The tenant heard the orders of his master and saddled his most beautiful and best horse and Sir Walter mounted that horse and proceeded on the chase. This was the third horse he had ridden on that wonderful day of hunting.

Stanza 3. The horse and rider were well matched and on account of joy the eyes of the fiery steed shone and showed bright. Though Sir Walter rode the new horse at the speed the falcon flies in the atmosphere there was a melancholy quiet which pervaded the Nature.

Stanza 4. Sir Walter had left his manorial hall in the morning and had a retinue of followers, who were so many that as they galloped past they produced a lot of hustle and bustle ; but now he was all alone. His followers were all separated from him. Such a race had never been seen before.

Stanza 5. Sir Walter was restless like a fast blowing wind and called the few fatigued hunting dogs that still followed him. Blanch, Swift and Music were still near him. These were the best dogs of their species and they followed their weary master up the hill.

Stanza 6. The Knight shouted and called out to them. Sometimes he encouraged them and some times was quick and harsh. But on account of fatigue the breath and eyesight of the dogs failed one by one, and they lay down exhausted on the slope of the hill.

Stanza 7. Where have gone that gathering of huntsmen and the noise of the race and the bugles that were blown with joy ? All these were left behind by Sir Walter. The chase looked like a competition of the world. The hart and Sir Walter were competing for supremacy. The race now took on the colour of a race between these two.

Stanza 8. The poor fatigued hart climbed up the hill with great labour. I will not tell how far it ran up the hill nor will I narrate how it died, but the Knight found him lying dead at the foot of that slope.

Stanza 9. The Knight came down from horseback and stood reclining against a thorny bush. Near him there were no followers, nor a dog, nor a man, nor a boy. Neither did he crack the whip to urge the horse forward nor did he blow his horn to call his followers. He stood there silently and looked at the dead stag and his heart was filled with joy at his success.

Stanza 10. Near the bush against which Sir Walter leaned was standing his helper in the chase, *i.e.*, the horse he had taken from his tenant. The horse stood dumb with fear and was docile like a lamb just born. Its mouth was white with foam.

Stanza 11. The dead hart lay on its side and his nostrils touched the water of the spring near him. Perhaps with the last deep breath, after which death overtook him, he disturbed the water of the spring.

Stanza 12. Sir Walter was so happy that he would neither rest nor sleep. Never before any living man had felt so much joy as Sir Walter felt at that time. He walked all around that place ; he went in every direction and very attentively looked upon that spot.

Stanza 13. He climbed the hill, and the distance he covered was four roods in length. On the slope of the hill he saw several hoof marks of the stag which were formed upon that grassy plain.

Stanza 14. Sir Walter wiped the perspiration from his face and said, "Till now such a sight was never seen by any other human eye. From the top of that hill he had taken three leaps only and landed dead on the banks of that river.

Stanza 15. "Near this very spot I will build a pleasure-house and a small sheltered arbour. Here the travellers and pilgrims will come and take rest and shelter. The arbour will provide a place of secrecy for the shy maidens to come and make love to their lovers."

Stanza 16. "I will engage a clever builder who will prepare a basin near this spring lying in this valley. In the future people will talk about this spring and call it by the name of 'Hart-leap Well.'

Stanza 17. "To commemorate your good name and to keep your fame alive, O good hart, I will erect one more monument. I will build three pillars at three different places and these will be cut out of stone and fixed at the places where there are three hoof-prints.

Stanza 18. "During the summer when days are long I will visit this place in the company of my mistress and bring dancers and singers to dance and sing. Thus will we make merry in this place.

Stanza 19. The building which I will erect in this place will be so massive and well-built that it will last till the

foundation and base of that mountain will last. This place and arbour will be a source of pleasure to the residents and farmers of this valley which is called 'Swale.'

Stanza 20. The lord went back home and left behind the dead stag which lay there with its nostrils stretched along the water of the spring. Very soon the Knight implemented what he had said. All over the land the arbour and the building became famous.

Stanza 21. Before three lunar months had passed, the basin was prepared near the spring and was filled with water. Three pillars of stone were erected and the pleasure-house was built in that valley.

Stanza 22. Near that fountain grew up tall and big flowers, and creepers and plants that were beautiful to look at. Thus came into being a rural hall (the bower) and shelter from the wind and sun which was built of trees, leaves, creepers and flowers.

Stanza 23. There during summer months when days are long, Sir Walter brought his mistress who was astonished to see the beautiful bower, pleasure-house and pillars. The dancers and singers also came in their train and within that nice bower they had a happy time full of revelry and merriment.

Stanza 24. Time passed on. Sir Walter died and his body was buried in the family vault where now lie his bones. What follows will be the subject-matter of a different poem and story.

Part II

Stanza 25. I am not in the habit of narrating sensational tales says the poet neither am I proficient in the art of telling stories that curdle the blood. It is my pleasure to sing simple songs which excite one to thinking and contemplation. I sing these songs in the shade of summer tree.

Stanza 26. As I was proceeding from Hawes to Richmond, I, by chance, saw standing in a valley, three aspen trees on the three corners of a square. Another

tree stood at a distance of not more than four yards ; it stood near a spring.

Stanza 27. What was the real significance of all this, I failed to understand. I tugged at the reins of my horse to stop it. I saw three pillars standing in a line and last of three pillars stood on the top of a dark hill.

Stanza 28. The trees were old and grey, they had neither branches nor tops and the square was like a half-wasted mound of grey and a dark hue. You would surely have agreed with me that this was a place where once man had built a grand pleasure house and now the building had collapsed.

Stanza 29. I looked upon the hills far and near and felt that never before had I seen such a picture of utter desolation and waste. It so appeared that spring never came to this spot and nature was willing to decay and die of its own accord.

Stanza 30. I stood there and was utterly lost in thinking and contemplation. There came along an old man dressed as shepherd. He came up along the valley. I greeted him and asked him what place it was.

Stanza 31. The shepherd stopped and told me the same story which I have narrated to you in the preceding part of my poem. He said, "It was a fine and good place at one time ; but some evil has befallen it now and it appears to be under a curse.

Stanza 32. "You see these dead stumps of aspen trees. Some say these were beeches while others say these were alms. These constituted the arbour and here at this spot was the palace, which was one of the finest of its kind in the country.

Stanza 33. " The poor condition of the bower has its own story and desolation to tell ; you can see yourself the stones, the fountain and the stream. Nowhere is there any sign of that big palace, the pleasure-house built by the knight. You may search for it for half a day ; but nowhere will you see any sign of that house which is forgotten like a dream.

Stanza 34. "No dog, cow, horse or sheep would come and drink water from the basin near the stream. Often when people are asleep the water of the stream raises the tragic sound of a groan

Stanza 35. "Some people express the opinion that in this valley a murder was done and this tragic sound is the cry raised for vengeance. I do not, for my part, agree with this opinion. While sitting in the sun, I guess that all this was due to the cruelty done to the poor stag.

Stanza 36. "None can guess what thoughts would have passed through the mind of that poor animal when from the top of that high hill he took only three leaps along the slope. Look here, the last jump was the worst and proved fatal."

Stanza 37. The shepherd further said, "For full thirteen hours the hart ran a race pursued by Sir Walter on horseback. I am a simple-minded fellow, but as far as I can follow, I feel that there was surely some urgent need which forced the stag to run on like this and finally come to this particular place to breathe his last.

Stanza 38. "Perhaps this was the place where he used to come often and take rest. He might have been in the habit of coming and sleeping here on the green grass and would have been soothed and comforted by the rippling water of the spring. Perhaps it was from this very river that he drank water for the first time in his life when he might have come here in the company of his mother."

Stanza 39. "In the month of April under that thorny bush covered with blossoms he may have heard the song of birds happy in summer. Perhaps we are not sure of it. He might have been born at a short distance from this very river.

Stanza 40. "Now in this place no grass grows and there is no shade of trees There is no valley so barren and desolate as this one in the whole world. In this state of barrenness and desolation it will continue to remain till the day of Judgment when all trees, fountains and stones will disappear for ever."

Stanza 41. Having heard all this from the mouth of that grey-headed shepherd, I said to him : "Old shepherd, what you have said is quite true and between your creed and mine there is a very slight difference. The hart was cruelly done to death by the lord ; but nature saw all this and mourned over it and expressed its divine sympathy in the form of this curse which has fallen on the valley.

Stanza 42. "God who is the Master of all and checks the clouds and the air; He who commands the green leaves and trees to grow and maintains a deep and respectful regard and care for the innocent creatures of the forest and the air."

Stanza 43. "The pleasure-house has now fallen down and is lying in debris. There is no waste or gloom which can be permanent. Surely nature in its course will dispel the gloom and once again the beauty of nature will flourish and flower in its full glory.

Stanza 44. "The grand pleasure-house is now a heap of debris and nature has left these to decay and die away slowly. What we have been and will be is known to all of us. But when nature will take a kindlier view of these things she will surely cover up this ruin with a verdure.

Stanza 45. Both of us agree on this main point, shepherd. This lesson is taught to us by all that we see. We should never try to get pleasure or try to feed our pride by causing pain and suffering to the meanest creation of God."

He prayeth best who loveth all
Man and bird and beast.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Part I

Stanza 1. **The Knight**—Sir Walter who had gone out on a hunting expedition. **Ridden Down**—came riding on a horseback. **Wensley Moor**—name of a place. **Slow motion**—moving slowly because his horse was fatigued and exhausted on account of the day's journey. **A summer cloud**—in England most of the rain falls in summer and

the clouds during that season are generally low and slow-moving. The poet here compares the movement of Sir Walter's horse to a slow moving summer cloud going at a slow pace **Approached** - came to a house. **Vassal**—serf. The period of which this story is written is the period of the Middle Ages in England. The law of land was based on feudal system. Under this system of land tenure all land was supposed to belong to the king and his lords and dukes. The tenants were serfs all of them. Here Sir Walter came to the dwelling of one of his tenants. **Bring forth another horse**—he came to the door and shouted to the inmates to supply him with a new horse. His own was fatigued and exhausted because he had ridden it all through the hunt and the great speed at which he rode had tired him.

Stanza 2. **Another horse**—Sir Walter in loud tones ordered his vassal to give him a new horse. **Best steed**—he got ready the best horse in the stable. **Comely**—beautiful. **Grey**—grey coloured horse. **Glorious**—bright summer day when the sun shone brightly and the sky was cloudless and clear.

He was the third
Which he had mounted on that glorious day

Sir Walter had pursued the stag throughout the day. In the chase he had exhausted two horses already and this was the third.

Stanza 3. **Joy**—pleasure. **Sparkled**—shone brightly. **Prancing**—fiery and jumping. **Courser**—fast running horse, a horse used in races.

Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes

The horse appeared to enjoy the opportunity of getting a chance of being ridden by such a great personage as the master of the land. **Are a happy pair**—the rider and the horse were in perfect accord and it was a happy combination. **Like a falcon flies**—Sir Walter sped on at the pace the falcon flies. The falcon flies very fast and so did Sir Walter on the back of a new horse. **Doleful**—sorrowful

silence that pervaded the scene. A tragic accident ending in the immediate death of the hart was going to take place. Coming events cast their shadows beforehand. Before the actual death of that hart the whole environment appeared to be enveloped in a silent gloom.

Stanza 4. **Rout**—assembly or company, especially of merry-makers and rioters; here an assemblage of the friends and followers of Sir Walter who had come together for going out on a hunting expedition.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's hall

In the morning it was a large concourse of people who has left the house of Sir Walter to go out on a hunting expedition.

Galloped—they were all on horseback and went galloping through the countryside. **Made the echoes roar**—they were a large gathering and as they galloped forward they produced a roaring sound. **Vanished**—have disappeared.

But horse and men are vanished, one and all

Now the hunt has gone on for the whole day and in the mad pursuit they have parted from each other. Sir Walter was left all alone. There was neither horse nor man left in the company of the Knight and he was madly chasing that hart. **Such race**—such a mad pursuit. **Was never seen before**—never before had the people of that locality seen such a mad chase.

Stanza 5. **Restless**—excited and agitated. **Veering**—changing direction. **Veering wind**—the wind that changed direction.

Sir Walter restless as a veering wind

The mind of the Knight was restless and excited and his mood underwent a change every moment like a wind that changes direction swiftly. **Tired dogs**—dogs that were spent with day's hunt. **That yet remain**—Sir Walter was left alone, only a few dogs were still following the

Knight, while all others were left behind. **Blanch, Swift, Music**—names of dogs who were still following the Knight. **Noblest of their kind**—these dogs were the best of their breed. **Follow**—pursue. **Weary**—tired. **Strain**—make effort to go up the hill. **Weary mountain**—here the poet uses the form of speech called 'Transferred epithet.' The adjective qualifies not the noun that it precedes but some other noun. Here the mountain is not at all weary; rather the dogs which climb up the mountain are weary. The tired dogs strain every nerve to go up the hill—wearily they go on climbing.

Stanza 6. **Halloed**—shouted and called out to the dogs. **Cheered**—sometimes he encouraged them and called them lovingly. **Chid them**—scolded them (برا بھلا کہنا) **He cheered and chid them on**—he urged them forward, sometimes by encouraging and sometimes by rebuking. **Suppliant**-asking them lovingly. **Gesture**—significant movement of limb (اشارہ). **Upbraiding**—scolding and rebuking. **But breath and eyesight**—continued running after the hunt weakened them and their breath and eyesight failed. They were tired and began to breathe hard. Soon they got dizzy and fainted. They could not run further. **Stretched**—lay dying. **Fern**—grassy plain having small shrubs here and there.

The dogs were stretched among the mountain fern

The dogs got extremely weak, fainted and lay down in the grass on the slope of the hill. They were so much tired that they breathed their last.

Stanza 7. **Throng**—crowd (مجمع). **Tumult**—noise (شور). **Race**—chase, hunt. **Joyfully**—happily.

Bugles that so joyfully were blown

The bugles that were sounded in the morning when the hunt began. At that time everybody was happy and gay, and bugles were blown. Now Sir Walter was left alone and it was perfect silence that reigned all over the place.

This chase it looks not like an earthly chase

The hunt now took on a strange turn and no longer looked like an ordinary hunt. It took on a supernatural turn. One stag being hotly pursued for full thirteen hours by one lonely hunter who had left behind all the dogs and followers, was quite an unusual thing. The poet, therefore, says that the hunt no longer looked like an earthly chase. Sir Walter and the hart appeared to be some primitive residents of the earth who were settling their old quarrels.

Stanza 8. **The poor hart**—the poor stag whose condition had become wretched and pitiable. Now it was making its last effort to save its life from the desperate hunter who had made up his mind to kill it. **Hart**—male red deer after it is five years old. **Toils**—it is completely tired out and now goes up the hill with great labour. **Mention**—tell you. **By what death**—in what manner did he die.

I will not stop to tell how far he fled
Nor will I mention by what death he died

The poet says, "In the narration of this story I will not give the details of the flight of the hart over that hill, nor will I tell you how he met his death." In other words he means to say that from this place the story will take a reflective turn. **Beholds**—sees.

But now the knight beholds him lying dead

When the Knight goes across the slopes of that hill and reaches the other side in the valley he found the stag lying dead.

Stanza 9. **Dismounting**—coming down from his horse. **Leaned**—reclined (سہارا لیکر کھڑا ہؤا). **Thorn**—a thorny bush (خار دار جھاڑی). **He had no followers**—The hunter was now all alone because in the mad pursuit he had managed to have left behind all of his followers. **Cracked his whip**—produced the sound of cracking with the whip by moving it violently in the air so as to frighten the horse and urge it to run faster (کوڑے کو چٹخایا). **Blew**—produced a sound by blowing into it (بجایا). **Horn**—bugle. **Gazed**—

looked with amazement. **Spoil**—The dead animal which he had hunted (شکار). **Silent gay**—he was happy over finding the hart which he had pursued for thirteen hours but he kept quiet over his joy and pleasure.

Stanza 10. **Close to the thorn**—near that thorny bush. **On which**—against which. **Dumb**—silent, the horse which cannot speak. **Partner**—co-sharer. The horse which had shared with him the work of hunting that hart. **Glorious**—it was a wonderful animal on account of its superior breed and fine quality. **Fear**—The horse appeared to be frightened. **Weak as a long**—this horse was a powerful beast but at this time on account of extreme exhaustion it appeared to be weak and docile like a lamb. **To yean**—to bring forth a lamb or a kid.

Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned

The horse was weak and docile like a lamb just brought forth into the world. **Foam**—(جھاگ). **Cleaving**—sticking fast, adhering. (چمٹ جانا). **Sleet**—hail or snow.

And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet

The entire body of the horse was covered with flakes of foam as if snow flakes were adhering to the skin. The horse had run fast for quite a long time and foam was formed at the mouth which flew out in the wind. It appeared as if flakes of snow had got stuck there.

Stanza 11. **Stretched**—sprawling. **Nostrils**—(نتھنے)

Upon his side the horse was lying stretched
His nostrils touched a spring beneath a hill

The dead hart lay there stretched on its side and the nostrils touched the water of the spring which lay below a hill. It so appeared that the hart had become extremely thirsty because it had run for full thirteen hours. It fell down the slope of that hill and must have tried to reach the spring. It must have stretched and strained its neck but was able only to touch the water with its nostrils before it breathed its last. **Last deep groan**—the last

convulsion of the body before it died. **Fetched**—brought forth. **Trembling**—viberating. **Still**—even now.

And with the last deep groan his breath and fetched

The waters of the spring were trembling still

The hart, when it breathed its last, must have brought forth a deep breath The poet imagines that the water of the spring was rippling even now on account of the action of that sigh.

Stanza 12. **Too happy**—when Sir Walter saw the hart he had pursued all the day long, lying dead on the bank of that river, he was transported with joy. The sight of the dead hart satisfied his vanity and pride and he became very happy. **Repose**—sleeping or sitting calmly.

And now too happy for repose or rest—The sight of the dead hart pleased Sir Walter so much that he could neither sleep nor take rest. He yearned for some activity through which he could express the joy that surged in his heart.

Never had living man such joyful lot

Never before had any other man felt so happy as did Sir Wal er. At this time he considered himself to be the luckiest man in the world because he had succeeded in making the hart run do death.

And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot—he looked and looked at the particular place where the hart lay dead because it appeared to him the greatest and the most complete success of his life.

Stanza 13. **Rood**—one quarter of an acre. **Sheer**—steep, perpendicular. **Ascent**—going up the hill (پہاڑی، چڑھائی) **Three several hoof marks**—marks of the hoofs of the hart at three different places. **Imprinted**—formed in the earth (زمین پر بنے ہوئے نشان).

And climbing up the hill (it was at least
Four roods of sheer ascent)

Sir Walter climbed up the hill which was very steep. He covered four roods of distance.

Stanza 14. **Wiped his face**—The journey up-hill was very difficult and he had begun to perspire ; when he reached the top of the hill, he wiped the sweet off his face.

Till now
Such sight was never seen by human eyes

As he stood at the top of the hill he looked around him and cried that such a strange sight was never seen by any one before. It was a wonder of wonders. **Borne**—taken, **Lofty**—high. **Brow**—top. **Very fountain**—that same spring.

Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow,
Down to the very fountain where he lies

From the high top of that hill the stag had taken three leaps and landed at the foot of the hill near the stream and died. **Where he lies**—where he lay dead.

Stanza 15.

I will build a pleasure-house upon this spot

The beauty of the landscape and incident of the death of the hart so charmed Sir Walter that he made up his mind to build a pleasure-house there. **Arbour**—hidden and protected place of shelter, a bower. **Rural gay**—pastoral and natural pleasures. **Travellers' shed**—this pleasure-house will provide a shelter to the travellers (مسافروں کو اس جگہ پناہ ملے گی). **Cot**—cottage, place of shelter. **Damsels**—maidens. **Coy**—shy.

A place of love for damsels that are coy

The bower will be a place so beautiful that it will move the heart of the most shy maiden towards love. Taking advantage of the seculsion provided by this secret bower, even the most shy and retiring maiden will permit her lover to make advances and will be willing to reciprocate his love.

Stanza 16. **Cunning**—clever. **Artist**—architect. **Basin** —he means a structure like a *basin* (تسلا) through which the spring water will well out. **Fountain**—spring. **Dell** —small valley covered with trees.

A cunning artist will I have to frame
A basin for that fountain in the dell

Sir Walter said that he will procure the services of a good architect and ask him to prepare the plan for the construction of a basin into which will fall the water of that spring in the valley. **Mention**—take the name of (ذکر کرنا). **From this day forth**—from this day onwards in the future ages to come.

And they who did make mention of the same.

In future times when people will talk about this valley and the basin in it, they will call it by the name of Hart-leap Well, *i.e.*, the spring into which the stag jumped.

Stanza 17. **Gallant**—brave and fine. **To make thy praises known**—to make you famous all over the land. **Another monument**—a separate building to commemorate the event. **Raised**—erected. **Several**—different. **Rough-hewn stone**—rough and hard stone. **Planted**—fixed. **Turf**—grassy lawn. **Have grazed**—made an impression (نشان بنا دینا).

Three several pillars each a rough hewn-stone
And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed

Sir Walter said that he will have three different pillars made of roughly cut stone and get them fixed at the places where he had found the impression of the hoofs of stag. This would be in commemoration of the incident of that stag leeping down the slope and meeting death by the side of that spring.

Stanza 18.

And in summer-time when days are long

And in the summer months when nature is in the full bloom of its beauty and days are longer in duration than nights. **Hither**—to this place. **Paramour**—mistress, illicit partner of married man or woman;

here it means the mistress of Sir Walter. **Minstrels**-singers and musicians. **Will make merry**—we will enjoy and have a happy time. **Pleasant arbour**—in that fine and pleasant bower.

I will come hither with my paramour
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song
We will make merry in that pleasant bower

The Knight said, "I have developed such a liking for this place that every year in summer I will come to this place and bring my mistress along with me. We will bring dancers and singers along with us and in this place hold a dance and make merry. These convivial meetings will constitute a commemoration of the death of the hart."

Stanza 19. **Foundation**—base. **Mansion**—the building of the pleasure-house. **Endure**—will last, will remain in existence.

Till the foundations of the mountain fail
My mansion with its arbour shall endure

Mountains are very massive and strong and last for a very long time. Sir Walter says, "Till these mountains last my palace and my arbour will also continue." In other words he means to say that the building of my pleasure-house will be so strong that it will last for ever for as long a time as the mountains last. **The joy of them**—this building will be a source of pleasure to the people who live in this locality. **Who till**—who do farming. **Swale**—name of the place where the hart died. **And up them who dwell**—and those who live higher up on the hill and woods. **Ure**—name of a place. Sir Walter thought that the building which he will build and the garden which he will plant will be a source of pleasure to all those people who live in that neighbourhood.

Stanza 20. **Stone-dead**—lifeless and cold like a stone. **Breathless nostrils**—nostrils which had lost the power of breathing because the animal was dead. **Perform**—put into practice. **Fame thereof did**—he got the pleasure-

house built and planted a garden with a bower. These structures were so beautiful that they became famous all over that countryside.

Stanza 21. **Ere**—before. **Thrice**—three times. **Port**—place of shelter and rest. **Had steered**—had gone.

Ere thrice the moon into her part had steered

Before three times the moon had set and gone into safety *i.e.*, before three months had passed after the death of the stag and Sir Walter's visit to that hill and valley. **A cup of stone**—a basin. **Received the living well**—received the waters of the spring. **Rude**—rough and hard. **Reared**—raised, built.

Stanza 22. **Stature tall**—high flowers. The poet means to say that the valley was very fertile and the flowers planted in it grew fine and high. **Trailing plants**—creepers (بیلیں). **Intertwined** (*misprint*)—(الجھی ہوئی), **Composed**—prepared, the trees and creepers all combined to make a bower or a sheltered corner. **Sylvan**—of the woods, natural. **Leafy shelter**—a sheltered place covered with leaves and creepers. It was a place protected by trees and leaves, and the sun and wind could not penetrate into it. **Composed**—together prepared.

Which soon composed a little sylvan hall
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

Near that fountain Sir Walter planted a large number of trees. Many creepers trailed through those trees and together they prepared which was enclosed on all sides so securely that wind or light could not enter it. This was a place where no artificial means of construction were utilised. The sides were enclosed by trees while the creepers provided a natural roof above. Thus the bower prepared by Sir Walter was an ideal place for amorously inclined young couples. They came to that bower and stayed for a short time. Lovingly would they have sat there and might have talked of the past. In the course of their conversation the incident of Sir Walter's hunting of the

stag might have b en mentic ned. Thus it was, the poet says that incident was comm emorated.

Stanza 23. **Thither**—there, to that spot. **When summer days were long**—when the summer season had come and the days were longer in duration. **Led his wondering Paramour**—brought his mistress who wondered at this scene of natural beauty, ***i.e***.. in the summer season when the days were of a long duration Sir Walter brought his lady-love. She had never seen such a beautiful sight and wondered at it She became amazed and could not bring herself to believe that in that lonely forest a palace was built and such a beautiful garden was planted.

Made merriment within that pleasant bower

Sir Walter and his concubine came there and stayed for a short period in that palace. They had brought with them singers and dancers. Thus during this period of their stay the time was passed in dancing and singing and making merry.

Stanza 24. **Died in course of time**—as time passed Sir Walter grew old and died. **His bones**—his dead body. **Paternal vale**—he was buried in the chui chyard in the valley wnere all his forefathers were buried.

But there is matter for a second rhyme
And I to this would add another tale

The poet says that from this place will begin a new story. Up to this place he had narrated the story of Sir Walter hunting the stag ; further on the story is going to take a reflective turn.

Part II

Stanza 25. **Moving**—sensational, stirring(پر اثر). **Accident**—incident (واقعه). **Is not my trade**—is not in my line. **Alone** – by myself. **Summer shade**—during summer in the shade of some tree. **Pipe**—sing. **Thinking hearts**—people who are capable of thinking.

The moving accident is not my trade
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts

'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

The poet says, "I am not in the habit of telling sensational stories which freeze the blood of the reader. For telling such a story I do not possess the necessary power, I, rather, take pleasure in sitting all by myself in summer under some tree and there to prepare and sing some song which may move a vein of contemplation in the minds of those who have the capacity to think and to contemplate." Wordsworth is famous among English men of letters for his love of nature and for poems which describe nature in its beautiful moods. Nature, according to him, has the ability and power to mould human character. Wordsworth in this stanza admits that in the first part of the poem he had narrated a story about hunting and this story was replete with incidents of a sensational character. The pursuit of a wild hart and its death at the foot of the hill are incidents which create a sense of horror generally associated with detective stories and stories of murder and bloodshed. Wordsworth feels that he is departing from his usual practice of writing poems about Nature. He makes up his mind not to continue in the same strain further. He would once again take up the subject which was always near his heart *i.e.*, nature. The second part of the poem is contemplative and diadactic. So he says that he would now write a poem in which he would try to stir up in the hearts of his readers abstract thinking. He would write a simple poem which would be strictly in keeping with the wishes of his readers who had a thoughtful bent of mind.

Stanza 26. **Hawes**—name of a place situated in the locality wherein the scene of this poem is laid. **Richmond**—name of another place. **Repair**—go

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair

Wordsworth says, "While I was going to Richmond from Hawes." **It chanced**—by chance it so happened. **Dell**—small hollow or valley. **Aspen**—a kind of tree.

It chanced that I saw standing in a dell
Three aspens at three corners of a square

The poet says that during the course of his jou ney from Hawes to Richmond he, by chance, had to pass through a valley and there he saw thre aspen trees standing at the three corners of a square plot of land.

And one, not four yards distant near a well

One aspen tree stood not more than four yards away near a spring. Please note that the word *well* primarily means a spring and it is this very sense which is intended throughout this poem.

Stanza 27. **Imported**—meant or signified. **Ill divine**—I could not understand. **Pillars**—columns (ستون). **Standing in a line**—standing in a row.

What this imported I could ill divine :
And, pulling now the rein of my horse to stop.
I saw three pillars standing in a line—
The last stone-pillar on a dark hill-top

The poet says, "When I saw three aspen trees standing at three corners of that square and one at a short distance near a well, I was at loss to understand the full significance of the particular arrangement in the growth of these trees. I pulled the reins of my horse and checked it from going further. Then I saw the three pillars of stone standing in a row and noticed the fourth pillar built on the top of a dark hill at a short distance

Stanza 28. **The trees were gray**—the trees were very old and looked grey with age. **With neither arms nor head**—the trees were old and quite dried up. They were withered and had lost all their branches and tops. **Half wasted**—half ruined. **The square mound**—that small hillock which had been converted into a square. **Tawney green**—of a brown and yellowish green.

Half wasted the square mound of tawny green—
The hilltop on which there was made the square was in a forsaken and deserted condition. It had fallen into disuse and was not properly tended. Consequently the green grass had become yellowish green and appeared brown and dark.

Here in old time the hand of man hath been.

The poet says, "As I looked upon this scene of waste and loneliness I thought to myself that surely at one time in the past man had worked upon his plot, looked after it and tended it though now it had fallen into complete disuse. The pillars in a row and the trees planted according to the particular plan and lay-out were a sure proof of the fact that in the past that place had been inhabited by human beings who had built those pillars and planted that garden.

Stanza 29.

I looked upon the hill both far and near

Wordsworth says that his curiosity was excited to such an extent that he wanted to know all about that locality. He looked everywhere and wandered over the hills and valleys trying to find out all facts about that house and that garden. **Doleful**—dismal, dreary, sad and desolate. **Did never eye survey**—I had never seen such a dreary place before and never had any one else seen such a sight of barren nature, deserted and forsaken. **Decay**—rot, perish and die away.

It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,
And Nature here was willing to decay.

This place was so barren and desolate and the trees were seered and withered so much so that all who looked at it thought that it was a place where spring never came. The poet means to say that in the cold countries of Europe with the coming of spring trees put forth new leaves, grass sprouts and flowers make their appearance ; but here the place remained barren and desolate all the year round. Nature appeared to be bent upon destroying all the signs of life in this valley. Sir Walter had cruelly pursued the poor hart which jumped from the hill and fell down near a spring in this valley and died. Nature, which equally loves every form of creation, disapproved of this act of cruelty and consequently punished Sir Walter by effacing and obliterating the palace built by him and by ruining the garden planted by him. Since Sir Walter had evinced a

liking for this valley Nature developed a hatred for it. So now spring never comes to this valley and it is permanently dead and desolate. All over the world, Nature is the true source and fountain of all life. But in this valley Nature appears to be bent upon ruining all forms and features of life.

Stanza 30. **Various**—different. **Lost**—absorbed.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost

Wordsworth says, "When I saw the scene of utter waste and desolation I was deeply affected by it. I thought how the cruelty practised upon innocent and harmless creatures is punished by Nature. Many other thoughts crowded into my mind at that time." **Garb**—dress. **Attired**—dressed. **In shepherd garb attired**–I came across a man who was dressed like a shepherd. **Came up**—came towards me and up the hill. **Hollow**—empty valley. **Accosted**—addressed (مخاطب کیا).

Came up the hollow : him did I accost

A man dressed like a shepherd came along that valley. I stopped him and dressed him. **Enquired**—asked him.

Stanza 31.

The shepherd stopped and that same story told
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed

The poet says, "I stopped the shepherd and asked him about that valley. The shepherd told me exactly that same story which I have in my poem narrated" **Rehearsed**—narrated, told. **Rhyme**—poem. **A jolly place in times of old**—the shepherd said that in the past this place used to be fine and beautiful.

But something ails it now, the sport is curst—but something has gone wrong with the place now. Perhaps a curse has fallen upon the place. That is why its flourishing condition has changed into one of desolation and decay.

Stanza 32. **Lifeless**—dead and dried up. **Stump**—the

trunk of a tree the top of which is lopped and cut. **Aspen wood**—aspen trees.

> **Some say they are beeches, others elms—**
> **These were the bower.**

That shepherd showed to Wordsworth the stumps of a few dead and dried-up trees and told him that some people were of the opinion that these stumps were of beech trees, while others said that they are not beeches but elms. The trees were so old and had suffered such a great change at the hands of time, wind and weather that no one could say definitely whether they were aspens, beeches or elms. Those were the trees he said which made the bower that Sir Walter had prepared for coy maidens and fond lovers; but now only a few stumps of trees were left, and all else had perished at the hands of time and changes of weather. **Mansion**—palace, a big building (حویلی). **Realms**—kingdoms.

> **And here a mansion stood**
> **The finest palace of thousand realms !**

Then the shepherd showed him the spot where he said Sir Walter had built his pleasure-house. It was a big building, so big and so fine that it could be declared to be the best palace in a hundred countries of the world. Now no sign of that building was left. Nature had, with an unrelenting hand, taken revenge for that cruelty perpetrated by Sir Walter on the poor hart which had been subjected to a chase extending over thirteen long hours.

Stanza 33.

> **The arbour does its own condition tell**

The condition of that bower is very bad. The trees have fallen and are now in a rotten condition. The trees and the grass tell their own story of desolation.

> **But as to the great Lodge ! you might as well**
> **Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.**

But as far as that great palatial building of the pleasure house is concerned, no sign of it is left anywhere in the

valley. You may search through the valley and continue your search for half a day ; but nowhere will you see any sign of that house. The revenge of Nature has been perfect and thorough, and every vestige of the building has been effaced. Now it is just like a forgotten dream. No one alive has ever seen it and there is no sign in the valley which might prove the existence of that pleasure-house in the pass.

Stanza 34. **Heifer**—a young cow which has not yet given birth to a young one. **Wet his lips**—drink water, quench his thirst. **Cup of stone**—that big basin which Sir Walter had prepared near the fountain. **Oftentimes**—occasionally. **Send forth**—produce. **Dolorous**—dismal, distressing (رنجدہ اور پریشان کن).

> **There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,**
> **Will wet his lips within that cup of stone ;**
> **And oftentimes when all are fast asleep,**
> **This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.**

The shepherd said that the valley had, since the hart died, been under a curse. Nature had got displeased with Sir Walter because he had killed the poor, harmless deer. The valley had charmed Sir Walter, and consequently Nature placed a ban on the spring season which did never more visit the particular valley. Further the curse had fallen on the basin too, and no dog, cow, horse, sheep or other beast of the forest would ever come and drink water from that basin of stone. Many a time when all the world is asleep. *i.e.*, at midnight, there came from the water of that river a very dismal and tragic sound of a sigh. This spring was the place where the hart fell and died. Reminiscent of the past, the spring often sent forth a tragic groan which was symbolic of the pain suffered by the hart.

Stanza 35.

> **Some say here a murder has been done**

People residing in the precincts of that valley say that these strange incidents are due to the fact that in this valley a murder has been committed and blood cries out

for vengeance. **But for my**—The shepherd said, "I personally do not agree with this opinion *i.e.*, I do not think that Nature is in a revengeful mood ; it is rather the sorrow felt by Nature on account of the cruelty that Sir Walter did to the hart." **I have guessed**—I have come to the conclusion.

When I've been sitting in the sun

Many a time when on cold winter days I come to this valley to sit and bask in the sun, I brood and brood. After a lot of thinking over it I have come to the conclusion that these strange happenings are due to the cruelty done to the unhappy hart by Sir Walter.

Stanza 36.

What thoughts must through the creature's brain have past!

When that poor stag was hotly pursued by Sir Walter and he tried to avoid the hunter for full thirteen hours but failed and finally had to leap down the hill and meet death in the valley, at that time strange ideas about life and the cruelty of mankind must have passed through the mind of the hart. **Even from the topmost stone**—from the top of that hill, from the brow of the hill.

Even from the topmost stone, upon the steep,
Are but three bounds, and look, Sir, at this last—
O master ! it has been a cruel leap.

The shepherd is showing Wordsworth round the hill and finally brings him to the spot where the deer fell and died and also shows him the place from which the hart took the leap, fell headlong and breathed his last. The shepherd says, "Sir, look here, this is the top of the hill from which the stag, in a desperate effort to save his life took that fatal leap and look Sir, this is the exact spot from which he gathered his final strength and took the final jump. It was a step brought about by the cruel pursuit given to the hart by the Knight."

Stanza 37. **Desperate**—hopeless, it was a race in which the hart could not hope to win. Sir Walter changed two horses and was now riding the third one while the poor stag was running since morning. Thus it was a race against odds which it was impossible for the hart to overcome. **In my simple mind we cannot tell**—I am a simple-minded man and have not very superior powers of thought and understanding. It is not at all possible for me to probe the secrets of the case.

What cause the Hart might have to love this place—what special reason there was for the hart to love that particular place so much. The shepherd told Wordsworth that he wondered most of all at the fact as to what was that particular cause which excited the hart so much and urged him on to make such an all-out effort to come to that valley and finally to jump down the brow of that hill. There was, he said, something surely at the bottom of the whole affair. The hart was given a hot pursuit by the Knight and for full thirteen hours the hart eluded the Knight and all the time headed towards this particular hill. It was not at all a blind race. It was surely a race with a purpose behind it and the hart was all the time aiming at some particular spot towards which it headed with a singleness of purpose which was simply marvellous. The love in the heart of that animal must have been so powerful that it ran for full thirteen hours and gave up the race only when he had managed to come up to the place he loved so much. Surely the hart wished to breathe its last at that particular place which was dear to his heart.

Stanza 38.

> **Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank**
> **Lulled by the fountain in the summer-tide**
> **This water was perhaps the first he drank**
> **When he had wandered from his mother's side.**

Lulled—soothed and comforted. **Summer tide**—in summer the snow melts on the mountains and the rivers get flooded with water.

The shepherd said that perhaps the valley, the river and the grassy plain had a special attraction for the poor hunted hart. Perhaps he was born in that very valley and the first water he drank was the water of that very fountain which flowed in the form of stream through that valley. There in that valley he might have grown up and developed and might have often fallen asleep on the banks of the river and may have been lulled by the murmuring sound produced by that spring which in summer would have been flooded by water. This was the valley where he would have wandered as a young deer when he was weaned from his mother.

Stanza 39. **Beneath**—under. **Flowering thorn**—any thorny bush covered with flowers. **Carols**—songs. **Aught**—anything. **Self-same**—that very.

In April here beneath the flowering thorn
He heard the birds their morning carols sing

In the spring (April is the month of spring in England) he might have sat in the shade of some thorny bush which at that time would have been covered with flowers. Lying there at ease he might have heard the birds singing their songs in the morning.

And he perhaps for aught we know, was born
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

The shepherd says, "It is moot point and we have no information on this topic. Perhaps this hart was born at a distance of half a furlong from that very spring. This was perhaps the reason why he was attracted to that spot in the hour of peril. Perhaps this valley was the home where he was both born and brought up and had developed. Therefore he had a very deep love for the place and wanted to pass his last few moments there or at least have a look at the place before the hunter overtook him and killed. If this presumption of shepherd be taken to be correct, the point which is most tantalising in the poem is explained. The hart jumps down from the top of the hill without caring for the consequences that would occur if he were

to jump from such a great height. He did so because of the sight of that beloved valley and spring in the hour of peril so charmed him that he jumped down without caring for the after-effects. In that valley he had passed his days in perfect peace and happiness and he might have believed that no harm would come to him if he once set his feet in that vallev and therefore he jumped down. Perhaps he felt a joy in breathing his last in that very valley where he had first seen the light of the day.

Stanza 40.

Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade ;

The shepherd says, "In the past this valley was green and flourishing, but now a curse has fallen on it and there is no green grass or any shady tree. The grass and trees are all dried up and withered." **Drearier**—more barren and repulsive (بھیانک). **Hollow**—valley.

The sun on drearier hollow never shone

The sun did never shine on a valley more barren and lifeless than this valley. Since the curse had fallen, the valley had become utterly unfertile. All life in the form of trees, foliage and flowers had stopped, and it was the most barren place in the whole world.

So will it be, as I have often said,

Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are gone.

The shepherd says, "As I have often said before so I say now. This barren condition of the valley will last for some time and finally all stones, streams and trees will perish. In this valley was perpetrated a deed of heinous cruelty and barbarism and the divine powers are displeased with this place. The valley is cursed and no form of life can live and flourish here."

Stanza 41. **Grey-headed**—old man with grey hair. **Thou hast spoken well**—you have been able to explain your point very well. **Creed**—faith, belief. **Beast**—the hart. **Unobserved**—unseen. **Fell**—died. **Sympathy**

divine—The powers above that love and pity the poor hart for the sufferings undergone by it.

Grey-headed shepherd, thou hast spoken well ;
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine :
This Beast not unobserved by Nature fell ;
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

Wordsworth, when he had h ard the message of the shepherd, said, "Old shepherd, I agree with you on what you have said. Between your belief and mine there is a very slight difference. The hart was closely watched and observed by Nature and his death made Nature sad, and the divine powers felt love and pity for its death at the cruel hands of the haughty Knight."

Stanza 42. **Being**—he means God. **Groves**—clusters of trees. **Maintain**—keeps. **Deep**—profound. **Reverential**—respectful. **Care**—watch. **Unoffending**—innocent creatures which are harmless. **Creature**—animals.

The Being that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves.
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom He loves

This stanza is one of special importance in the poem because it gives expression to Wordsworth's pantheistic faith in the omnipresence of God. He believed that God is present everywhere, and the meanest objects of Nature are a symbol to the thinking mind and stand for God. Further, this stanza also shows that at the time that this poem was composed Wordsworth was deeply influenced by the humanitarian conception of life in which Coleridge had a deep faith. He also had a firm and unshakable belief in universal love, *i.e*, love for all things created, both big and small because the creator of all is God.

He prayeth best who loveth best
Man and bird and beast

says Coleridge. While Wordworth says that God main-

tains a deep and reverential care of all things created, and whenever the smallest of these suffers any injury the Omnipotent feels it as a personal injury and the offender is invariably pun'shed.

Here, in this stanza, Wordsworth says that the Power which is present everywhere, the Power which is present in the clouds, the air, the green leaves and the cluster of trees, always keeps a profound and careful watch over the activities of all creation. He loves the harmless creatures most of all, and if any such creature is injured God feels most and becomes angry with the offending party.

The hart was an innocent and harmless creature. Sir Walter for no cause pursued it for thirteen hours and the poor hart could find no other way of escape but to jump down the hill and meet with instantaneous death. God saw and punished both Sir Walter and the valley. He Punished Sir Walter because he was unnecessarily cruel and He punished Nature (valley) because it did not help the hart while in difficulty. The building constructed by Sir Walter and the arbour and garden planted by him did not flourish. In the valley barrenness prevailed, and the spring ceased visiting it. This was the revenge taken by the Divine Power that controls the world.

Stanza 43. **The pleasure-house is dust**—The pleasure-house built by Sir Walter has now f llen down and is now lying in a heap of debris and dust. **In the course of time**—at its proper time when it deems fit and proper. **Put on**—put forth (نمودار کرنا). **Bloom**—glow (رونق ، چمک).

> **The pleasure-house is dust :—behind, before,**
> **This is no common waste, no common gloom ;**
> **But Nature, in the course of time, once more**
> **Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.**

The poet says that Sir Walter was a cruel man and the place where the hart died was accursed. The pleasure-house built by Sir Walter had fallen down and now lay there in a heap of stones and mortar. The valley was enveloped in gloom and darkness of death, the trees had

dried up and all vegetation had withered. This gloom, according to the poet, was limited to that valley only, *i.e.*, the barrenness and want of life was localized. This was no common waste or gloom. That valley before the death of the hart was as full of life and beauties and blessings of Nature as any other place. Very soon the forces of Nature will assert themselves, and once again vegetation will sprout forth and Nature will again come to life. All forest life, with its flowers and birds, will once more appear in that valley. The universal life-giving forces of Nature will come to life once more and show themselves in the form of beauty and life which the present barrenness had suspended only temporarily and for a short period.

Stanza 44. **Decay**—rot, decline (روبہ تنزل ہونا). **Milder**—kinder. **Monuments**—pillars and buildings. **Overgrown**—covered with a growth of trees, flowers and grass.

> **"She leaves these objects to a slow decay**
> **That what we are, and have been, may be known ;**
> **But at the coming of milder day**
> **These monuments shall be overgrown.**

The poet says, "Cruel treatment meted out to the poor and innocent hart had angered Nature and she no longer looked upon this valley with a benign and kind eye. The consequence of this antipathy of Nature was that the valley was plunged in utter decay and desolation. This step of Nature was deliberate and had a purpose behind it. It was an example of that punishment which Nature gave to them who became unnecessarily cruel to the poor, harmless creatures and for whom Nature had as much regard and love as it had for the more aggressive and more powerful forms of creation. Very soon the heart of Mother Nature will be moved to pity at the sad condition of this particular valley. She will take a gentler and kindlier view of the whole affair and forget and forgive. The eternal springs of life will once again begin to flow and these ruins which are a commemoration of the cruel hunt will be covered up by grass and flowers. Wordsworth means to say that man is cruel and devoid of

all sympathy ; Nature on the other hand, is gentler and more forgiving. Sir Walter, for no reason, hunted and pursued the hart right up to the bitter end. He did not give up the pursuit until the hart met his untimely death through a fatal leap taken from a tremendous height. Nature's anger was of a temporary nature. Very soon she will adopt a more conciliatory attitude and give back to the valley all its glory and beauty in the form of flowers, grass and trees.

Stanza 45. **She shows**—The visible world, concrete objects which we can feel or see. **Conceals**—hides. **Blend**—mix, combine with, associate. **Meanest**—smallest, of the least significance. **That feels**—which has the power of feeling.

> **"One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,**
> **Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals**
> **Never to blend our pleasure or our pride**
> **With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."**

This stanza is the end of the poem and as such conveys to the reader the moral or the lesson of the poem. Wordsworth says to the shepherd, "I have heard the whole story and seen this place as well as I could. I have arrived at the conclusion that we should, in our life, avoid all unnecessary cruelty to birds, beasts, animals and human beings. Shepherd, I have learnt this lesson and I would like to share it with you. Nature teaches this lesson to us. This is a universal lesson and is inculcated in us by all that is visible in Nature or is hidden from common view.

"We should make it the guiding principle of our lives never to acquire any pleasure nor to feed our pride at the expense of any superior or inferior form of creation. The smallest and the most insignificant objects of creation are as dear to Nature as are the superior forms of creation. Man, if he tries to acquire pleasure by injuring other forms of life whom he may consider inferior or low, becomes guilty. Nature cannot countenance any pleasure which happens to be based on the sufferings of others,

She punishes the guilty person. Nature approves only those pleasures which are pure and are acquired freely without causing pain or suffering to others.

VIII. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. What lesson do you learn after a close study of the poem *Hart-leap Well* by William Wordsworth?

Ans. Wordsworth is famous for his love of Nature and his poems are almost invariably full of beautiful descriptions of Nature in its various moods. He also believes that Nature, if we come into intimate contact with it, has a positive effect on our lives and moulds and shapes our outlook on life. In this poem in the first part, he gives the reader a graphic account of the hunt and the cruel and fatal leap taken by the hart who preferred to fall down a great height and die rather than be captured and killed by man. Sir Walter appeared to be bent upon killing that particular hart and gave it a chase for full thirteen hours.

Wordsworth had gone on a visit to the valley where these incidents took place. He met a shepherd who narrated to him all the incidents of the hunt. He thought and thought over it, and finally arrived at the conclusion that Sir Walter had been unnecessarily cruel to the hart. The desolation that prevailed over the valley had its own tale to tell and the final impression which the story and the phenomenon of the valley made upon the mind of the poet was one of reflection and thoughtfulness. He takes the shepherd into confidence and tells him that our aim in life should be the avoidance of cruelty. All beasts, birds and human beings are created by God, who keeps a vigilant watch over them. Human pleasure acquired by causing pain and suffering to the lesser forms of creation is a vicious pleasure and should be avoided at all costs.

The moral inculcated by this poem is somewhat similar to the moral of the poem, *The Ancient Mariner*, written by Coleridge which says that we should have true love for all the birds, beasts and creepers; only then can our

prayer be accepted by the Divine Power. In the *Hart-Leap Well* Wordsworth repeats quite a similar lesson though in different words : The verses

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels

contain no boast, these words do in fact express the deepest feelings in the heart of the poet. Wordsworth like Coleridge had a deep sense of gratitude for Nature which has a kind and universal love for all objects that live and get sustenance from its nourishing bosom. The curse had fallen on the valley which had become utterly barren and lifeless. Wordsworth is sure that very soon the universal love which Nature has for its children will triumph over her anger and she will once more bless the valley with life and verdure.

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39. BISHOP HATTO

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY

I. THE POET

Robert Southey is closely associated with Wordsworth and Coleridge both in friendship and reputation ; but now he is a somewhat forgotten figure in English Literature ; he was born at Bristol and came of a good middle class family. He was educated at Westminster and Balliol, Oxford. In 1814 he was created a poet-laureate and devoted his life to the pursuit of letters. His first poem which attracted public was *Thalaba, the Destroyer*.

His best verse was written in early life and in the last few years of the eighteenth century. He had a turn for comedy of a rough and ready kind. His prose is of course better than his verse. As a poet he claims attention as a reformer as well as a realist.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

Too much rain had fallen during summer and autumn. The crops consequently failed to ripen and there was a famine in the land. The people began to die of starvation.

Bishop Hatto had a large stock of corn which he had saved from the last year's produce. People flocked to him asking for help. Bishop Hatto shut all these people up in the barn and set it on fire. Those people were burnt to death Bishop Hatto rejoiced because he had thus avoided helping them and wasting his corn. Next day his servants brought him the news that rats had eaten up all his corn and were coming to his palace in the form of a horde. The Bishop retired to his tower hoping to escape their attack. This tower was beyond the river Rhine, but the rats swam over the river and ate the Bishop up.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The poem is allegorical and written in a simple language. Southey manages to convey very well to the reader that the pricks of conscience can be so strong that they can bring about the death of the person concerned. In this poem the Bishop was anything but a good man. He was a rich man and had hoarded up corn in very large quantities. Heavy and continued rains did not allow the corn to ripen in autumn. The land was thus stricken by famine and people began to die of starvation. They flocked to the doors of the Bishop hoping to be relieved of their pains and suffering. But the Bishop was a cruel and hard-hearted man. Their sufferings failed to move him and he thought out a plan to rid himself of this mob of beggars. He invited them the next day, crowded them all into his barn and then set it on fire. He called these famine stricken people 'rats' and said that he had done well in thus doing away with these rats who were consuming all the corn in the land. That night he slept well and normally, but the next morning vengeance in the shape of guilty conscience had its full revenge. He saw his own picture in the hall eaten away by rats. Servants from different directions came and broke the news that real rats had eaten away all his corn and in the form of a horde were coming towards his palace. The Bishop left his palace and went away to his castle beyond the river Rhine. But here too he was overtaken by the rats, who swarmed all over the castle and finally gnawed away his body to death. These Rats are the creation of the guilty conscience of the

Bishop. He had murdered so many innocent human beings only for the sake of saving his corn. The conscience converted the souls of the dead into so many rats who followed him wherever he went and finally killed him.

The story is narrated by Southey with simplicity and grace. Incident follows incident in quick succession and the continuity is well maintained. The moral is not far to seek. The Bishop, a servant of the church, was duty bound to relieve the poor of their sufferings, but he fails. Not only does he fail in his duty, but he actually becomes vicious, and his conscience takes a cruel revenge.

IV. THE SUBSTANCE

The poem is about a Bishop who during a famine kept his stores of corn locked up and burnt to death those poor people who came to him begging for help. The cruelty on his part so disfigured his conscience that he formed the impression that rats had eaten away all his stores of corn, devoured his picture that hung in the hall and finally gnawed away his body.

This poem is allegorical and the moral of the story is that cruelty to fellow-beings is punished by God. But before divine retribution comes, the prickings of conscience make life a hell and a hot-bed of sufferings. No power on earth can at all save a man from punishment inflicted upon him by his conscience. Punishment that comes from outside can be avoided or diminished by human ingenuity, but the punishment imposed by conscience, the inner self which distinguishes between good and bad, is a punishment which no earthly power can reduce.

V. SUMMARY

Rain fell throughout the summer and autumn and grain did not ripen even though winter had come. It was a sorrowful sight when one saw grain lying rotting all around in the fields.

Every day the hungry and poor flocked at the door of Bishop Hatto. He had a considerable quantity of corn stored in his granaries which he had saved from the previous year's produce.

When repeated requests were made to him, Bishop Hatto fixed a date and asked the beggars to come to his stores to get corn for the winter.

When the beggars knew this, they were much pleased and came there from far and near and the great barn was crowded with men.

When the Bishop saw that the barn was packed to capacity, he closed the door and set fire to the barn.

The fire blazed furiously and the Bishop said that the people of the locality thanked him for ridding the land of such grain-consuming rats.

He came back home and sat down to supper in a happy mood and in the night had a peaceful sleep; but never afterwards he slept so well.

Next morning when he entered the hall, he saw that his picture which hung on the wall was eaten up by the rats.

While he was looking at the picture a messenger brought him the news that rats had eaten up all his grain.

Another messenger brought the news that a host of rats were coming towards his palace and were going to attack him.

Bishop Hatto determined to go away to his castle which was beyond the river Rhine and where he hoped he would be safe from the attack of rats.

Bishop Hatto hurried away and crossed over to the other side of the river Rhine and shut himself up securely in his castle tower.

Considering himself to be safe from the attack of rats now, he laid himself down to sleep; but he was surprised to see two dazzlingly bright eyes on his pillow.

He wondered when he saw those two eyes and was frightened although it was nothing else but the cat which had taken refuge there from the army of rats.

The army of rats was approaching the castle. They had swum across the River Rhine and were climbing up the tower to do their appointed duty.

The rats were so many that they could not be counted. They were so many in number that such a large host was never seen before.

The Bishop fell prostrate and began to pray to God but the rats were approaching nearer and nearer and their gnawing was audible now.

From every corner of the tower they poured in a large number. From the right, the left, from above and from below they converged upon the Bishop.

They had sharpened their teeth at the stones and gnawed away the flash from the bone of Bishop Hatto.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Rains had continued throughout the summer and the autumn and in the winter the grain was still growing. It was a very sorrowful spectacle to see green corn lying in all fields and rotting away.

Stanza 2. Everyday the crowds of the poor and hungry flocked to the Bishop's door because he had in his barns a large quantity of grain which he had stored from the previous year's crop. People who lived in that neighbourhood knew very well that his granaries were well stocked with corn.

Stanza 3. At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day on which he promised to give the poor the requisite quota of corn and thus satisfy them. He told them to come to the door of his barn on that day when he would give them enough corn for their needs during that winter.

Stanza 4. When the poor people got this information they were very much pleased and came in a large number from all over the land. The great barn was packed with men and women, children, old and young who had come there to get corn.

Stanza 5. When Bishop Hatto saw that the barn was packed to its full capacity, he closed the door and locked it from outside. He set the barn on fire and did not pay any heed to the cries of the crowd inside who begged him to have mercy on them and set them free. The Bishop cared not for these supplications. He saw to it that the barn was totally burnt.

Stanza 6. The Bishop said, "I am quite sure that it is a beautiful and gay fire. Surely the country should thank me because I have, during these days of famine, freed them from the burden of these rats who did nothing but consumed the corn, and thus decreased its supply.

Stanza 7. Having burnt the barn the Bishop came back to his palace. He was in a happy mood and sat down to supper much pleased with what he had done. That night he enjoyed the peaceful sleep of the innocent. Never again in his life he was able to enjoy such a peaceful sleep.

Stanza 8. Next morning when he went into the hall of his palace he found that his picture which hung from the wall in a frame had all been eaten up by rats. When Bishop Hatto saw this ill omen he was so frightened that sweat ran down over the whole of his body.

Stanza 9. As he was looking at the empty frame, a messenger with a face ghastly with fear came from his farm and informed him that on opening the doors of the granaries on that day it was found that all the grain had been eaten up by rats.

Stanza 10. In the meantime another courier came running with a ghastly and pale face. He said to the Bishop, "Run away, my lord Bishop, because ten thousand Rats are coming towards your palace. They are bent upon mischief. May God forgive you your sins"

Stanza 11. Bishop Hatto said, "I will go away to my tower which is situated on the bank of the River Rhine. This castle is the safest place in Germany, because its walls are very high, the banks of the river are very steep, the water of the river is very deep and the current is strong and difficult to cross."

Stanza 12. In great hurry Bishop Hatto departed from his palace and crossed the River Rhine without waiting. He reached his tower, went in and carefully closed all the doors, windows and ventilators of the castle.

Stanza 13. He was much fatigued and laid himself down to sleep ; but he was immediately awakened by a yell. He jumped out of his bed and saw two dazzlingly bright eyes shining on his pillow, the place from where the sound of the screams had come.

Stanza 14. Bishop Hatto was much puzzled and looked all about himself and listened and found that it was only his cat ; but the Bishop became all the more frightened at this. The cat sat there and continued screaming with fear which had maddened it. She was frightened by that army of rats which was advancing towards the castle and was drawing nearer every moment.

Stanza 15. The Rats had swam across the river although the water was deep and the banks were steep. Having crossed the river they climbed up the steep banks and wended their way towards the Tower. They were bent upon completing the work which they were commissioned to do.

Stanza 16. The rats were so large in number that they could not be counted by dozens or scores. They could only be counted in thousands and myriads. Rats were never before seen in such a large number and never before was seen such a judgment and retribution that befell Bishop Hatto.

Stanza 17. When the Bishop saw the rats in such a large number he was frightened. He fell down upon his knees and prayed to God and said over and over again all the prayers. The sound of the gnawing of the teeth of the rats became louder and louder as they approached nearer and nearer. The Bishop became more and more afraid at their approach.

Stanza 18. The rats came thick and fast. They came in through the doors and the windows, and poured in profusion through the holes they had made in the walls. They fell down the ceiling and came out of the floor. They came from the Bishop's right and from his left. They

came from behind and from the front. They came from within and from without, from above and from below. Simultaneously all of them launched an attack upon the Bishop.

Stanza 19. The rats had sharpened their teeth by whetting them upon the stones and now they began, all of them, to pick all flesh from the bones of the Bishop. They cut away all the flesh from his bones because they were sent down by Powers Divine to do judgment to the Bishop for his misdeeds.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Had been so wet**—rains had continued during the summer as well as during the autumn. **Corn was growing yet**—rains had continued during the autumn which usually is the period of dry weather. In the cold countries of the Europe wheat, barley, oats and gram are sown during summer and in the hot and dry season of autumn these crops ripen and are cut ; but this year the plants of corn went on growing during the autumn. The weather did not become dry and hence the crops also did not ripen. As we all know that the wheat and barley crops ripen in March in our country and March is generally a dry month. If rains fall in the winter and continue falling in the month of March the crops are ruined. In the same way the crops did not ripen in Germany in that particular year because rains continued to fall in the summer and the autumn. **Piteous sight**—a sight which moved one to pity. **All around**—all over the country. **Rotting**—decaying. **On the grounds**—in the fields.

The summer and autumn had been so wet
That in winter the corn was growing yet,
It was a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

The poet says that in that particular year rain had continued to fall in summer and later in autumn too, so the season was very wet. The crops instead of ripening in the latter part of the autumn continued to grow late

in winter and it was a tragic sight to see that all around corn lay rotting in the fields. If the crops had ripened in the autumn these would have been cut, thrashed, winnowed and safely stored away for winter consumption. This year the autumn was wet and consequently the crops did not dry up and were not cut. These crops were now standing in the fields and the cold and wet winter would destroy them. The poet says that the grain lay rotting in the fields. What he means to convey is that the crops which when ripened would have become corn. Grain here means the crops which are potential grain.

Stanza 2. **The starving poor**—a famine was raging now because the current crops had failed and the poor people went about hungry and without food. **Crowded**—came in very large numbers.

Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door

Bishop Hatto was the only landlord in that locality who had a store of corn which he had saved from last year's yield. So the poor people who lived in that area came in crowds to his door and asked for help.

For he had a plentiful last year's store

These poor people who belonged to the neighbouring villages flocked to his door because he had a goodly amount of corn which he had saved from the previous year's produce and had stored it safely. **Neighbourhood could tell**—The people who lived in the neighbourhood all were in the know of it. **Granaries**—stores or godowns where corn is stored. **Furnished**—supplied. **His granaries were furnished well**—There was quite a sufficient quantity of corn stored in his barns.

Stanza 3. **Appointed**—fixed (مقرر کیا). **To quiet**—to satisfy the needs of the poor and thus calm them. **Delay**—interval (وقفہ).

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay

When the poor people of the neighbourhood came to

him in a very large number and pressed him hard for corn, he fixed a date and asked them to come on that date when he would supply them the required foodgrains and thus satisfy them without any further interval or pause. **Bade** told. **Barn**—covered building for storing corn. **Repair**—come, arrive at. **Food for the winter there**—he told these poor people to come to his barn on the appointed day when he would supply them enough corn for their needs during the coming winter. Here it will not be out of place to make mention of the fact that Bishop Hatto was the ecclesiastical head of that diocese, and being the spiritual head and father of the people it was his duty to help the poor during those days of famine and shortage of food. This duty became all the more imperative because he was the only person in that neighbourhood who had a large store of corn. The subsequent events narrate in the poem the punishment which befell him because he showed such callousness of heart. Instead of sympathizing with the poor and relieving their sufferings he shut them in a barn and burnt them all alive.

Stanza 4. **Rejoiced**—felt happy. **Such tidings good**—such a good news that corn was going to be supplied to them and thus their needs would be satisfied.

The poor folk flocked from far and near

When the inhabitants of that locality came to know that the Bishop had promised to give enough corn to all on an appointed day they arrived at his barn in a very large number. People came from far and near because famine raged all over the land.

The great barn was full as it could hold

On the day appointed by Bishop Hatto for the distribution of corn, people came from distant villages. Such a large crowd assembled in the barn that it was full to its capacity.

Stanza 5. **Then when he saw it could hold no more**—when Bishop Hatto saw that a very large crowd had assembled there and the walls of the barn could hold no more men and women. **He made fast the door**—he closed

the door of the barn and locked it securely from outside. **For mercy on Christ they call**—when Bishop Hatto shut these poor people inside that barn and locked the door from outside, they called upon him to have pity on them in the name of Christ and to let them out. The poet means to say that the people, when they were locked from outside, realised that the Bishop had played a trick upon them. He had called them with the promise to give them corn ; but now he was going to kill them. So they prayed to him to have pity on them in the name of Christ and to let them go away. But he turned a deaf ear to their entreaties and set the barn to fire burning them all to death.

Stanza 6. **I'faith**—I am sure. **'Tis an excellent bonfire**—The poet wishes to convey to the reader that the Bishop was an evil-natured man. He not only burnt alive those poor beggars, but also very much enjoyed that scene of the barn burning and the men and women inside crying for help and mercy. He felt a peculiar kind of vicious pleasure in doing so. **Ridding**—freeing. **Times forlorn**—in these days of want and famine. **Consume**—eat up and exhaust.

> **"I'faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire !" quoth he,**
> **And the country is greatly obliged to me,**
> **For ridding it in these times forlorn**
> **Of Rats that only consume the corn."**

When the Bishop saw the barn burning he felt a great satisfaction and approved of his cruel deed by saying that it was a grand and fine fire that was burning and the country *i.e.*, Germany, should be thankful to him because in that period of want and famine, he had taken the bold step of burning these beggars to death. If he had not managed to do away with these people it would have become impossible for the country and the government to feed so many mouths. These poor people were, in the opinion of the Bishop, quite an unnecessary burden and if they had been allowed to live in those days of scarcity of corn they would have eaten away quite a large quantity of food-grains and thus further aggravated the shortage of food. Out of contempt the Bishop calls them Rats.

Stanza 7. **So then**—after burning his barn. **He sat down to supper merrily**—after burning the barn and all the human beings whom he had shut up in it, Bishop Hatto came back to his palace. He was happy and under the impression that he had done yeoman's service to the cause of the humanity by doing away with a part of the population of Germany, whom he considered to be quite unwanted and useless. Although he was a churchman, yet he was so vicious by nature that he had not the least idea about having committed an act of vandalism and barbarity and that very soon dire consequences were going to follow his cruel act. He sat down to his supper in a happy and gay mood and did full justice to the dinner table. This Bishop appears to have been a very callous man. He had burnt so many human beings against whom he had no cause for quarrel or grievance; but his heart was so hard and unfeeling that he had a good appetite and ate and drank quite happily.

And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again

That night Bishop Hatto slept peacefully and soundly and it appeared as if he had done no wrong. But retribution followed swiftly and that particular night turned out to be the last night in his life when he was able to sleep well. The very next day an army of rats came out in his pursuit and finally devoured him.

Stanza 8. **In the morning**—on the next morning. **As he enter'd the hall**—when he entered the hall of his palace.

A sweat like death all over him came,
For the Rats had eaten it out of the frame

When the Bishop entered the hall he saw that his framed picture was all eaten away by the rats. This was an ill omen and the Bishop was so much frightened that a sweat came all over his body. The poet uses the capital 'R' for the word 'Rat' The poem is allegorical and these "Rats" are the retribution which comes to Bishop for his misdeeds.

Stanza 9. **As he looked**—while he was looking at the

frame out of which the rats had eaten away the picture. **Came a man from his farm** – a messenger came from his farm. **Countenance**—face. **White with alarm**—the face of the messenger was ghastly with fear. **Granaries**—stores where corn is kept.

My lord, I opened your granaries this morn
And the Rats had eaten all your corn

The messenger told Bishop Hatto, "Sir, this morning when I opened your granaries and checked the corn it transpired that all of it had been eaten up by rats."

Stanza 10. **Another came running presently**—Troubles began to come upon Bishop Hatto, and they came thick and fast. The first messenger had given his heart-rending message. All at once there came a second messenger and told the Lord Bishop.—**And he was pale as pale could be**—like the first messenger this man too was ghastly pale with fear. **Fly**—run away. **Quoth**—said.

"Fly, my Lord Bishop, fly" quoth he,
"Ten thousand Rats are coming this way."

The messenger brought the news that an army of ten thousand rats was coming towards his palace and intended to attack him.

"Thy Lord forgive you for yesterday !"

The messenger further said that God may have mercy on him and pardon the evil done by him on the previous day. He had burnt to death a large number of poor men and women who had come there to get corn. Perhaps that army of rats had come to punish him for his cruel act. He will not be able to escape the wrath of Heaven which had taken the shape of an army of rats. The Bishop's life would be saved only if God had mercy on him and pardoned his sin.

Stanza 11. **Rhine**—name of a river that flows through France and Germany. **Steep**—slope. **Stream**—current. **Strong**—The flow of the water of river is strong and fast.

"I will go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he.

When the Bishop heard the frightful news that an army of rats was heading for an attack, he said that he would go away to his castle which was situated across the River Rhine. There he would be safe because it would be impossible for the rats to cross the River Rhine which is a fast flowing stream whose banks are steep. The rats are generally afraid of water and it would not be possible for them to cross the fast flowing and deep river, Rhine.

Stanza 12. **Fearfully**—frightened. **Hastened away**—he made preparations in a hurry to leave his palace and go away to his castle where he hoped to be safe from the attack of rats. **Crost—**crossed. **Delay**—interval. **Barred with care**—he went inside the castle and very securely closed the doors and windows. **Loop-holes**—holes in the walls of the castle.

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crost the river without delay
And reach'd his tower, and barred with care
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

When Bishop Hatto heard the news that an army of rats was coming to attack him in his palace, he was very much frightened and immediately made preparations to run away from the palace and without any delay or pause he crossed over the River Rhine and took refuge in his castle. He went inside the castle and securely closed and barred all the doors, windows and loop-holes of the castle and thus thought himself to be safe from the attacks of those rats.

Stanza 13.

He laid him down and closed his eyes ;......

Bishop Hatto had passed a restless night and had been very much worried. When he found himself in that castle and thought that he was safe and immune from the attack of rats he laid himself down and fell asleep. Subsequent events however, proved that this was a false sense of security. Divine retribution in the shape of rats did not let him live even in that castle which he believed to be so

safe. **Scream**—yell (چیخ). **Arise**—get up. **He started**—he jumped from his bed (وہ چونک کر اٹھا). **Eyes of flame**—two eyes that shone like live coal, as we all know that the eyes of the cat shine like two balls of fire in the darkness. **Pillow**—(تکیہ). **Whence**—from which place.

He started and saw the eyes of flame
On his pillow from whence the screaming came.

Bishop Hatto fell asleep feeling himself safe, but very soon his sleep was disturbed by an unexpected shriek and he abruptly jumped out of his bed. He stood up and saw that two small orbs of fire were shining on his pillow, the place from where the sound of screaming had come.

Stanza 14. **He listened and looked**—silently he stood there and listened and looked around trying to find out the source of that noise.

...it was only the Cat;
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that

The Bishop looked around with great care and came to know that this noise was produced by the cat which sat on his pillow and yelled and yelled. This fact frightened the Bishop even more. The pricking of his conscience had become more powerful and from now onward retribution for his crime became stronger and more pronounced.

At the Army of Rats that were drawing near

The cat sat there on his pillow and screamed on account of fear because like his master the cat too was frightened at the approach of the army of rats. The Bishop had burnt alive those poor beggars and had called them 'Rats who consumed corn'. Now his conscience pricked him and he was haunted by the fear that rats would come in a large number and eat him up. It was perhaps a trick played upon him by his imagination that he had begun to believe that the rats were coming nearer and nearer.

Stanza 15. **They had swum over the river so deep**—though the river was very deep and rats are generally afraid of water, in this case they managed to swim across the water of the river.

They have climbed the shores so steep—

The banks of the River Rhine were very steep and difficult to climb, but the rats managed to climb them. **And up to the tower**—and up towards that tower. **Their way is bent**—all the rats are bent upon getting into the tower.

To do the work for which they were sent

It appeared that the army of rats marched towards that tower and had a set purpose before it. The poet means to say that the rats were sent by Divine Power to punish Bishop Hatto for his crime. They came with a set purpose and no hurdle was too great for them to overcome.

Stanza 16. **Told**—counted. **Dozen**—twelve. **Score**—twenty. **Myriad**—ten thousand, infinitely great number.

They are not to be told by dozen or score
By thousands they came, and by myriads and more.

It was such a big army of rats that you could not count them by the dozens or score. They came in thousands rather tens of thousands. The poet means to say that the army of rats that came was so large that nobody could count them.

Such numbers had never been heard of before,
Such a judgement had never been witnessed of yore.

The number of rats was so large as was never seen before. The judgment that was going to befall Bishop Hatto was an unprecedented one. None before had been eaten up by rats as a punishment for the wrongs done by him. It was a novel punishment and no example similar to it could be traced out in the previous history of the life of man on earth.

Stanza 17.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell
And faster and faster his beads did he tell

When the Bishop saw such a large army of Rats coming towards his castle and when he came to know that they had managed to swim across the Rhine, he was very much frightened. He fell down prostrate before God and prayed for mercy. He had a rosary and told the beads again and again. **Beads**—(منکے). **Told**—(پھرانا). **Drawing near**—coming near. **Gnawing**—biting persistently.

As louder and louder drawing near
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

As that army of rats came nearer and nearer the sound produced by their gnawing became more and more audible.

Stanza 18.

And in at the windows and in at the door
And through the walls helter-skelter they pour.

In a short while the Rats began to come into the tower. They came through the doors and through the windows. They bored holes in the walls of the castle and through these holes they began to come in a large number. **And all at once to the Bishop they go**—the rats came from all sides and converged upon the Bishop.

Stanza 19. **Whetted**—sharpened (تیز کیا). **Pick**—eat away the flesh and leave the bones. **Gnaw**—bite.

And now they pick the Bishop's bones ;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgement on him !

The army or rats came and set to its work in right ear-nest. They began to cut away and eat the flesh from the bones of the Bishop. From every part of his body they removed whatever flesh they could find. With a will they

did their work and very soon succeeded in doing their work because they were sent to punish the Bishop who had so cruelly burnt those poor beggars who came to him for help. The Bishop was a Churchman and a servant of God and it was expected of him that he would relieve the needy in the hour of need. Instead, he burnt them alive. The supernatural Powers did not approve of his act and punished him by making him to fall a prey to this army of rats.

VIII. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. What is the moral of the poem *Bishop Hatto* and how does Southey drive it home?

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

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40. PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

BY
HENRY LONGFELLOW

I. THE POET

(See No. 1 of Poem No. 10 of the first part of the book.)

II. CENTRAL IDEA

This poem is based upon an incident in the American War of Independence. On April 19, 1775, was fought the battle of Lenington in which the British were defeated. This poem celebrates a heroic event which has become popular knowledge mainly due to Longfellow, who has embodied it in this heroic poem. Paul Revere was an American patriot who rode from midnight till dawn from Charleston to Lenington and warned the people of the neighbouring villages against the advance of English troops. He went from home to home and by dawn had been successful in informing every farmer of the danger that threatened them. He was thus instrumental in bringing about the defeat of the British Army.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

In this poem Longfellow is inspired by feelings of patriotism and in a simple language manages to convey to the reader the spirit of sacrifice which had prompted Paul Revere to gallop on horseback from village to village and

farm to farm in the darkness of night and to cover long distance without feeling fatigued. The element of suspense pervades the poem when Revere's friend climbs up the belfry to watch the approach of the English Army by sea or by land. The atmosphere becomes supernatural and fearful.

The poem is based on a political event and the patriotism of the Americans would surely be stirred by reading this poem. To the non-American reader the patriotism of the poem does not make a very effective appeal ; but this does not mean that the poem is devoid of universal appeal. No reader can remain unaffected by the determined effort made by Paul Revere to save the country from enslavement and consequent ruin. The poem is no doubt based on a particular incident in the history of the American people ; but nobody who has sincere love for his homeland can remain unaffected by the determination and perseverance of Paul Revere, who for a short while rises up to the position of a real hero of history. The element of romance and strangeness is supplied by the desperate ride undertaken on horseback in the moonlit night.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The poet enters the story direct and says, "I am going to narrate the story of the midnight ride of Paul Revere on April 18, 1775. Paul Revere called a friend of his and told him to apprise him of the arrival of the British by hanging one lantern if the English came by land and hanging two lanterns if they came by the sea. The friend did accordingly and Paul Revere started on horseback and informed the people of the village of the arrival of the British troops."

The message being conveyed to all the farmers, the English troops on their arrival received a hot and unexpected reception. Thus through the night rode Paul Revere and whereever he went he gave the alarm of danger. This ride became historic and the American War of Independence took a new turn only on account of this ride. History speaks for itself and Paul Revere became a hero.

V. SUMMARY

Stanza 1. Readers can read in this poem the story of Paul Revere's ride through the night of April 18, 1775. It is a very old incident.

Stanza 2. He said to his friend, "If the British come and attack by land hang one lantern as a signal and if they come by sea hang two lanterns. I will be ready with my horse on the opposite shore and will ride through the whole of Middlesex to give the alarm to the farmers."

Stanza 3. Having given this message he bid his friend Good Night, and stealthily went away to the other side of the bay. There he waited for the signal. In the bay was harboured the British warship 'Somerset.'

Stanza 4. Meanwhile his friend wandered with eager eyes and watched for any sign of coming of the British Army. Then he heard in the barracks nearby the sound of preparations for attack. The soldiers were marching to their boats to cross over to the opposite shore and launch an attack on the mainland.

Stanza 5. When this friend of Paul Revere saw the English army on the move he went up to the tower of the belfry where he disturbed the pigeons. He went higher up with the help of the ladder and for a short while paused to listen and be sure. He stood there in the highest window of belfry.

Stanza 6. Below that belfry was the village graveyard in which lay the dead buried. The entire scene was muffled in a deep silence. The sound of the night wind was audible in the quiet of the night. For a brief space of time this man too was affected by the charm of the night and felt frightened. All this time his mind was too busy to think of his environment. He was all this time looking to the place where the river met the bay.

Stanza 7. During this period Paul Revere, booted and spurred, waited anxiously on the opposite shore of that bay. Sometimes he patted his horse and sometimes he gazed at

the landscape ; but most of the time he kept looking anxiously towards that belfry where he had posted his friend. Very soon upon that belfry he saw the gleam of a lantern which was soon followed by a second one. He looked at it attentively and then caught hold of the bridle of his horse and rode away towards the village nearby.

Stanza 8. The horse galloped from village to village and stayed nowhere. It was just like a ghost moving from place to place. What the people saw was only a galloping horse, and nobody had the least idea that the galloping horse carried on it the future and the fate of a nation. The sparks that flew from the hoofs of the horse kindled the whole nation and gave it life. He left the village behind and went up the slope of a hill. The horse galloped over rocks and sand.

Stanza 9. By twelve in the night the horse and the rider reached Manford and heard the crowing of the cocks and the barking of dogs.

Stanza 10. By one o'clock they galloped into the small town of Leningtcn. The town was enveloped in silence and it appeared as if those buildings had a premonition that a bloody drama was to be enacted in their neighbourhood.

Stanza 11. By two o'clock in the morning they reached the town of Concord. It was almost dawn and birds were twittering in the branches of the trees. On the bridge it was perfecr quiet and calm and none could imagine that nearby would die many soldiers pierced by the bullets of the enemy. In the morning the British troops advanced in battle array. History tells us that the farmers who had got information beforehand gave the British soldiers a hot reception and repulsed their attack.

Stanza 12. Thus through the night-ride Paul Revere gave an alarm to the farmers. Every village in Middlesex was forewarned. Americans should thank this hero who gave timely warning about the danger and thus turned the tide of battle and liberated the whole American nation from enslavement.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stazna 1. Listen to me and I will narrate to you the story of Paul Revere's ride at midnight of April 18, 1775. There is perhaps none living who remembers that famous day of the year when the Battle of Lexington was fought and won.

Stanza 2. Paul Revere said to his friend, "If the British forces launched an attack by land or by sea from the town that night, he was to hang a lantern in the arch of the belfry of the church-tower in the north. You should hang one lantern if the attack came by the land and two if by sea. I will be present on the opposite shore and will be ready to spread the alarm in the surrounding area. I will ride through every village in Middlesex and inform the farmers to be up to put up a defence against the enemy." Thus Paul Revere intended to give timely information to the people to be armed beforehand.

Stanza 3. Having given this message to his friend and helper in this enterprise, Paul Revere bade him Good-night and silently went away rowing his boat towards Charlestown shore. Just at that time the moon rose up and shed its light over the bay. There in that bay was anchored the British warship 'Somerest.' It was rocking to the right and to the left because its moorings were loose. In the moonlight the ship appeared like a prison bar. The body otf he ship appeared large and black on account of its dark reflection in the waters of that bay.

Stanza 4. In the meantime his friend and ally was wandering through the alleys and streets of the town. He was very attentive and eager to get the necessary news about the movements of English troops which had bivouacked there. In the all-pervading silence of the night he heard the English soldiers mustering at the doors of their barracks. The sound produced by their armament and their footfall became audible. The sound of the march of the armed soldiers was heard too. They were marching towards the shore to step into their boats and thus go to the opposite shore of the bay.

Stanza 5. When this friend of Paul Revere saw the British troops moving towards their boats, he climbed the tower of the Old North Church. He went up the wooden stairs silently and stealthily and entered the room at the top of that belfry. His untimely intrusion disturbed the pigeons who were sitting in their nests. The grey coloured wooden planks had a sinister and mysterious outlook in the dim light of the moon. The whole room appeared to be full of moving shapes and forms. The ladder was steep and tall, and as he went up it shook and trembled. He went up to the highest window in the wall and waited there for some time to look and see, and thus make sure that his information was correct. He looked for a short while upon the roofs of the houses of that town which were enveloped in the dim light of the newly risen moon.

Stanza 6. Below the belfry was the village graveyard in which lay the dead buried in their graves and hidden from view by the permanent and all-pervading darkness of death. On the hill-side there was a deeply silent atmosphere. It was so calm and quiet that he could well hear the footfall of the watchman walking at a distance in his camp. The sound of the night wind could be heard as it blew from camp to camp. It seemed to give the message that all was O.K. For a short while he was enamoured and charmed by the spirit of the scene and time of the night. A secret and mysterious fear crept over his mind and soul. The belfry, loneliness and graveyard for a short period of time influenced his outlook on life. All of a sudden he forgot his environments and turned all his attention towards the duty entrusted to him by his friend. A dim sight of the British troops attracted his notice. This scene was located near the bay where the river widens the estuary. There on the surface he saw a black line of boats on rising tide of the water ; it appeared like a bridge made of boats.

Stanza 7. On the opposite shore of that bay there stood Paul Revere impatient and excited, waiting for the appointed signal to be given from the tower of that belfry. To pass time he sometimes lovingly patted his horse and looked upon the scenes of nature that were far and near. Then he became agitated and impatient, and struck his foot

against the ground with violence. Then he turned to the horse once more and tightened the belt of the saddle that passed round the horse's body. However, most of the time he kept looking in the direction of the belfry tower of the Old North Church as it rose high above the various graves on the slope of the hill. It was a lonely sight and appeared to be fearful and ghastly. While he was looking in the direction of the belfry he saw a ray of light. The moment he he espied that light, he jumped into the saddle of the horse and turned the bridle of the horse in the direction of Lenington. He was not yet fully sure that the signal was actually given or not, so once again he looked in the direction of the belfry because he wished to be more sure that the signal had actually been given. He saw another lantern light in the belfry tower.

Stanza 8. He galloped away in the direction of Lexington and passed through the village. In the dim light of the moon he looked just a shape and a form and in the semi-dark atmosphere of the night he appeared a body only, *i.e.*, none could recognize as to who he was. Often as the horse went galloping over the stone pavement of the road, the hoofs of the horse struck against the stones and sparks flew from it. The horse ran fearlessly and fast. That was the only action the eye could see; but through the dim light of the moon the rider and horse decided the fate of a nation. The sparks which flew from the horse's hoofs kindled the light of liberty for ever. Revere left the village far behind and rode up the slope of the hill. Beneath him flowed the River Mystic It was a broad and deep river, surrounded by alder trees. It flowed into the ocean. Sometimes the horse galloped over the soft sand and sometimes over the hard rocks of the mountains. The people heard the sound of the galloping horse.

Stanza 9. It was twelve by the village clock when Revere crossed over the bridge of the river and reached Medford town. He heard the crowing of the village cocks and the barking of the village dogs; he felt the damp fog and mist which rose up from the marshy banks of the river; but he did not tarry there, and proceeded further.

Stanza 10. Galloping further, by one o'clock he arrived in Lexington. He saw the bright and polished weather-cock as it moved with the wind in the dim light of the moon. But he passed on further and went by the meeting-house where the windows were bare and empty and appeared to look at him like a ghost. It so appeared that before the actual battle took place the windows had a premonition of it and were gazing at him frightened about the bloody battle.

Stanza 11. The village clock struck the hour of two in the night when Paul Revere arrived at the bridge near Concord town. He heard the sound of bleating of the flocks of sheep and the chirping of the birds in the trees and he felt cool and bracing the morning air which blew over the brown grassy plains. The farmers were safely asleep in their beds and not one among them had the least fear that the very next day he would be killed in the engagement on that bridge. None knew that the next day in the battle of Lexington he would be shot dead by the British troops. The rest is written in books of history and one can very well read by himself how the regular British troops gave battle and fled away. The farmers of the surrounding villages had taken up positions behind fences and farm-yard walls and had fired upon the attackers with such accuracy that the red-coat troops of King George had to flee. The British troops fled through the field and then disappeared in the neighbouring forest. Again they came out of the cover of trees at the turn of the road. They ran on and only stopped to load their guns and fire back at their pursuers.

Stanza 12. Thus through the whole of that night Paul Revere rode on and wherever he went he raised the cry of alarm and fore-warned the American peasants of the arrival of British attacking troops. He went to every farm and every village in Middlesex and instilled courage into the hearts of the farmers who now made up their minds to defy and fight the regular British Army. In the darkness of the night in the hour of danger he risked his life and made aware all the people of the danger that was coming. This incident will be remembered throughout American history.

Even today in the hour of danger and peril people will wake up and hear the sound of the galloping horse and the message given by Paul Revere in the middle of the night.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Listen—hear attentively. **And you will hear**—and I will narrate to you. **Paul Revere**—he was an American who played, from the national point of view, a grand part in the American War of Independence. The British Army was stationed in a bay near the District of Lexington. Paul Revere made up his mind to inform in time all the people of the district if the British regulars made any move which indicated that they were going to launch an attack. On the night of April 18, 1775, the English attack materialised. Paul Revere had stationed his friend on that side of the bay where were located the barracks of the English troops. He had asked him to signal to him if the British Army made any move to attack. At the middle hour of the night his friend gave the signal and Revere rode through the country-side and gave the farmers timely information. The battle of Lexington was lost by the British and they suffered heavy losses. Thus the victory of the Americans to a very large extent was due to the heroic effort made by Paul Revere, whom Longfellow has immortalized in this poem. **In seventy-five**—*i.e.*, in 1775, A.D.

Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year

The poet says that it is an incident of the past. Many years have rolled by and most of the contemporaries of Paul Revere have died years ago. Practically none is alive now who may remember that famous day and year when the battle of Lexington was fought and the part played in that battle by Paul Revere.

Stanza 2. **British**—The regular British Army which had come to fight in the American War of Independence. **Aloft**—high up. **Belfry**—bell tower, attached or separate, bell space in a church-tower. **Arch**—semicircle (محراب). **Signal light**—light which would be an information for him (اطلاع).

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or by sea from the town to-night
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light"

In this enterprise Paul Revere has an accomplice whom he took into confidence and said to him that if the British troops made any movements of preparation on that particular night either by land or by sea he was to hang up a lantern in the arch, in the bell tower of the North Church. This light would be for him a signal for further action.

One, if by land, and two, if by sea

If the British troops prepare to attack by land one lantern was to be hung in the arch of the belfry; but if they prepared to attack by sea two lanterns were to be hung.

And I on the opposite shore will be
Ready to ride and spread the alarm

Paul Revere told his friend that on the other side he would wait for the signal and would be ready to ride through the country-side and spread the alarm. **Middlesex**—name of the American district which is the scene of incidents of this story. **Country folk**—villagers. **To be up and to arm**—to be vigilant and watchful and to arm themselves for defence.

Stanza 3. **Then he said, "Good night!"**—having given these instructions to his friend he bade him farewell for the night and went away to the other side of the bay. **Muffled**—with deadened or subdued sound **Rowed**—with the help of oars silently rowed his boat which carried him to the other side of the bay. **And with muffled oar silently rowed to Charlestown shore**—Revere rowed his boat so carefully that the sound produced by the splashing water was subdued and almost deadened. In this way he arrived at Charlestown on the opposite shore.

And as the moon rose over the bay.

Meanwhile the moon came out and shed a dim light around the landscape. **Swinging wide**—moving from side to side. **Moorings**—chains or ropes with which a

boat or ship is secured and prevented from floating away ; the place where a ship is moored. **Somerset**—name of the British warship. **Man-of-War**—battleship.

Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war

The British battleship lay moored in the bay. It was tied to the shores with ropes and floated wide from side to side as the wind blew or the tide rolled. **A phantom ship**—in the dim light and on account of its slow rolling movement this vessel looked like a spectre, quite unreal and ghostly. **Mast**—(مستول). **Spar**—stout horizontal bar on which the sails hanging from the mast are stretched and supported.

A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar.

In the moonlight the warship looked like a ghost. On the other side of the ship the moon rose up. In between were the masts and poles of the ship and these poles and masts appeared like bars that shut the moon beyond, *i.e.*, the moon looked like a captive in a prison who peeped through a window in which bars were fixed. **A huge bulk**—It looked as if it was a huge ship the dody of which had been dismantled. **Magnified**—appeared bigger than its actual size. **Reflection**—image (عکس). **Tide**—the waves of the water of the bay.

Stanza 4. **Meanwhile**—during this time. **Alley**—small street. **Wanders**—goes from place to place trying to find out and spy upon the movement and disposition of the British troops. **Eager ears**—his eyes and ears were set on edge because he was keenly watching to find out any movement or sound which may indicate to him as to what was the disposition of the British army. Silence prevailed all round and eagerly he heard the first sound indicating that the British soldiers were mustering for the next day's battle. **Muster**—arrange themselves in battle formation. **Barracks**—quarters for the halt of the soldiers and the army. **Sound of arms**—sound produced as the soldiers armed themselves. **Tramp**—footfall ; sound produced

by walking. **Measured tread**—The rhythmic sound produced by the trained soldiers marching. **Grenadiers**—soldiers who threw grenades.

Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barracks' door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

The al'y of Paul Revere kept quite and watchfully listened till the silence of the night was broken when in the barracks the British troops began to move about and formed themselves in battle array. He heard the rattling sound produced by arms as the soldiers got ready for the night attack. He heard the tramp of the feet of the soldiers and the measured sound as the disciplined soldiers marched through the camp and advanced towards their boats in which they intended to cross the bay to go over to the other side.

Stanza 5. **Then**—when he saw these preparations afoot. **Climbed the tower**—he went up the tower to give the signal in acordance with the instructions given by Paul Revere. **Stealthy tread**—he scaled the wooden staircase silently because his movements were to be secret otherwise the British soldiers might have come to know of it and thus Paul Revere's enterprise would have been wasted. **Startled**—disturbed. **Perch**—settle. **Sombre**—dark and distant. **Rafters**—one of the sloping beams forming framework on which slates etc., of the roof are held.

By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—

Silently and secretly he went up the wooden staircase and reached the topmost room of the bell-tower above. His entry in that room at that un xpected hour of the

night disturbed the pigeons who lived in that tower. The poet means to say that the tower was very old and high. It was inhabited by a very large number of pigeons. The birds, when they saw him, began to fly about in the tower. They got up from their nest on the old, sombre and dark beams of the room. As they flew about in the light of the moon, which came into the tower, their forms took on peculiar shapes and sizes. The light of the moon was dim and not very clear, and the flying pigeons cast shadows all about the room which were not clearly discernible.

By the trembling ladder, steep and tall
To the highest window in the wall

The ladder was very long and the ascent was very steep ; but he managed to climb to the highest window in the wall of that belfry. **Paused**—stayed for a short while.

A moment on the roofs of the town
And the moonlight flowing over all

He waited there and looked out of the window for some time. He looked down on the roofs of the houses of the town which were at that time covered by the dim light of the moon which was pervading the atmosphere.

Stanza 6. **Beneath**—immediately under the belfry was the village graveyard. **Lay the dead**—were the graves in which lay burried the dead. **In their night encampment**—in the graves where permanent darkness prevailed. The poet means to say that in the churchyard were graves in which lay buried the dead, and in their graves it was permanently dark.

Wrapped in the silence so deep and still

The hill and the graveyard were enveloped in perfect quiet and calm of the night.

That he could hear the sentinel's tread

The silence and quiet were so deep and all-pervading that even the footfall of the watchman was clearly audible. **The watchful night wind**—The wind that blew in the night is called watchful by the poet. Here the adjective is transferred from one noun to another—transferred epithet. The atmosphere is tense, and suspense is on the increase. The British Army is watchful, but Paul Revere and his companion too are watchful. The poet calls the night wind watchful as it creeps slowly from camp to camp. **Creeping**—moving slowly ; the slow-moving wind.

And seeming to whisper, "All is well !"

The gentle and slow-moving wind appeared to give the message that it was all right and there was no cause to worry or fear. **A moment only he feels the spell**—this charm of the atmosphere, the moonlight, the slow and gentle moving wind had a transitory effect upon the friend of Paul Revere. He was standing on a very high tower and as he looked down at the roofs of the houses below and the churchyard he became spell-bound for a moment ; but very soon he recovered and came out of his trance, and once more became watchful and attentive to the business he had in hand.

And the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead

For a short span of time that ally of Revere was affected by the lovely atmosphere that prevailed in the bell-tower and in the churchyard. He was temporarily frightened but this fear soon wore off.

For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away.

Temporarily he was under the sway of fear which that scene instilled in his heart ; but he soon came out of that trance and his attention got focussed upon something dim and shadowy which was visible at a distance.

Where the river widens to meet the bay

This shadowy something moved near the place where the river widened into an estuary and fell into the bay.

A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

In the estuary there was a line of black boats in which the English soldiers were moving away to the other shore. From the distant belfry these boats floating on the rising water of the bay looked like a pontoon bridge. The poet means to say that on account of the gravitation of the moon the water of the bay began to rise and floating on its surface the line of boats looked like a bridge of boats.

Stanza 7. **Meanwhile**—in the meantime on the other shore of the bay stood Revere waiting patiently for the appointed signal from the belfry, so that he may mount the horse and proceed on his journey through the surrounding country and may give timely information to the people. **Booted and spurred**—he was fully equipped and ready to proceed at a moment's notice. **Booted**—he has put on his riding shoes. **Spurred**—he had put on his spurs (مہمیز). **Heavy stride**—he was booted and spurred so he walked with heavy steps.

Now he patted his horse's side—he was very impatient and sometimes to pass his time he patted the side of his horse lovingly. **Gazed** —looked attentively. **Landscape** —the scenes of nature round-about. **Then impetuous**— Then he became rash and impatient. **Stamped the earth** —and struck his foot hard upon the earth. **Turned**— turned towards his horse. **Tightened the saddle girth**— Then he attended his horse to find out whether the saddle and bridle were in a fit condition to enable him to ride away the moment he got the signal from the bell-tower. Thus he looked to it that the band round the belly of the horse was tight and the saddle would remain in its place during the long journey he intended to undertake on that night.

But mostly he watched with eager search,
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church.

The poet says that during this time Paul Revere was waiting impatiently. He tried to pass his anxious time by diverting his attention towards many objects, some quite near and others farther removed. Yet all the time his full attention was focussed on that tower from where he expected any moment to get the signal of alarm, which he had made up his mind to convey to the farmers living in the neighbouring villages. He was all the time looking at the bell-tower of the Old North Church where he had posted his friend and ally with specific instructions to show one lantern if the British attack meterialised from land and two lanterns if the attack began from the sea. **Spectral**—ghost-like and unearthly. **Sombre**—dark and dismal. **Still**—calm. **And lo**—and behold. **As he looks**—as he was looking at the tower. **Belfry height**—The high bell-tower. **A glimmer**—he sees a sudden ray of light. **And then a gleam of night**—at first sight it appeared to be just a ray of light but gradually it converted itself into a brother light. He understood at once that it was the signal given by his helper. **He springs into the saddle**—at once he jumped on the back of the horse. **The briddle he turns**—he turned the horse to one side. **But lingers and gazes**—but he waited there for some time more and continued looking in the direction of the tower.

Till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns.

As he gazed in that direction he saw another lantern put up in the belfry and it became quite clear to him that English were going to launch and attack by the sea and not by land.

Stanza 8. **A hurry of hoofs in a village street**—receiving that signal he mounted his horse. Very soon he passed galloping through a village and managed to inform the people about the danger that threatened them. **A shape in the moonlight**—he went galloping at top speed. People only saw a shape, but on account of the dim light of the moon none could say who he was. His identity remained hidden because he did not check his horse at any place. He had made his mission that he would inform as many people

of this danger as he could. This work he had to do during the remaining part of that very night, otherwise his message would be useless. It was almost midnight when he saw the signal. Before dawn he had to apprise a large number of farmers of the attack of the British troops which was to come off in the morning. The greater the number of people who got this information in the night the more definite would become the defeat of the English. In those days, we must bear in mind, farms were scattered and far removed from each other in America. Thus this self-imposed task was difficult to perform efficiently. **A bulk in dark**—in the dim moonlight he was seen only as a body and nothing could be said who he was.

And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet

As the horse went galloping and passed over the stony road, the iron shoes of the horse struck against the stones and sparks (چنگاریاں) flew out.

The fate of nation was riding that night

Paul Revere went galloping on horseback and told all the people of that neighbourhood about the coming of the British. This information decided the fate of the nation.

And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight
Kindled the land into flame with its heat

And the sparks that flew from under the hoofs of that horse lighted such a fire of partriotic feelings in the whole land that it warmed up the hearts of all. This wave of partriotic feelings spread all over America and finally fructified in blessing the American people with freedom from the domination of the British.

He has left the village and mounted the steep

Paul Revere now left that village behind him and went

up the slope of a hill. **Tranquil**—calmly and quietly flowing. **Mystic**—name of a river. **Meeting the ocean tides**—falling into the waters of the ocean. **Alder**—name of a kind of tree. **Skirt**—border. **Ledge**—projecting rock.

And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides ;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

Paul Revere rode up the steep hill-side. Below that hill flowed the broad, deep and calm Mystic river. It flowed in its banks peacefully and the poet compares here the calm that reigned upon nature with the tumult and disturbance caused by man. The night, the river, the moonlight, the wind all are calm and peaceful ; man alone is disturbed and at war.

The River Mystic flowed into the bay and its waters united with the waters of the ocean. Revere passed under the alder trees which grew along the bank of the river. When the horse passed over the sandy bank the sound of the running horse was low and muffled ; but when it passed some projection of a rock this sound became louder. Loud or low, the sound of the galloping horse is heard continuously.

Stanza 9.

It was twelve by the village clock

By the village clock the time was twelve in the night,

He heard the crowing of the cock—when he passed through that village he heard the cock crowing. Though it was midnight, many a time on moonlit nights the cocks do crow even at that hour.

And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

The vapours which rise from the marshy banks of the

river in the day-time become cold in the night and condensed in the shape of fog and begin to come down.

Stanza 10.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington

Paul Revere was riding from village to village. The poet says when he reached Lexington village the clock struck one in the night. **Gilded**—golden and bright. **Weathercock—**a metal gadget shaped like a cock revolving on a pivot to indicate the direction from which the wind is blowing at a particular time. (مرغ باد نما) **Swim**—noiselessly move to this direction, then to the other. **Meeting-house**—The hall where public meetings of the village were held. **Blank and bare**—The windows were empty now.

Gaze at him with a spectral glare

The hall was empty because it was the time of the night. The windows gaped at him and had a ghost-like appearance.

As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon

To the spectator it appeared that the windows were struck with fear and wonder, and had a premonition of the bloody battle they would witness the next day.

Stanza 11. **Bleating**—sound produced by the sheep. **Twittering**—chirping of birds.

And felt the breath of morning breeze

It was now two o'clock and a gentle breeze was blowing. He was refreshed by the breeze. **Blowing**—passing over. **Meadows**—grassy plains.

And one was safe asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball
You know the rest.

It was two o'clock in the night and most of the people were fast asleep in their beds. These people had no idea that on the next day would be fought the historic battle of Lexington in which so many people would die. The poet here cites the example of a particular resident of that village and says, "One villager was sleeping in his bed who would be the first man to be killed on the bridge near Concord village in the next day's battle. In the day he would be hit by a bullet fired by the British guns and thus be killed. The sequel we all know. History books give an account of the Battle of Lexington and any one can read those books." **British Regulars**—The regular trained British soldiers who were sent out to America to crush the liberation movement.

How the British Regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball

Paul Revere has succeeded well in his self-imposed task. In the night he had ridden through every village and informed the peasants. Thus he sprang a surprise on the British Army when they attacked in the morning. The British generals were under the impression that they would be able to catch the Amricans unprepared and thus have a walk-over and gain an easy victory. American farmers had taken positions behind hedges, old walls and trees and they returned the firing of British regulars with such accuracy and efficiency that the British army had to withdraw. **Fence**—hedge. **Farmyard walls**—walls that enclosed farms and demarcated one farm from the other. **Chasing**—giving a hot pursuit. **Red coats**—formerly the dress of the regular British Army was red coloured. That is how in Urdu these came to be known as (لال کرتی). It was late in the nineteenth century that they adopted the Khaki uniform. Thus 'red coats' here means the British Army which wore a red uniform. **Emerge**—come out.

The crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

The British Army was demoralised and could not fight a pitched battle. The English hoped that in the morning they would be able to catch the enemy unawares; but all their calculations went wrong. The battle became a guerilla fight and the American farmers put up such a brave and determined resistance that there was no alternative left for the British but to flee. They ran over fields and hid themselves in the grove of trees. Under cover of trees they proceeded further and then were seen fleeing at the turn of the road. They ran and halted only to fire their guns and then to reload them. The poet means to say that the regular British Army had been put to utter rout.

Stanza 12.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm.

The poet says that Paul Revere rode through the night with a will and aim, and wherever he went he warned the people of the danger that faced them the next day.

A cry of defiance and not of fear.

The message he gave to the American farmers did not frighten them; rather it instilled into them a brave will to fight. He revived their spirits and encouraged them to resist the British attack.

A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door
And a word that shall echo for evermore.

In the night he went from door to door, knocked at the door, called the people, gave his message and went further. His message will go down in history as a call that saved the fate of a whole nation.

For, borne on a night-wind of the Past
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Paul Revere's supreme effort on that night and the service done by him to the national cause has gone down into history as an example of selfless service to national cause. Though this was an incident of the past, the message given by Revere in the dark night has lived in history and is now an often-quoted example. American history has treasured up the memory of this brave man. The poet says, "Even now, when we are in danger or difficulty, we get a lot of encouragement from the example of Paul Revere. In danger the American people wake up and with their mind's eye hear the message given by Paul that no sacrifice is too great for the national cause and where the interests of the nation are involved we should not think of personal gain or remuneration. National causes are served best by honest and unknown workers. Paul Revere was not appointed by the Government to this work. He held the safety of the nation dear and precious and did this work, which saved the Americans, of his own accord. Voluntarily he rendered yeoman's service to American cause.

The poet means to say that the message of Paul Revere was a universal message, meant for all times and for all people. National security and service are to be given top-priority. This is in fact the moral of the poem.

VIII. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. How far does Paul Revere's ride appeal to your patriotic feelings? The fate of which nation was riding that night?

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

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41. THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS

BY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

I. THE POET

(See No. I of the Poem '*In School Days*' by the same poet).

II. CENTRAL IDEA

Tritemius of Herbipolis, a priest, was one day deep in prayer when he heard the voice of a beggar asking for

help. The priest looked out of the window and told the beggar that he was a monk and the only help he was able to render was prayers for the safety of her son who was taken captive by the Moors. She begged him to give her the silver candlesticks from the altar. The priest did accordingly and was amazed to find in the evening that the silver sticks had been, by a miracle, replaced by golden ones.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

This poem has a religious background. The story of the poem illustrates the belief so common with us that God approves not only of spiritual help in the form of prayers offered for the betterment of some body, but also approves of help given in the form of gold and silver. The abbot was a God-fearing man and led a life of poverty doing penance for the betterment of his soul. He had no wealth; but he gave the silver candlesticks from the altar and thus relieved the want of that poor woman.

In simple language and through the medium of this story the poet tells the reader that this action is approved of by the powers above. In the evening the abbot is amazed to find that the silver sticks had been replaced by more beautiful and more costly golden candlesticks. This was a sure indication of the fact that heavenly powers had approved of the action of Tritemius. The moral of the poem is thus impressed upon the mind of the reader. There is no affectation about the language or the style and thus the reader contrasts it with other poems which are more ornate in their style, language and presentation of theme.

IV. SUBSTANCE

There lived in Herbipolis a priest named Tritemius who was a devout Christian and a pious man. One day he was quietly offering his prayers when he heard a beggar outside lamenting and begging for alms. Tritemius opened the window and looked down and saw a haggard old woman standing at the door. He told her that he was a poor man and the utmost he could do for her was to pray for her because he was too poor to give her any monetary help. She told him that her first-born son was a captive with the

Moors and they would set him free only if a big sum of money was given them as ransom. The priest took pity on her and gave her the silver candlesticks of the altar and in the evening he was struck dumb with wonder when he saw that the altar was flooded with light and the silver candlestick had been replaced by gold ones.

V. SUMMARY

Stanza 1. Tritemius one day heard from outside the sorrowful voice of a beggar. There was such a tragic note in that sound that it appeared to be coming from some soul lost in hell.

Stanza 2. When the abbot heard this sound he stopped his prayers and looked out of the window of the room and at the door he saw an old and wretched woman whose state was such that none could refuse her any help.

Stanza 3. She cried out that her son had been captured by the Moors and was in their captivity in Tunis. They would set him free only if a heavy sum was paid them as ransom. She requested him in the name of God to help her but the priest expressed his inability to do so because he was poor. The only thing he could do for her was to pray for her. Despair had made the woman bold. Frankly she told the priest that she needed money and not mere prayers.

Stanza 4. The priest told her that none went unfed from the door of that monastery and thus they had no cash to give her. The only thing he could do for her was to pray for her.

Stanza 5. The woman said, "If you have no money you can give me the silver candlesticks of the altar. God will surely approve of this act of charity and will replace the silver candlesticks, with gold ones."

Stanza 6. Tritemius, thereupon, told her that he would do as he was requested to do. God who loves sacrifice most will pardon him the sin of taking church property and giving it away to a beggar. He gave her the candlesticks and told her to go and liberate her son.

Stanza 7. As he placed the sacred candlesticks in the hands of the beggar his hand trembled. When she went

away he prayed to God to forgive him. That day passed and in the evening Tritemius was struck dumb with wonder when he saw upon the altar new candlesticks of gold.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Tritemius of Herbipolis was one day kneeling at the foot of the altar of the church and was praying to God. As usual he was at that time alone and was in deep communion with God. At that very time he heard from outside the sound of a beggar asking for alms. This sound was so full of sorrow that it appeared to be coming from a soul lost in hell.

Stanza 2. When the abbot heard this sound he checked his prayers. The cry of a beggar broke that chain of thoughts which goes up and is the integral part of all true communions and prayers. He went to the window and looked out and saw below a wretched old woman with grey, dishevelled hair. Her dried up, long hands were raised up towards him supplicating him for help. She begged for help in such a manner that her request could not be refused.

Stanza 3. She cried out, "In the name of Jesus Christ, who sacrificed his own life for the sake of saving the life of his followers, help me. My son, my first-born child, who is handsome and brave, is now a captive of the Moors, who have chained him on board a ship, in the harbour of Tunis, where the sun shines bright and hot." Tritemius questioned her, "O woman, how can I help you except by praying to God?" The woman had been emboldened by grief. She said in reply, "O man of God, do not laugh at me. I need gold and money and not prayers. Words cannot help me! Money alone can provide that ransom which will secure the liberation of my son. It is possible that even now as I am talking to you, my first-born child may breathe his last."

Stanza 4. Tritemius said to the woman, "All those who come to our place are given free food and thus we remain poor and penniless. The money which I have at my disposal is just one soldo. We are poor priests and can

offer you nothing except our sincere prayers."

Stanza 5. The woman said, "You can help me by giving me the silver candlesticks on either side of the image of the Christ on the cross. God will surely approve of this deed and will be pleased if the holy candlesticks are used for the purpose of relieving the distress of a woman in trouble. He can substitute silver candlesticks by gold ones."

Stanza 6. When Tritemius heard this suggestion he said, "O woman, I will do as you ask me to do. Christ who is gracious loves mercy and kindness more than sacrifice. He will surely pardon me for attaching more value to the life of a human being and saving his life by giving away a portion of those gifts which have been piled on the altar. Take what you have asked and thus free your son from the captivity of the Moors."

Stanza 7. But the hand of the abbot shook with fear as he placed the silver candlesticks in the hands of the beggar-woman who received these eagerly. She took the alms and disappeared in shade of linden trees while the priest bent his head low and prayed for forgiveness. Thus the day passed and when the evening twilight spread over the world he woke up from his reverie and was amazed to find the church flooded with light. He saw that the silver candlesticks which he had given away in charity were replaced by gold ones.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Tritemius**—name of a priest who is the central figure of this story. Herbipolis is the name of a town. **Altar**—place of worship (قربان گاہ). **As was his pious choice**—being a holy man he had selected this way of life, *i.e.*, he had dedicated his life to the service of the Church. He was an abbot and he had taken a vow to live a life of renunciation and prayer.

Tritemius of Herbipolis, one day,
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray
Alone with God as was his pious choice.

Tritemius, an abbot living in Herbipolis, was one day

kneeling at the altar and was deeply absorbed in silent prayer and meditation. He was in deep communion with God because this was the way of life he had selected for himself. **From without**—from outside. **A miserable voice**—The voice of a person who appeared to be very wretched and was in a miserable condition.

> **Heard from without a miserable voice,**
> **A sound which seemed of all sad things to tell.**
> **As of a lost soul crying out of hell**

This wretched sound of a person in pain came from outside, and appeared to indicate extreme suffering and distress. The sound seemed to come from some one who was lost in hell and was crying on account of pain. The poet means to say the sound of the voice of that beggar which came from outside was indicative of the suffering and pain of the worst type. It seemed as if someone was lamenting and crying in hell.

Stanza 2. **Thereat**—when he heard this sound. **Abbot**—head of the abbey of monks. **Abbey**—building occupied by monks or nuns. **Paused**—stopped his meditation and prayer and listened to that sound. **The chain**—The continuity of prayer.

> **Thereat the abbot paused ; the chain whereby**
> **His thoughts went upward, broken by the cry**

When the abbot heard the voice of the beggar he temporarily stopped his prayers and listened to the sound. The continuity with which his thoughts were linked up with the world above was broken by the that cry. The poet means to say that his communion with God was interfered with. The priest had to check himself and to attend to wordly affairs which were obtruding upon his peaceful contemplation and prayer. **Casement**—window. **Below**—immediately under that window. **Wretched**—miserable and poor. **With grey hair and flow**—her grey hair was dishevelled and disarranged and was flowing about her head. **Withered**—dried up, wrinkled and bony as the hands of old persons very often become. **Held up to him**—she held her hands up towards him and requested him to help her in her distress. **Alms**—charity (خیرات).

Who cried

For alms as one who might not be denied

She begged for help in such tones that none could deny helping her. The poet means to say that the condition of the beggar was so wretched and the tone of her voice so pleading that nobody could reject her appeal for help. That old woman was a complete picture of desolation and want.

Stanza 3. **Him who gave his life for other**—Reference here is made to the supreme sacrifice made by Jesus Christ who went to the cross so that the sins of his followers may be forgiven This is the reason why he is called the Saviour by the Christians. The beggar here makes an appeal in the name of Christ and this appeal no priest would turn down. She says that in the name of Jesus Christ who gave away his life for his followers she should be helped and her distress relieved. **Bondage**—enslavement, captivity. She said that her son was taken prisoner by the Moors who were taking forced labour from him on their ships and would not free him unles a heavy ransom was paid for his release. **Chained with slaves in the Moors galley** he was taken prisoner and was now bound in chains with other slaves on a ship which belonged to the Moors. **Galley**—low flat single-decked ship using sails and oars. **Moor**—a Muslim of mixed Berber and Arab descent and inhabitant of North-West Africa. **Sun-smit**—having plenty of sunshine. **Tunis**—name of a city in North-West Africa. In the Middle Ages, Tuni was the sea-port from where most of trade between Europe and East passed.

Where the sun-smit waves lap the white walls of Tunis

In Tunis the city of white washed walls where the waves of the Mediterrenean which are lit by the sun, come and strike against the wall and fall back. **What can I give**—Tritemius said, "I am a monk and a poor man. I have taken a vow of poverty and have no personal property with which to help you. As far as the monastery is concerned there is no cash here. We can give food to all who come to our door but have no cash to help the needy by giving them money." **I give my prayers**—The

priest said that he was too poor to help her in any other way and the only thing he could do was to pray for her. **O man, O God**—when the woman heard this reply she said that prayers would not help her and requested him in the name of God to think over the case, look at it in a sympathetic way and help her so that she may be in a position to liberate her son. **For grief had made her bold** —sorrow had put courage in her; therefore unlike beggars she argued her case with the priest and persisted in her request for monetary help.

> **"Mock me not thus; I ask not prayers, but gold**
> **Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice;**
> **Even while I speak perchance my first-born dies"**

The woman said to the priest, "Do not laugh at me by making an offer to me that you will be able to help me by praying for me. Words and prayers cannot help me at all. What I need is money, and money alone can relieve me of my present sufferings. It is quite possible that while I am thus talking with you the Moors might have killed my dear son." **Perchance**—perhaps. **Suffice** —will he enough. *i.e.*, money alone can solve her present problem and prayers cannot help her.

Stanza 4. **None go unfed**—we feed all the poor and needy who come to our place. **Soldo**—an Italian coin equivalent to a half-pence.

> **"Woman!" Tritemius answered, "from our door**
> **None go unfed, hence are we always poor.**
> **A single soldo is our only store**
> **Thou hast our prayers; what can we give thee more"?**

Tritemius told the woman that in their monastery help was given to the poor and needy in the form of food. All who came to the doors of the monastery got food and thus all the money earmarked for helping the needy was spent on providing food to them. They had thus no cash to give her. The only cash present in the monastery was one soldo. He was not in a position to give her any money and the only thing he could do for her was to pray for her and thus help her out of the difficulty.

Stanza 5. **Spake**—spoke, said. **Candlesticks**—support for candles. **Either side**—on both sides. **Crucifix**—image of Christ on the Cross worshipped in the Roman Catholic Church. **Spare**—afford to give away. **Errands**—purpose. **Sped**—despatched. **Golden ones**—gold candlesticks. **Instead** – in place of silver ones.

"Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix
God well may spare them on His errands sped,
Or He can give you golden ones instead."

She said to the priest that she may be given the two candlesticks which were fixed on the two sides of the big image of Christ which was placed in the church. The candles were the offerings made by the faithful and were a mark of respect which they had for Christ. If those candlesticks were now given away to the poor beggar woman and became the source of lessening her worries surely God will appove of the act. He has power and authority to give the church candlesticks of gold. The woman told the priest that articles of worship which are the property of the church can safely be given away in charity. They will thus become instrumental in relieving the pain and sufferings of the poor and needy. Such acts of benevolence would surely be approved by Christ who will surely give gold candles in place of silver ones that he would give her to procure ransom for his son who was then a prisoner of Moors.

Stanza 6. **Even as thy word, woman, so be it !**—The priest said to the woman, "I am fully convinced by your arguments and I will do as you have asked me to do, *i.e.*, I will give you the candlesticks from the great crucifix," **Gracious**—benevolent and kind. **Our Lord**—Christ. **Mercy**—kindness. **Sacrifice**—offering to some Divine Power. **Pardon me**—forgive me. **Human soul**—life of a human being. **Prize**—value. **Above**—more.

His altar—Christ's place of worship. **Piled**—heaped, stored. **Redeem**—save the life of your child from the Moors.

(Our most gracious Lord
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon me if a human soul I prize
Above the gift upon His altar piled !)

Tritemius says, "Jesus Crist, who is kind and benevolent and who loves kindness more than mere offering of gifts and alms, will surely forgive me if I attach more importance to a human soul and try to save a human soul by giving away a few of the offerings heaped upon his altar." The priest says that on the altar of Christ were heaped quite a goodly amount of valuable things which had been offered by the devout and faithful. If two candles out of that heap are given away to this needy woman, Christ will surely approve of the act because He is kind and merciful. If the need of woman is satisfied and with the help of those candlesticks she succeeds in paying the ransom fixed by the Moors and thus her son is freed Christ will surely pardon the priest for giving away those candlesticks in charity.

Take what thou askest, and redeem the child

The priest said to the beggar woman that he was fully convinced of the urgency of the case and had made up his mind to give away to her the candlesticks from the crucifix. She may have those silver candlesticks and sell them in the market and with that money ransom her son from the captivity of the Moors.

Stanza 7.

But has hand trembled as the holy alms
He placed in the beggar's eager palms

The priest removed and brought the candlesticks from the great crucifix and had made up his mind to give these away to the beggar woman ; but he was not fully convinced of the correctness and propriety of what he was doing. When he placed the candlesticks in ths hands of the beggar

woman his own hand trembled with fear lest he should later on be held guilty of sacrilege. **Holy alms**—candlesticks which where sacred as these were taken from the crucifix, and were now being given away as alms. **Eager palms**—the beggar woman held those candlesticks eagerly because she coveted these very much and hoped to pay the ransom of her son by selling these. **Vanished**—disappeared from view. **Linden**—lime tree.

As she vanished down the linen shade,
He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed

The beggar woman took those much coveted candlesticks and went away. She disappeared from view in the shadow of lime trees. When the priest could see her no more he felt all the more guilty of having sinned in taking those candlesticks and giving them away as alms. He bent his head low and prayed to Christ and to God to pardon him. **So the day passed**—thus that day passed in prayer and asking forgiveness. **Twilight**—dim light in the morning or evening (دھندلکا) **He woke**—he woke up from his reverie and meditation. **Chapel**—place of Christian worship attached to a private house. **A flame**—brightly lighted.

He woke to find the chapel all aflame,
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold !

The priest passed his day in praying and asking God's forgiveness because he was under the impression that he had done wrong in giving away those candlesticks as alms. In the evening he got up from his prayers and was stunned to see that the church was blazing with light. He was grateful to God that his deed had been approved and a miracle had happened because in place of the silver candlesticks there he saw gold ones.

VII. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. What is the moral of whittier's poem. *The Gift of Tritemius ?*

Ans. It is a purely religious poem in which the writer proved that God and all heavenly powers attach more

importance to human life. Mercy and kindness shown to human beings who are in distress is better than mere sacrifice and prayer.

The priest was in fact guilty of a crime against the church (sacrilege) because he had removed those candlesticks from the place of worship and prayer. But he had used these for relieving the distress of a poor old woman. She, with the help of those candlesticks, was able to liberate her son and save his life and God not only approved of this act of the priest but He also worked a miracle and substituted gold candlesticks in the place of silver ones.

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42. HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

BY

ROBERT BROWNING

I. THE POET

Robert Browning was born at Chamberwell on May 7, 1812. He was the son of a clerk in the Bank of England. At school he was nurtured on the classics and Greek poetry and quite early in life he developed a taste for music which remained with him throughout his life. The first English poet who exercised an influence upon him was Byron. During this early period he had nothing but contempt for Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey. He published his first collection of poems, *Pauline* when he was only twenty years old. The poems included in this book were mostly composed under the influence of Byron, Shelley and Keats. On September 12, 1846 he married Elizabeth Barret, a poetess of repute, and the husband and wife went away to Italy, which was to be their home for many years to come.

As a poet three qualities stand out in his works : Browning the passionate singer of love and youth in the world of sense ; Browning the psychologist who with curiousity investigates into the complex working of the human mind; and Browning who bravely fights against doubt and disbelief and in that age of doubt and faithlessness bravely clings

to his faith in the imperishable greatness of the human soul. His philosophy is pragmatic and the medium of expression is the dramatic lyric or the dramatic monologue.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

This poem is based on an imaginary story about three horsemen who rode from Ghent to their home-town of Aix in order to convey to the people of the town some important news upon which depends their safety from some enemy about whom we are not told.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Browning is well known for his dramatic lyrics and this poem too is cast in the same mould. The language of most of his poems is rugged and rough. In spite of being a keen appreciator of his music most of his poems are not at all musical. Browning gives more attention to the expression of ideas and does not attach much importance to the language and prosody of his poems. In this poem, however, there is a consistent flow and the depiction of the ride carries the reader with it. As in most other poems of Browning, in this too, there is a dramatic suspense combined with beautiful phrases and touches of human sympathy that give the poem a special charm of its own.

Browning is a master of the art of dramatic presentation of incidents. The ride with a purpose underlying it and three men on horseback urging their horses forward are described graphically and vividly. Two horses are done up in the way while the third makes a supreme effort to achieve its goal and finally secures entry into the city. Having done his duty the horse collapses and becomes the centre of attention to the whole population of that town.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The narrators of the story, Joris and Derrick, galloped away towards Aix and in the latter part of the night they journeyed on towards their goal. They kept silent and neck to neck the horses raced forward. The narrator of the story turned in his saddle and looked to the equipment of his horse, Roland, which was going at a steady

pace. When they began their journey the moon had set and by the time they arrived near Lokeren the cock began to crow and announced the approach of the daybreak. As they passed from village to village the light became broader and broader and when they reached the Church of Mechelen, Joris broke the silence and said that they had enough time to reach Aix in time.

At Aerschot the sun came out but they galloped onwards and the horse, Roland, was going at a steady pace; but near Hasslet, Dirck cried out and told Joris that the mare he was riding was exhausted totally; it was breathing its last and would soon collapse. There and then the mare fell down and lay prostrate on the earth. Joris and the narrator of the poem galloped on towards Aix. They passed by Looz and Tongress and the sun shone bright above their heads. Joris cried that they should ride faster because Aix was almost in sight. All at once the horse he was riding fell down and lay prostrate on the earth. Roland, however, galloped on steadily and with determination. The rider, to lessen the load the horse was carrying, threw off his heavy boots. Finally this brave horse managed to reach the town of Aix in time and then collapsed.

V. SUMMARY

He, Joris and Dirck jumped with the saddles of their horses and started on their journey towards the town of Aix. In the midnight side by side these three went forward on their journey.

Silently they rode on. The narrator of the story settled himself in the saddle of his horse Roland which galloped steadily forward.

When these three started on their journey the moon had set; but when they came near Lockern the crowing of cocks announced the arrival of the day. Soon after, it was broad daylight and Joris remarked that they had still plenty of time to reach Aix.

At Aerschot the sun came out and the black-coloured cattle of the countryside were grazing in the meadows. The stout horse Roland galloped on firmly and steadily.

The horse had bent its head low and its black eyes shone brightly. As it shook its head the foam flew in flakes from its nostrils and mouth.

As they approached Hasslet, Drick cried to Joris that the mare he was riding was going to fall. The wheezing sound produced by the painting of the mare was audible to all and soon the mare lay prostrate and dead on the earth.

One companion was left behind but the other two galloped on. They passed by Looz, Tongress and Dalhem villages and Joris cried out that Aix was now in sight.

The roan, Joris was riding, soon gave way, fell down and died. Now the entire responsibility of conveying the message in time lay upon Roland. The eyes and nostrils of the horse were red with extreme exertion ; but it kept steadily on its course.

To help the fatigued horse complete its journey, I reduced the weight it had to carry. Consequently I threw away all superfluous clothes and my heavy riding boots. I stood up in my stirrups and patted the horse. I clapped, laughed and sang to encourage him, till at length Roland galloped into Aix.

Friends gathered round me as I sat on the earth with the head of my beloved horse in my lap. People silently looked on as I poured the wine through his throat to revive his fast waning spirits.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. I and Joris sprang into the saddles of our horses and along with Drick we galloped on our journey towards Aix. The watchman, who saw us off wished us the best of luck as the bolts of the gate were drawn by him and thus the gate was closed and barred. The word "God-speed" uttered by the watchman was echoed by the walls of the street. The outer gate of the town was closed and as we galloped away farther and farther the lights of the Ghent town sank lower and lower. Thus side by side we journeyed on.

Stanza 2. And as we galloped onwards not one of us uttered a single word. Neck to neck we travelled and not

,one of us moved the least in his saddle. I turned round in my saddle and tightened the girth, shortened the stirrups, re buckled the cheek-straps and chained the slacker bits. The horse Roland galloped on at a steady pace.

Stanza 3. As they started from Ghent the moon set for the night; but as they drew near Lokeren the cocks began to crow and the twilight of morning spread over the world. At the village of Boom a yellow star peeped out of the sky and looked at them as they were galloping on towards Aix. By the time they passed by the village Duffeld it was clear and broad daylight and the clock of the church at Mechelan struck the half hour. Joris said that they had enough time at their disposal to reach Aix.

Stanza 4. When they reached Aerschot the sun came out and against the light of the sun the cattle, black in colour, could well be seen. The cattle stared at us with wonder as we galloped through the morning fog. With satisfaction I saw the strong horse I rode as it galloped on pushing forward with strong shoulders. It ran on through the haze with the easy and the sure movement of a river heading its way forward.

Stanza 5. The head of the horse stooped low and one of its sharp ears was bent backwards and the other was raised and was sharply listening. With its black eyes the horse looked about it intelligently and often turned its eyes towards the rider who narrates the story. Then the white of its eyes was seen and thick flakes of foam flew from its mouth and nostrils as it ran on. The whole facial expression of the horse was fierce and hard, determined upon performing that task successfully.

Stanza 6. When they arrived at Hasslet one of them Drick, groaned and cried out to Joris, not to run so fast because the mare, 'Roos' was giving way. He said that nothing was at all wrong with the mare; all will bear in mind that memorable race and part played by it in the race. The sound of hissing that came from its breast could very well be heard by all as the mare stretched its neck forward and its legs tottered and trembled. Its tail was sunk low and the flanks rose and fell and finally the mare fell down on its hind legs and died.

Stanza 7. Thus only two of them were left now, he and Joris who galloped past Looz and passed beyond Tongresn. The sky was cloudless and the clear and bright sun looked down pitilessly. Under the hoofs of the horses the clods of earth broke into pieces and flew in all directions. When they reached the village of Dalhem and the white steeple of the church became visible, Joris said that they should gallop onwards because the town of Aix was already in sight.

Stanza 8. Joris said that on their arrival in Aix they would be greeted and welcomed warmly by the citizens of that town. As he made this remark the roan he rode sank under him and lay sprawling on the earth stone dead. Now the whole responsibility of taking the important news to Aix rested on the horse Roland. It alone now could save Aix from the danger that threatened the town if the news was not given to the people in time. The horse Roland was in the extreme state of physical exertion ; its nostrils had become red like pits of fire because of the rush of blood and the sockets of his eyes were red.

Stanza 9. The rider understood very well that the condition of the horse was critical and to lessen the burden he had to carry, he cast off his buff coat and threw away the holsters. He even threw away his jack-boots and belt and stood up in the stirrups. To encourage the horse he patted him near the ears and called it with loving names. He clapped and sang and laughed loudly to encourge the horse. He made noises of all sorts to buck the horse up and succeeded in galloping into Aix on time.

Stanza 10. What he remembers about his arrival in that town now is that he sat on the ground holding in his knees the head of the exhausted horse and poured wine down its throat. The people of that town had gathered round him. Unanimously did they give all the wine they had to save the life of that brave and gallant horse who had managed to convey that important news on time.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Sprang**—jumped up into. **Stirrup**—rider's foot rest consisting of iron loop with flattened base hung

by a strap (رکاب). **Galloped**—rode the horse very fast. **Joris, Drick**—The two men who along with the narrator of this incident rode out of Ghent to convey the massage to the people of Aix.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, and Drick galloped, we galloped all three ;

The man who narrates this incident says, "We three, Joris, Dirck and I, jumped into the saddles of our horses and rode towards Aix where we had to convey our message on time. The three of us galloped headlong towards our destination. **God speed**—May God help you in your errand and you may succeed in taking the message in time ! **Cried the watch**—The watchman of the Ghent wished them all success in their enterprise. **As the gate bolts undrew**—as the watchman removed the bolts that closed the gate and thus permitted them to go out of the town.

"Speed," echoed the wall to us galloping through ;

As we galloped towards Aix even the walls of the city of Ghent cried to us to go at a great speed and thus be able to take the message to Aix in time. The poet Browning is a psychologist and here he takes the reader into the mind of those three riders who were charged with the duty of conveying the message to the town of Aix. Speed in that journey was of the utmost importance. The idea haunted their mind that they might not become late in taking the message to Aix. This fear had with them become an obsession and they had formed the impression that even the inanimate walls of the town of Ghent cried out to them to put on speed. **Postern**—back door, side-way or entrance. **Behind shut the postern**—when these three riders came out of the town of Ghent the watchman shut the door behind them and they were thus cut off from the city of Ghent.

And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Side by side with each other we three galloped on forward in the night.

Stanza 2. **Not a word to each other**—not a word did they say to one another, silently they rode towards the town of Aix. **We kept the great pace neck by neck**—competing with each other the three riders rode onwards. **Stride by stride**—they galloped forward side by side (قدم سے قدم ملائے ہوئے). **Never changing our place**—The three riders were intent on their journey and they had a purpose before them. By the scheduled time they had to give the residents of Aix the message entrusted to them. **Girths**—the bands round the belly of the horse meant to keep the saddle in position. (گھوڑے کی زین کے بند کس دئے). **Shortened** - reduced the length of the strap with which hung the stirrups. **Pique**—stiff ribbed cotton cloth placed undeneath the saddle. (موٹا سوتی کپڑا جو کاٹھی کے نیچے رکھتے ہیں). **Set the pique right**—The pique of the horse which had been disturbed by the forward swing of the body of the galloping horse was adjusted by him. **Rebuckled**—once again fixed the buckles. **Cheek-strap**—The leathern strap round the cheeks of the horse which keeps the bridle in position. **Slacker**—loosened the rope.

Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit

He says, "I adjusted the saddle and the bridle of the horse to give it more comfort and easy movement. The speed of the horse was not at all affected by these minor alterations. The horse galloped forward with determination. **A whit** - the last bit.

Stanza 3. **'Twas moonset at starting**—when we started from Ghent the moon had set, *i.e.*, it was almost the morning. **But while we drew** - but as we approached. **Cocks crew**—The crowing of the cocks in that village announced the coming of the day. **Twilight**—dim light of the morning before the sun actually comes out. **Boom**—name of the village. **Yellow star came out** - when these three riders drew near the village Boom the yellow

morning star became visible, which shed a dim light as it was almost dawn and the sun was about to come out. The star became yellow and dim as the sunrise was near at hand.

At Duffeld, it was morning as plain as could be.

When these three horsemen rode past Duffeld it was clear daylight. **Church-steeple**—the tower of the church from where bells are rung. **Half chime**—the ringing bell was announcing the half-hour.

So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time."

Then Joris, one of the three companions, spoke and thus broke the silence which had prevailed so far, and said that there was yet time enough for them to reach Aix on time.

Stanza 4. **Aerschot**—name of some village. **Up leaped of a sudden the sun**—suddenly the sun became visible. Perhaps this village was located on the top of a hill and as they went up the slope of that, the sun became visible all at once.

And against him the cattle stood black everyone,

And against the bright light of the sun could be seen the black cattle grazing about in the meadow.

To stare through the mist at us galloping past.

It was quite an unusual and unexpected thing for the cattle to see three horsemen going at a breakneck speed. So the cattle looked at them with wandering eyes. They had never seen such a sight before and were therefore struck with wonder.

And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray

As the sun rose in the east and its light spread over the whole world the narrator of this story saw his horse, Roland, galloping fast and with determination. Its powerful shoulders moved with a set purpose to cover that distance in record time. Each shoulder appeared to push the haze and

mist away and force a way through it. The movement of galloping horse was easy and fluent like the flow of a river down the slope of some hill. **Stout**—well-built and strong. **Galloper**—the horse which was galloping away. **Butting away**—pushing away. **Bluff**—headland with perpendicular broad face. **Headland**—promontory, point of high land, jutting into the sea. **Spray**—water or liquid flying in small drops on account of the force of wind or on account of running down a slope.

Stanza 5. **And his low head and crest**—The horse had lowered his head and crest and was galloping forward at a fast pace. **Crest**—tuft of hair on the head of an animal.

Just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track.

Roland was a very clever horse. One of its ears was bent backwards for the purpose of catching any message that I may give, and the other was bent forward to catch any sound that may come from the track along which he was travelling.

And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!

The black eyes of the horse undertook an intelligent survey of the road and the white edges of the other eyes became visible as it looked towards it by turning his eyes to one side. **Askance**—to one side, slanting. **Heavy spume flakes**—heavy and white flakes of the froth and foam.

And the thick heavy spume flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

As the horse galloped onwards, its breathing became harder and faster and foam and froth collected round his mouth and nostrils. Now and then as it shook its mouth, froth and foam in the form of flakes flew about in the air.

Stanza 6. **Basslet**—name of some village. **Dirck groaned**

—Dirck called out in a voice full of pain and suffering. **Stay spur**—do not urge your horse forward because my steed is done up.

"Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix—"

Dirck cried out to Joris, "Your mare, Roos, has done its duty well and has galloped fast and long and nobody can at all blame it because it is done up now and exhausted. The people at Aix will remember it and bear its memory in their mind. Honour will be associated with its performance. The fault lay not with her. Any horse would have here given way under this heavy exertion.

For one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees

The fatigue of this hard and tough journey had exhausted the mare and she was breathing with great difficulty. Rheum had blocked her wind pipes and so she breathed deep and produced a wheezing sound. **Quick**—panting and breathing hard. **Stretched neck**—neck craned forward because her breathing had become hard. **Wheeze**—a hissing sound produced by friction in breathing. **Staggering knees**—The mare had become very weak and now she galloped on tottering legs because her strength had utterly failed. **Horrible**—frightful. **Flank**—side. **Haunches**—part of the body between ribs and thighs. **Shuddered**—trembled.

And sunk tail and horrible heave of the flank
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank

Exhaustion and fatigue had made its body weak and her tail was sunk low and the movement of its sides while galloping was a fearful sight to see. It trembled and then fell down on her hind legs and lay stone dead.

Stanza 7.

So were left galloping, Joris and I

The mare which Dirck rode failed, and he was thus left behind, while Joris and narrator of this story rode on further.

Post Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky

These two went galloping past the two villages of Looz and Tongres and the cloudless sky hung over them. **The broad sun**—The clear sun shone bright and clear. **Laughed a pitiless laugh**—The heat of the clear, bright sun further exhausted their galloping horses. The merciless sun appeared to laugh at their sorrowful condition and make fun of them. They had a long distance to cover and the heat of the sun further reduced the already ebbing strength of their horses which were galloping since midnight. **Brittle**—easily breakable (نازک). **Stubble**—stumps of corn left sticking in the earth after the harvest has been cut. **Chaff**—husk, chopped hay or straw (بھوسہ).

'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff

As the two rode through the fields the stubble that shone bright in the light of the sun struck against the hoofs of galloping horses. Since the stubble had remained exposed to the sun for a very long time it had become brittle and the moment the hoof of the horse struck against it the stubble was scattered like chaff.

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight."

Galloping on they reached Dalhem and the white dome of that village became visible. Aix was now close at hand and Joris cried out with an effort that they should press on because their destination was now quite near. Joris urged his companion to make one last effort to achieve the purpose for which they had been galloping since morning.

Stanza 8. **How they will greet us**—Joris said, "When we will enter the city of Aix the people of that town will welcome us warmly because we will convey to them the news which will save them from destruction and ruin.

While Joris was in the act of making this remark, the roan he was riding fell down and died. **Roan**—a horse with skin spotted with colours. **Croup**—rump, hind quarters.

—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone

In a very short time the roan horse which Joris rode rolled over his hind quarters and lay on the earth stone dead.

And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate

The horses ridden by Joris and Dirck had died on the way. They had proved unequal to the task they had been entrusted with, and now only Roland was left to convey that important news to the people of Aix. Thus the narrator says that only his Roland was left upon whom now lay the important duty of taking that news to Aix. If Roland failed to perform his duty well-in-time, Aix for ever would be lost. **Nostrils**—(نتھنے). **Brim**—edge. **Socket**—depression in the forehead wherein is located the seat of the eyes.

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
As with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

The physical powers of the resistance of horse were taxed to their utmost limits. Blood had rushed from all over his body to the nostrils and eyes. His nostrils had become so red and flushed with blood that they looked like pits full of blood to the edge. The bloodshot eyes and sockets were circles of red blood.

Stanza 9. **Cast loose**—removed from my body and threw away. **Buffcoat**—formerly worn by soldiers as a protection against sword-cut. **Holster**—leather-case for pistol fixed to saddle or worn on belt. **Jack-boots**—large boots coming up to the knees and worn by riders and fishermen. **Shook off**—removed from my feet by shaking them violently and then threw them away. There was no

time for him to get down from horseback to untie the laces and remove them in the ordinary way. Hurriedly he shook his feet and the boots came off and fell down. **Let go belt and all**—The rider cast away all his uniform.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall
Shook off both my Jack-boots, let go belt and all

The rider says, "When I saw that my horse was so much fatigued that its nostrils and eyes had become blood red, I saw no alternative before me but to lessen the burden it had to carry. So I threw away all the articles of my uniform one by one."

Stood up in the stirrups—I did not sit upon the saddle lest the horse should feel the burden ; instead I stood up in the stirrups. **Leaned**—bent to one side. **Patted the ear**—patted the horse near his ears to encourage him and bolster up his fast waning strength. **Called my Roland his pet name**—and called the horse Roland by his pet name. **My horse without peer**—my horse was so good that it had no equal in the world. He calls it a peerless horse because the other two horses had failed while Roland was the only horse that galloped onward and thus helped the soldier in succeeding in his mission of conveying the message to people of Aix on time and save them from ruin.

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, good or bad
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood

The rider says "I tried to encourage my horse in every possible manner. I laughed and clapped my hands, made all sorts of noises and by such devices as these managed to keep up the fast waning strength of my horse. Finally, I succeeded in riding into the town of Aix well in time."

Stanza 10. **All I remember is**—All that I remember of the incident is—**Friends flocking round**—friends who gathered round me and stood in a body praised me and my horse for the gallant and brave attempt in riding up to the

town of Aix and giving to the people the news on which depended their future safety and life.

I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground

I sat there on the ground and held the head of my horse, which lay prostrate on the ground, in my knees. Thus supporting his head I poured down his throat the wine which the inhabitants of that town had subscribed to save the life of Roland. A large concourse of people had gathered there ; but they all maintained a deep silence. The only voice that was audible was uttered in praise of Roland.

Pour—put (ڈالنا). **Measure**—quantity.

As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine

To revive the failing spirits of the horse we poured down his throat the last quantity of wine that was available in that town. **Burgess**—citizen.

(The burgesses voted by common consent)

The citizens of Aix had unanimously agreed that the life of that brave horse was to be saved at all costs. They all agreed that whatever quantity of wine could be made available, it should be given to the horse to save its life.

Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

The step taken by the people of Aix was most appropriate. This horse deserved this regard and consideration because it had brought to the people of the town good news from Ghent.

VIII. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Compare the patriotic note in this poem with that in *Paul Revere's* Ride.

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation of the respective poems.

43. HERVE RIEL

BY
ROBERT BROWNING

I. THE POET

(See part I of the previous poem)

II. CENTRAL IDEA

The French Navy was defeated at La Hogue. The English ships came on in a hot pursuit and there was every possibility of the French ships being scuttled into St. Malo harbour. Damfreville, the Admiral of the French fleet, gave orders that the ships may be run aground rather than be permitted to fall into the hands of the English. No French sailor volunteered to steer the ships to safety ; but a Breton came forth and safely guided all the ships into the harbour. The reward he claimed was leave to go and see his wife.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

In most of his poems Browning creates a suspense. In this poem too the interest of the story is kept poised right up to the last. The poem tells the story dramatically and picturesquely. Browning occasionally shows to the perfection the art of narration and particularly in those poems which are free of psychological research or interpretation. The hot chase given to the French ships and their entry into the seaport under the guidance of Riel are the chief points of the story, and are narrated in a dramatic style.

Finally the poet brings home the moral of the poem that service to the national cause is rendered best by people who are silent workers rather than by people who create a fuss. Such great persons are generally unconscious of the great good they may be doing. Riel had not the slightest inclination or feeling that he did something extraordinary. The only reward he claimed was leave to go and see his beloved wife.

IV. SUBSTANCE

In 1692 the English inflicted a crushing defeat upon the

French Navy at La Hogue. There was every possibility that the French ships would be scuttled into the harbour of St. Malo. The English ships were giving the French a hot pursuit and driving them into rocks and shallow waters. In the flag-ship, Admiral Damfreville was leading and the other ships followed on its heels. The leader saw that they were almost caught and advised his men to run their ships on the sand rather than let them fall into the hands of the English who would surely tow them to England. There was not one captain out of those many who had gathered there on the shore nor was there any sailor who expressed his ability to lead and guide those ships on to safety in the harbour. When all hope was lost there came forth a Breton, a sailor by profession. He stood up and begged leave to steer the French ships to safety and thus save them from being destroyed or captured. He said that he was so familiar with the banks and shoals of that river that he would wager his life if the slightest harm came to any one of the ships. He performed his duty with success. The grateful Damfreville asked the sailor, Riel, to name his own reward. He was to be given anything he asked for, because he had saved France from ruin; but to the surprise of all the sailors and officers who had gathered there the Breton asked "good whole holiday." He wanted to go and see his wife whom he loved most dearly.

V. SUMMARY

In the year 1692 at La Hogue the English fleet inflicted a crushing defeat upon the French and made them flee to St. Malo and seek refuge there.

The French fleet was led by Damfreville. It comprised of twenty-two ships. They signalled to the port to give them passage because on the high seas they were at the mercy of the English.

The pilots of that harbour came forth and said that it was not possible to steer such big ships safely through the shoals and banks of St. Malo. The channel of entrance at the mouth of the river was too small to admit big ships as rocks and shoals obstructed the passage.

The French captains held a council and it was decided that all the ships be run aground and blown up, rather than be allowed to fall into the hands of the British who would tow them all to Plymouth. They decided that France would have to put up with the loss.

It was decided to issue this order forthwith. But before the order was enforced there came forth Riel, a sailor from Brittany. He volunteered to steer all the ships safely through the Bay of St. Malo.

Herve Riel said that it would be foolish on their part to destroy those ships. He said that he knew the rocks and shoals of the bay very well. He had acted as a pilot in the bay at all odd hours. To burn the fleet would be a grievous loss for the French nation. They all knew that his words were true. He may be given the biggest ship to lead the way and the others should follow on. If even one ship suffered any loss his life may be held forfeit.

The offer made by him was at once accepted and he was given the command of the fleet. Under his expert guidance the big ship 'Formidable' cleared the entry of the seaport at one bound. Safely through the shoals and rocks of that harbour the other ships followed. Not a single ship misbehaved or grated the shore. The moment Herve Riel cried out "Anchor" the English ships caught them up at the entry of the harbour.

By the time the English navy came up all French ships were harboured inside the port and were quite out of danger. Hope had taken the place of despair in the heart of every captain and for this change France should be thankful to one man, Herve Riel. But on the face of this man there was no indication that he was conscious of having succeeded in doing something extraordinary. He was just the same man as he was before working this miracle.

Then Damfreville, the Admiral, said that the achievement of that simple sailor was beyond praise and words could not properly express the great success he had secured. The sun of France was near eclipse; but he saved them and he should himself name the reward. France would for ever be his debtor, he added.

At this request for naming his own reward to him, Herve Riel laughed. His blue eyes rippled with fun and he said, "Since I have finished my day's work and my duty on board is done, I may be allowed to go home and see my beloved wife whom I call Belle Aurore."

The poet says that the deed was done by an unknown man who is now dead and gone. Nowhere in the French Navy, mercantile marine or at any other place is there any sign to commemorate the brave deed. No monument has been erected to keep the name of this man alive.

This verse have I written to honour the name of the man who was instrumental in saving the French Navy from ruin and dishonour.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. At La Hogue, on the sea in 1692 the British Navy fought against the French and defeated them. On the thirty-first of May of the same year the French Navy in utter confusion ran like a crowd of frightened porpoises who were being pursued by a crowd of sharks. The French Navy came up to the harbour of St. Malo and their English pursuers were visible in their wake.

Stanza 2. It was a squadron of warships which was trying to escape from its pursuers who were giving them a hot chase. The squadron was led by Damfreville in his big warship and after him came running the other great and small warships which were twenty-two in number. The ships signalled to the port authorities to help them and give them guidance in to the port because on the nigh seas they would soon fall a prey to the English.

Stanza 3. On getting the signal the French pilots jumped on board their ships and got ready to go out to help their comrades in danger. Most of them, however, expressed their opinion openly that there was not the ghost of a chance for such big ships to pass through the narrow opening of that sea port. Rocks lay everywhere in that harbour, some to the right and some to the

left of the ship. The whole passage was indented. Was it possible, they said, for a ship as big as the 'Formidable', a ship with ninety two guns, to pass through the small mouth of the harbour of St. Malo? Even a small hood could pass that mouth with difficulty and danger to its safety. There was danger even when the tide was at its full flow; but the danger would be still greater when the tide had ebbed and the water was very shallow. They said, "Is it possible to lead the ships on to the wharf? Rather the rocks and low level of the water would prevent the ships from passing through the harbour."

Stanza 4. The port authorities called an emergent meeting and discussed the gravity of the situation. The discussion was brief and bitter because the English were close at hand and would have captured the French ships. Then as booty they would have towed them to Plymouth harbour. It was decided by the council to run the ships aground and blow them up rather than to let them fall into the hands of the enemy. Thus Damfreville ordered his captains to push the ships on to the land and burn them to ashes. France, he said, must put up with her bad luck.

Stanza 5. The admiral said that the order for destroying the ships should be issued; but actually no such order was at all given because a simple sailor came forth and offered his services to guide the ships into the harbour of St. Malo. This man was neither a captain, nor a lieutenant nor a mate. He was a man of no distinction who could compete for this honour with his superiors in rank. He was a simple sailor, hailing from Brittany who was pressed into naval service by Tourville. His name was Herve Riel and he was the pilot of a small coastal ship.

Stanza 6. Herve Riel stepped out and cried that it was not only foolish but malicious also to give such advice. He called the people of St. Malo cowards, fools and rogues. They talked about rocks and shoals in the harbour. He had measured the depth of every place in that bay, whether a shoal, a bank, or a rock. He knew minutely every place in that harbour from the offing to Grieve. He expressed his opinion that perhaps these people had been bribed by the

English. He further said that all hours of day and night he had piloted boats through that dangerous sea and has always succeeded in bringing these to Solidor and anchored them safely. If the fleet was burnt the loss to France would be more than the loss of fifty defeats like the one suffered at La Hogue. He addressed the people and told them that they all knew that there actually was a passage through those shoals. He asked to be given the command of the biggest ship to pilot and the other ships should follow it. He would guide them all through a passage right up to Solidor and they would safely pass by Greve. At Solidor the ships would be safe from the attacks of the enemy. During transit no ship would suffer any loss. If one ship even so much as grated the banks, his life the only valuable thing he had, might be forfeited.

Stanza 7. Not a minute more was wasted. The Admiral cried out that he should take the line and pilot all the ships, great and small and thus save the fleet from utter destruction. The Admiral ordered all his captains to take their orders from Herve Riel, who from that moment onwards was to act as admiral of the fleet. The north wind blew from the direction from which it blew previously. Herve Riel took the line. The big ship 'Formidable' took a big jump and like a dog safely cleared through the entry of that harbour. The ship kept on its course steadily as if it was sailing on the high seas. It passed through shoals and rocks safely and the other ships followed it. Not one ship out of those so many did in any way misbehave or rub against the shore. Not one oar or plank of any ship was injured. The ships passed the danger point and were all taken to the place of safety in the port. Just as Herve Riel cried out "Anchor" the English ships arrived at the mouth of the bay.

Stanza 8. Thus the storm ended and calm prevailed all around. The people who were assembled on the hills near Greve, and whose hearts were pained by the very idea that the whole French Navy would have to be scuttled, were now relieved of that worry. They all said that their joy would be increased when they would see the English

ships searching for the French in the bay of that harbour. The English would feel irritated when they would be baulked of their hopes to capture the French fleet. The only thing they would be able to do would be to fire their guns and cannon. The French would in the meantime be safe at the Rance protected by the walls of Solidor. The face of every captain, who was full of despair formerly, was lit up by hope. They all cried out with one voice that they had got heaven in place of hell and France and its King were duty bound to thank the man who had done so much for them. With one voice thay all cried out the name. "Herve Riel ;" but when that simple Breton came before them there was no sign of surprise on his face or in his frank blue eyes. He was just the same man he was before he had done that wonderful work.

Stanza 9. Damfreville requested him to name the reward. He said that the work done that day could not be adequately praised in words. The navy of France was saved and the King too. The sun of France was about to set. France will always be indebted to him for the meritorious services rendered by him. He could have whatever he asked ; even then he would be the creditor and France the debtor.

Stanza 10. When Damfreville told the Breton to name his reward the sailor laughed and his frank blue eyes lighted up with mirth and joy. He said, "Since I have been given the option to name my reward I would only request you to permit me to go home. The duty entrusted to me on board the ship has been done. This distance from Malo Roads to Croisic Point is very short. Other sailors get leave to go home : I too may be given a good holiday and permission to go home and see my wife. Nothing more do I ask."

Stanza 11. The name of the man who did this work and the work done by him are both forgotten now. No pillar or post has been erected in the harbour where this splendid work was performed. There is no picture on any boat to commemorate the event. Nothing has been done to keep alive the memory of that man who did so much to

save France from that ruin which would have befallen it after that defeat at the hands of the English. Go to Paris and search through the Louvre you will find no post or statue erected to keep alive the name of that brave man. For better or for worse, browning has written this poem to keep alive the name of that hero who saved the fleet of France.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **On the sea**—on the high seas, *i.e.*, the ocean. **La Hogue**—name of the bay where the English Navy inflicted a crushing defeat on the French navy in 1692. **Woe to France**—ill-luck befell France because it was defeated in the battle. **Helter-skelter**—disordered state and total confusion. **Thro the blue** through the blue waters of the ocean. **Crowd**—large number. **Porpoise**—an animal of the mammal variety found in the sea. It is pronounced *pur-pus*. **Frightened**—who were afraid because they were given a chase by the sharks. **Shoal**-crowd of multitude. **Shark**—a voracious big fish which lives upon other fish in the sea and often attacks lonely sailors. **Came crowding ship on ship**—The ships of the French came crowding into the harbour like a troop of porpoise who were being pursued by a host of sharks. **St. Malo**—name of the harbour. **Rance**—name of the town. **With the English fleet in view**—The French ships came into the bay in a state of total confusion while the English ships which were giving them a chase could be seen at a short distance behind them.

Stanza 2. **Squadron**—fleet, a large number of ships, **That escaped**—which was saved from the hands of the English. **With the victor in full chase**—The french were being hotly pursued by the English ships which had won a victory over them. **First and foremost of the drove**—the ships which were driven into the harbour of St. Malo were lead by the Admiral Damfreville who was in the biggest ship of that squadron. **Close on him fled**—these were followed on the heels of one another. **Great and small**—by the other ships some of which were small while the others were big. **Twenty-two good ships in all**—

These were twenty-two ships in all and were the pick and choice of the French Navy. **Signalled**—they signalled from the sea that they were in danger of being caught by the English. **To the place**—to the authorities in St. Malo. **Help the winners of a race**—The French had lost the battle on the sea ; but they had won the race and had succeeded in escaping from the English Navy. **Get guidance**—procure for us a pilot who may guide us through the shoals and rocks of the harbour so that we may get a place of safety inside the port. **Here's the English can and will**—here on the high sees the English will be able to take our ships and tow them to England as booty. The English will surely do this because we are in no position to fight against them.

> **And they signalled to the place,**
> **"Help the winners of a race**
> **Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quicker, quicker still,**
> **Here the English can and will !"**

When the English fleet forced the French ships to take refuge in the harbour of St. Malo, when the ships were yet stationed at the mouth of the harbour and were unable to move further because of the many shoals and rocks in the channel leading to the harbour they signalled from outside that pilots be sent to them to give them guidance to come into the harbour. They had been defeated by the English Navy but they had managed to run away from their victors who would have otherwise seized them as booty. Now the danger was that the English ships may come up and take them captives. Therefore immediate assistance in the form of guides should be provided to them. If this was not done the English, who had the power to do so, will surely seize their ships, and tow them away to England.

Stanza 3. **Pilots**—guides who knew the harbours. **Put out**—came out. **Brisk**—quickly. **Leap on board**—at once they boarded the ship.

> **Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board**

"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass ? laughed they

When the French ships which were in danger of being captured by the English gave the signal of danger from the ocean the pilots in the harbour came out, boarded their boats and went out quickly to guide the fleet to the harbour. All those pilots on seeing the huge and massive warships laughed at the very idea of bringing the ships inside the harbour as the tide was low, the water in the channel was shallow and it was quite impossible to sail through the shoals and rocks which obstructed the way of the ships into the harbour. They were all of opinion that the ships will get stuck in the mud of shallow water or strike against some rock or shoal in the channel. **Starboard** – to the right of the ship. **Scarred**—indented. **Scored**—scratched and cut.

Rocks to the starboard, rocks to the port, all the passage scarred and scored

The entire harbour was full of rocks and shoals and the passage was full of danger to ships. To the right and to the left on all sides there were cuts and indents and it was not possible for a pilot to steer the ships to safety.

Formidable—name of the warship which was the flagship of the French Navy. **Think**—can any one at all believe that ? **To make**—to able to clear. **By the single narrow way**—through that narrow opening which constituted the entry to the port. **Ticklish**—dangerous.

Shall the *formidable* here with her twelve and eighty guns
Think to make the river mouth by the single narrow way
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons
And with flow at full beside ?

Was it possible for a big ship like the 'Formidable', which had a complement of ninety-two guns, to enter the narrow opening of that harbour ? This opening of the port was very narrow and small and it was dangerous even for a

small boat of twenty tons to pass through that opening. How will it then be possible for the ship 'Formidable' to pass through the opening of such a narrow mouthed seaport. The smallest of the ships could not go through it even when the water was at a high level.

Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide—

How will it be possible for big ships to go through the channel of the harbour at this time when the water-level has fallen on account of the ebb of tide? **Reach the mooring**—arrive at the wharf where ships and boats are moored.

—Rather say,
While rock stands and water runs
Not a ship will leave the bay !"

It would rather be more appropriate to say that as long as the rocks were present in the running waters of the river it will not be possible for one ship to leave the bay and come into the safety of the harbour.

Stanza 4.

Then was called a council straight.

A meeting was immediately called to discuss the difficult situation which had arisen on account of inability of the ships to cross the bay and reach the safety available in the harbour. **Brief and bitter the debate**—The discussion was very short and a good deal of harshness and anger was evinced in that debate. **At our heels**—giving us a hot chase, following in close pursuit behind us. **Take in tow**—pull along in water with the help of ropes or chains. **Linked**—one ship tied to the others with ropes and chains. **Stern**—hind part of a ship or boat. **Bow**—front part of a ship or boat. **Prize**—as a booty won in the battle. **Plymouth Sound**—name of a seaport in England. **Sound**—means a strait (آبنائے).

Here's the English at our heels ; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow
For a prize to Plymouth Sound ?

The gravity of the situation was discussed by all the captains. It was felt that it would mean a serious blow to French prestige and to the naval power of France. The opening of the po t was too small and was full of rocks and shoals. Conse quently the big war-ships will not be able to pass through it. At the same time all were worried about the ships of the navy. If the ships remained stationed in the bay the English would surely take them captive. They would tie these ships' stern to the bow and drag them on to the harbour of Plymouth as a booty of the naval battle they had won.

"Better run the ships aground !"
(Ended Damfreville his speech)

Finally Damfreville, the Admiral of the French Fleet, said that it would be better to wreck the French ships by letting them run aground rather than to let them fall into the hands of the English. He was of the opinion that the French ships should in no case be allowed to fall into the hands of English because this surrender would increase the power of the English and they would become more dangerous.

Not a minute more to wait

Immediate action was to be taken because if even one minute was wasted it would become impossible to cope with the situation thus created.

"Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach !
France must undergo her fate.

The Admiral said that it was the duty of the captain of every ship to run his ship aground, blow it up and burn it. This will, no doubt, be a very great loss for the French ; but they will have to put up with it. This loss, he said, had to be borne because this was the lesser evil. If the ships were allowed to remain in the bay outside the harbour, the English would capture them and their power would thus be increased.

Stanza 5. **"Give the words !" But no such word**
Was ever spoke or heard

The Admiral had said that the order to burn the ships was to be obeyed immediately but no such order was ever given or heard by anyone.

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these.

The orders given by the commander of the fleet were not put to practice with immediate effect because suddenly stepped out of the crowd of people in the harbour, a person called Herve Riel who made the offer that he would pilot the ships to safety.

A Captain ? A Lieutenant ? A Mate—first, second, third ?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete !

Herve Riel stepped forth and volunteered that he would tow all the ships to the point of safety in the port. The poet says that this man was neither a captain nor a lieutenant, nor a mate, first, second or third. He was not a man of any distinction but just an ordinary sailor. He came out to compete with his superiors though he was not at all their equal. **Of mark**—a man who had made his mark in the world by doing something great or meritorious. **Meet**—proper, appropriate.

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Herve Riel, the Croisickese.

He was just a sailor and no better. He was conscripted by Tourville to work in the French fleet during that period of emergency. The duty given to him was to act as a pilot on board the small boats plying round the coast. **Simple**—ordinary, of no account. **Pressed**—forced into service, conscripted. **A poor coasting-pilot**—he was a poor man and worked as the pilot of small vessels sailing between small towns situated on the coastal line of France.

Stanza 6. **"What mockery or malice have we here?"**

When Herve Riel heard the orders given by Damfreville that all the French ships were to be scuttled and thus the prestige and power of France was to be ruined, he stepped forth and said that such orders were given either out of malice or out of fun.

> **"Are you mad, you Malouins ? Are you cowards, fools or rogues ?**
> **Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell**
> **On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell**
> **'Twixt the offing here and Greve where the river disembogues ?"**

Herve Riel said, "Are you mad, you people of St. Malo, are you cowards or fools or people with wicked intentions that you have arrived at the decision to burn all the ships of the fleet ? Do not talk to me about the rocks and shoals, that are present in the harbour because I know this harbour very well. I have measured the depth of every point in the port and can with confidence count the banks, deep waters and shallow waters of this harbour from the offing to Greve where the river falls into the sea. **Malouins**—residents of St. Malo. **Cowards**—weak-hearted persons. **Rogues**—people with evil intentions. **Shoals**—banks submerged in water and placed where the water is not deep. **Tell on my fingers**—count on my fingers. **Shallow**—not deep. **Swell**- deep rising water. **'Twixt**—between. **Offing**–part of visible sea distant from shore or beyond anchoring ground. **Disembogues**—pours forth water at its mouth. **Are you bought by English gold**—have the English bribed you that you have made up your mind to destroy the fleet and thus help the English ? **Is it love the lying's for**—do you love to tell lies for the sake of getting some gold ?

> **Morn and eve, night and day**
> **Have I piloted your bay**
> **Entered free and anchored fast at foot of Solidor.**

Herve Reil said, "At all odd times, in the morning, in the evening, in the day or at night have I piloted boats in this harbour. I have had easy entry and passage through the harbour and have always managed to take my boats to safety and anchored those at Solidor."

Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues

"If the fleet were burnt," said Herve Reil, "France would suffer a loss which would be greater than the loss it had suffered through defeat at the hand of the English."

Only let me lead the line

Herve Riel requested the commander to give him a chance to pilot the ships into harbour. **To steer**—to pilot. **Get this 'Formidable' clear**—he volunteered to pilot the big ship 'Formidable' safe through the bay into the harbour of St. Malo.

And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,

Herve Riel said, "I will lead them all, big or small, because I know that there is a safe passage for ships through the shoals and rocks." **Lay them**—anchor the ships. **Misbehave**—goes wrong, is in any way injured. **Keel**—lowest longitudinal plank of a ship (جہاز کا پہلا تختہ جس پر جہاز کی بنیاد رکھی جاتی ہے). **Grate**—rub against some rough surface under water.

Why, I've nothing but my life—here's my head! cries Herve Riel.

Herve Riel said, "I promise to lead all the ships of the navy on to safety and if I fail in my undertaking I offer my head. I have nothing else to give; but if I fail in bringing the ships to safety my life may be held forfeit."

Stanza 7. **Not a minute more to wait.**

When Herve Riel made the offer of steering the ships through the harbour the higher authorities waited not for a

single moment. Immediately they made up their mind to give the command of the big ship 'Formidable' to Herve Riel.

"Steer us in, than, small and great !
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squandron!"

Admiral Damfreville cried out in a loud voice, "Take the helm of the ship, pilot them, great as well as small, and thus save the fleet from ruin." **He is admiral in brief**—in short Herve Riel is appointed commander of the fleet. **Still the north-wind by God's grace**—by the grace of God the nor h wind continued to blow and thus helped the ships to sail on and under the expert guidance of Herve Riel successfully to enter the port and thus escape from being captured by the English.

See the noble fellow's face,
As the big ship with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide seas profound !
See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock !

Herve Riel took command of the great ship 'Formidable' and his noble face was lit up by a divine light. He knew that he was doing a great service to his nation. Under his expert guidance the big ship took a jump and safely cleared the narrow entrance of the harbour. The ship entered and went on surely and steadily and there was not the least sign that it was passing through perilous rocks and shoals. It appeared to be sailing on the wide and spacious high seas. The other ships followed in a group. **Bound**—jump. **Clears the entry**—safely passed through the entrance. **Hound**—big hunting dog. **Spar**—stout pole used as a spare mast. **The peril, see, is past**—The poet says that every one could see for himself that the danger was past and the ships were harboured in safety. **Harboured**—entered and anchored in the harbour. **To the last**- the smallest ship was now out of danger. **Hollas**—shout out. **Sure as fate up the English come, too late**—when the last French ship had come into the

safe zone of the harbour, Herve Riel shouted out the command for the anchors to be cast. At the very moment the English ships came to the bay, but their arrival was too late. Now they could do nothing against the French fleet because the shore batteries would not allow entry to the enemy.

Stanza 8. **Subsides**—settles down. **The storm subsides**—The poet says that the storm of fear and desperation which raged in the hearts of the people of France was quieted through the efforts of that honest sailor, Herve Riel. **They see the green trees wave**—The French ships are now safely harboured and sailors on board the French ships see the green trees waving on the adjacent shore and on the hills nearby.

Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.

The hearts that had suffered from pain and fear were now calmed by the ointment of safety. **Stanched**—the flow of blood was checked. **Balm**—ointment (مرہم).

"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance,
As they cannonade away !

The English haunted and searched for the French fleet throughout the bay ; but failed to find them anywhere. This discomfiture of the English gave great pleasure and joy to the French. The English were irritated, ground their teeth, looked this way and that, fired their guns and went away. **Rapture**—joy and pleasure. **To enhance**—to increase. **Rake**—search through. **Gnash their teeth**—grind their teeth with anger and mortification because they were baulked of their hope to capture the French fleet. The English knew that the big French ships will not be able to pass through the narrow and dangerous mouth of the port of St. Malo. Thus they felt secure of capturing the entire French fleet and taking them as booty. Riel sprang a surprise upon the English and all their hopes were dashed to the ground. When they came to the bay, they found that all the French ships had been safely taken

into the port. Out of anger, the English gnashed their teeth (غصہ سے دانت پیسنا). **Glare**—look angrily (گھورنا). **Askance**—sideways (ترچھا). **Cannonade**—attack with continuous gun-fire. **Rampired**—having a rampart or outer wall of mud. **Countenance**—face. **With one accord**—unanimously (متفقہ طور پر، بیک زبان).

How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance !

Out burst all with one accord

When the French saw that their fleet was now safe in the harbour and that the English fleet had gone away disappointed, the faces or French Captains, which were formerly overcast with despair, were now lit up with hope. They all cried up with one voice :

"This is Paradise for Hell !
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing !"

They all said that though formerly in hell, they were now in heaven. France and the King of France should thank Herve Riel who had saved them from complete ruin.

What a shout, and all one word;

One voice shouted the name of Herve Riel and there was such a large concourse of people that the sound produced by their shout was very loud.

As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes
Just the same man as before

When the people who had gathered in the harbour raised that shout, Herve Riel came again to the forefront. in his frank, blue Breton eyes there was no sign of surprise ove rthe great deed he had done. All the sailors and Captains had expressed their inability to pilot the big ships through the Bay of St' Malo, but Herye Riel did this

successfully. Though he had managed to perform what others had failed to do, upon his honest face there was no sign that he was conscious of having performed a miracle. He was exactly the same man that he was before doing this work.

Stanza 9. **I must speak out**—I must give my opinion. **At the end**—when everything had ended so successfully.

Though I find the speaking hard :
Praise is deeper than the lips.

Dumfreville said, "As commander of the fleet and as the seniormost officer present here, I am bound to express my opinion in words, although I feel that I cannot do full justice to the work done by Herve Riel. Real praise cannot adequately be expressed in words. The admiration and praise which this noble sailor deserves is beyond words to express fully."

You have saved the King, his ships
You must name your own reward.

Then he turned to Herve Riel and said, "You have done a noble deed : you have saved the honour and prestige of the King of France and have also saved the French Navy from destruction, you must now yourself name the reward you would like to have for the meritorious services rendered by you. **Faith**—sure. **Eclipse**—ruin (گرھن). **Faith our sun was near eclipse**—Damfreville said that he was sure and certain that if Herve Riel had not helped them in that hour of difficulty and piloted their ship to safety, all the glory of France would have been ruined. If their ships had been captured by the English, the fair name of France would have been tarnished.

Demand what'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.

Damfreville said to Herve Riel, "Ask what you like as a reward for the brave deed done by you. The nation will pay you that reward and will still be for ever grateful to

you for helping it in the hour of difficulty and saving it from ruin and dishonour." **Ask to heart's content**—ask as much as you like and as much as would satisfy you. **Or my name is not Damfreville**—ask what you will and it will be given. I promise to do so ; but if it is not done then my name is not Damfreville.

Stanza 10.

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,

When Herve Riel heard the remarks of Damfreville about his piloting the French ships, a beam of fun appeared on his bearded face. Herve Riel felt it to be very funny that those Captains and sailors attached so much importance to the simple work of piloting ships through the bay into the port of St. Malo.

As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton Blue :

His heart was overjoyed and rippled with a laughter which found full expression through blue frank Breton eyes.

Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from St. Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run ?
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come ! A good whole holiday !

Herve Riel said, "Since I am ordered to name my own reward and since I have done my duty on board the ship and the distance from this harbour of St. Malo to my home at Croisic Point is a very short one, the only reward I ask is a good holiday for the whole day. Others get holidays and permission to go ashore, I may also be given the same privilege. You have said that I may ask and have ; therefore give me permission to go home." The poet means to say that Herve Riel was a man with real love for his home-

land and considered his piloting the French fleet as no great deed. He believed that it was the duty of everyone to help the homeland in the hour of its difficulty and need. He asks for a simple reward in return that he may be given a holiday and permitted to go home and see his wife.

That he asked and that he got—nothing more

He only asked for a holiday and that was given him. Nothing more did he demand in return for the great work done by him.

Stanza 11.

Name and deed alike are lost ;

People have now forgotton the name of Herve Riel as well as the great work done by him to save the honour of France. None now remembers it, and what is worse is the fact that neither a pillar nor a post has at all been erected to commemorate the event. **Pillar**—(ستون).

Not a pillar not a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feet as it befell

Browning says that the great work down by Herve Riel has been forgotten by the French and nowhere a pillar or a post has been raised to keep alive the name of this great man who saved his nation from ruin and dishonour. Neither has such a pillar been raised in his native village of Croisic Point. **Not a head in white and black**—No statue of black and white colour has been fixed on any boat. **Fishing smack**—a small boat used for fishing. **Wrack**—wreck. **Bore the bell**—won a victory.

In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell

Nothing has been done to keep alive the memory of that brave and patriotic man who saved France from utter-destruction and annihilation. Had he not succeeded in piloting through the shoals and rocks of the bay the

defeated French navy of France would surely have lost all that part of navy which had managed to escape the hands of the English in a battle in which the English had borne the palm. **Pell-mell**—lying scattered, in confusion.

Go to Paris : rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell

Browning says, "You may go to Paris and search through the museum where are placed the relics of the past to commemorate the deeds of the brave heroes. There you will find the statues of heroes scattered all over the place."

On the Louvre, face and flank !
You shall look long enough ere you come to Herve Riel

Then you may go to the Louvre where are placed the statues of the heroes of the past. You will have to look up front and sides and carry out a thorough search before you will be able to come across the statue of Herve Riel. Browning means to point out that the French have allowed that brave deed of Herve Riel to be lost in the crowd. No special importance has at all been attached to it and thus a statue to commemorate Herve Riel has not been raised at some prominent place.

So, for better and for worse,
Herve Riel accept my verse
In my verse, Herve Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife, the Belle Aurore !

Browning says that France has failed to do proper honour to the good work done by Herve Riel. He, as a poet, can only do this much that he can keep his name alive in verse. He can do nothing more. Herve Riel has accepted this gift from him as the spirit in which it is offered is one of sincerity and love. In his verse the poet has commemorated all the incidents, the saving of the fleet, protecting the honour of France and finally claiming the reward of a holiday to go and see his wife. Belle Aurore

whom Riel loved dearly. Through this poem Browning has succeeded in immortalizing both the performance and the performer.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. What is the central idea of the poem entitled *"Harve Riel."* Give a summary also.

Answer. *See* "Central Idea and "Summary" of the poem.

Q. 2. Write a critical appreciation of the poem *Harve Riel.*

Answer. *See* "Critical Appreciation" of the poem.

Q. **3. Explain the following lines with reference to the context :—**

Then a beam of fun outbroke.........what is it but a run ?—(*Lines 114—120*)

Answer. *See* **"Notes and Explanations"**

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44. SADDLE TO RAGS

BY
ANONYMOUS

I. THE POET

This is an anonymous poem, *i.e.*, the poet who wrote it is not known.

II. CENTRAL IDEA

This poem tells the story of an old man who befooled a gentleman thief.

III. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The poem is cast in the true ballad metre and style. It comforms to the ballad standard both in the text and the language. The element of story preponderates and the

language is simple and fluent. It does not appear to be a very old ballad because the metre is regular and the language is not antique (پرانی). The tricks played by the old man on that brigand add interest to the story.

IV. SUBSTANCE

An old man was going to pay rent to his landlord. As he rode along the road he met a gentleman thief. They entered into conversation and for company's sake rode on together. The gentleman thief asked the old man as to who he was. The old man told him that he was a farmer and was going to his landlord to pay him £ 40, the amount of rent due from him for piece of land which he cultivated. The gentleman thief advised the old man not to tell all and sundry that he had money on his person because the road was infested with thieves and robbers.

They had not gone very far when the gentleman thief blocked the old man's path and stopped him from proceeding further. But the old man was very clever and guessed at once that his fellow-traveller had evil intentions. He threw the saddle over the hedge and the gentleman thief went to fetch the saddle because the old man had told him that he carried all the money in his saddle bags. The moment the thief came down the horse the old man mounted it and rode away. Very soon he arrived at the house of his landlord and opened the saddle bags. He found a lot of cash and gold therein.

V. THE SUMMARY

The poet says that he was going to narrate a story about a foolish old man, who was going to pay his rent.

As he was riding along the highway he came across a gentleman thief who said to him.

"It is lucky that we have met." The old man said in reply. "Yes it is lucky because we will provide company to each other."

The gentleman thief then asked the old man how far he

had to go along that road. The old man told him that he had to go a distance of two miles.

The old man further said that he was foolish old man who was a farmer by profession. He was going to his landlord to pay him the yearly rent.

He said that he was not able to meet his landlord for a year. Thus he had with him £ 80, the rent for full one year.

The gentleman thief advised the old man not to tell any one that he carried money because the road was infested with thieves.

The old man replied that he was not at all afraid of thieves because his money was safe in his saddle bags.

Riding further along the road they came to a ravine where the thief stopped him at pistol-point.

The old man was a clever fellow. He threw away his saddle over the hedge.

The thief boldly dismounted and ordered the old man to hold his horse while he himself looked for the saddle of the old man.

The old man at once mounted the thief's horse and galloped away.

The thief cried out to him to stop but the old man rode on.

The thief searched the saddle, but found no bags of gold. He tore the saddle to rags.

The old man galloped on and came to the house of his landlord and paid him the whole year's rent.

In the bags of the thief he found £ 500 in cash and gold worth another £ 500.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. The poet says, "The story I am going to narrate to you will surely be to your liking. This story is of an old man who was going to pay his rent to the landlord.

Stanza 2. As he went riding along the road he met a gentleman thief who said to him :

Stanza 3. "It is well that we have met each other, surely it is a lucky chance." The old man said, "If you like my company on the road, I am surely thankful to you."

Stanza 4. The thief asked the old man, "How far are you going along the road?" When the old man heard this question he smiled and said, "Kind Sir, to tell you the truth, I have just two miles' distance to cover to reach my destination.

Stanza 5. The old man further told his new-found companion that he was a farmer and tilled a small piece of land. His half-yearly rent came to £ 40.

Stanza 6. He further said that his landlord was often absent from home and for the last one year he had not met him. Thus the amount of rent he had to pay now was £ 80 which he was then carrying on his person.

Stanza 7. On hearing this, the gentleman thief said that he should not have told about it to anybody because many thieves went about along that highway and if he was to meet any such person he would surely be robbed of all his wealth.

Stanza 8. The old man said, "Do not worry on this account because I am not at all afraid of thieves and my money is securely packed under my saddle in bags."

Stanza 9. They rode on their way and came to a ravine. The thief took out his pistol and ordered the old man to stand still.

Stanza 10. The old man was a clever fellow and had told a lie. There are many such people in this world. He threw away his saddle over the hedge and said that the robber will have to bring it back if he wanted the money.

Stanza 11. Bravely the thief came down from his horse to search the saddle-bags of the old man and gave the old man his horse to hold.

Stanza 12. The moment the thief dismounted the old man put his foot in the stirrups and jumped on to the back of the horse. The old man was a good rider and set the horse to a fast gallop.

Stanza 13. The thief cried and asked the old man to stop. He even promised to give him half of his wealth, but the old man refused to be taken in. He said that he had succeeded in robbing a wicked fellow.

Stanza 14. The thief was not satisfied with what the old man told him. He thought that there must surely be some money hidden in the saddle-bags. So with his rusty sword he tore open the saddle and cut it to pieces.

Stanza 15. The old man, in the meantime, rode on at a fast gallop until he became utterly exhausted. By that time he arrived at the home of his landlord and paid him the whole year's rent.

Stanza 16. When the old man opened the bags of the robber, he was amazed to see a glorious sight. In those bags he found £ 500 in hard cash and gold worth another £ 500.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1.

This story I'm going to sing

This poem is a ballad. Ballads were written in the opening phases of English civilization and in those days printing of books was unknown. Most of these ballads were meant to be sung. In the above line the poet has addressed the people who had gathered round him and told them that he was going to sing to them a poem which had a story in it.

I hope it will give you content

The poet further told the people that the story he was going to narrate in his poem was very interesting and they would surely go away satisfied after hearing it. A good story-teller must excite the curiosity of his hearers so that they may hear the story quietly and not become rowdy

and thus disturb him during the course of narration. **Concerning**—about (بابت). **Silly**—foolish. The old man later proved on to be a very shrewd fellow. Here the poet calls him a 'silly old man' ironically. **That**—who. **Rent**—amount due to the landlord from a tenant (لگان - مالگذاری).

Stanza 2. **A riding along**—as the old man went riding along the road. **Highway**—trunk road (شاہراہ). **Gentleman thief**—a thief who was well-dressed and appeared to be a gentleman. **Overtook**—came up to the old man from behind. The horse which the thief rode was superior to the horse of the old man. Thus the thief managed to overtake the old man. **Unto**—to.

And thus unto him he did say

The thief came up to the old man and said to him.

Stanza 3. **Well overtaken**—The thief said, "It is lucky for us both that I have overtaken you. We will both keep each other's company and thus the monotony of loneliness and travelling on this road will be reduced." **Thank you kindly**—The old man said, "I am thankful to you for these kind and gentle feelings you have for me." **If you be for my Company**—if you are keen on having my company on the road, I am really thankful to you for the kind consideration and regard you have for me.

Stanza 4.

It made the old man to smile

When the robber questioned the old man about the distance he intended to ride along that road, the old man smiled. The old man, the reader must know, is a bigger rogue than the robber. He is going to play a huge fraud upon the robber, and the information about the distance and the money is all wrong and meant to dupe the robber. **Twa**—two.

Stanza 5. **Silly old man**—foolish old man. The old man purposely called himself foolish. He wishes to rob

the old man and thus tries to create upon the robber the impression that he is a foolish old man. **Who farms**—I do the work of a farmer. **Piece of ground**—small area of land. The old man said, "I have a small plot of land upon which I work, which I till and cultivate." **My half-year rent**—The old man said, "I till the land which belongs to the landlord and the rent which I have to pay for this land every six months. **Just come**—is approximately (تقریباً).

But my landlord's not been at hame

But during the past six months my landlord had been away from home and, therefore, for this period I have not been able to pay the rent due to him.

It makes my rent to be large

Thus the rent due from me has multiplied. Now a whole year's rent is due from me and I have to pay him £ 80.

I have just to pay him fourscore

Now I have to pay him twenty into four (20×4) pounds. **Fourscore**—villagers are generally illiterate and cannot count beyond twenty. Here the old man cannot count up to eighty. Therefore he says $20 \times 4 = 80$.

Stanza 7.

You should not have told anybody

The gentleman thief wishes to impress upon the old man that he was a very honest man and his well-wisher. He therefore, advises the old man to keep it a secret that he had £ 80 with him. **Going**—going about along the road in a very large number. **To light upon you**—to come upon you. **Rob you**—take away from you. **Every penny**—all the money that you have.

Stanza 8.

"O ! Never mind," says the old man—

The old man told his companion not to worry over this matter. **On no side**—not at all. **My money is safe in my bags**—my money is safely stowed in my bags. **In the saddle**—The bags are under the saddle of the horse which I am riding. The old man was putting the thief off the trail. In reality he had no money ; but he had made a plan to deceive the robber and thus take away all he had. His saddle was a very old one and was made up of rags.

Stanza 9.

As they were a-riding along

The old man and the thief were going along their way on their horses side by side.

And riding a-down a ghyll
The thief pulled out a pistol,
And bade the old man stand still.

As they went along their way, they reached near a ravine. The thief considering the place to be a lonely one brought out his pistol and ordered the old man to stop at the pain of death.

Stanza 10.

The old man was crafty and false

The old man, whom the thief thought to be a simple rustic, proved to be a very clever and cunning fellow.

Whatever information the thief obtained from the old man was wrong and false. He, actually, had no money with him ; but he told the thief that he had £ 80 hidden under his saddle The thief tried to deprive the old man of his money but the old man proved one better for his rival and paid him in the same coin.

As in the world are many

The old man was as clever as anybody could be in this world.

He flung his old saddle o'er t' hedge

The old man threw away his saddle over the hedge. He did so because he knew that thief would try to catch hold of the saddle to extract money out of it as he had already informed the thief where he had kept his money. **Hedge** fence made of bushes (باڑ).

And said, "Fetch it if thou'lt have any—

He told the thief that if he wanted to get the money he would have to take hold of the saddle. **Fetch**— go and bring.

Stanza 11. **Got off**—dismounted.

With courage stout and bold

The thief came down from his horse bravely and boldly to search the bags belonging to the old man which he kept underneath the saddle.

And gave him his horse to hold

The thief handed over the reins of his own horse to the old man so that he may have a free hand to search the bags properly in order to get the money out of them.

Stanza 12.

The old man put foot in stirrup,

The old man mounted the horse. **And he got on astride**—and secured himself on the back of the horse.

He set the thief's horse in a gallop

As soon as he caught hold of the thief's horse he jumped on its back and galloped away at full speed.

You need not bid the old man ride !

It was no need to tell the man how to ride a horse because he was a good rider and could make the horse gallop as fast as anybody else could.

Stanza 13.

"O stay ! O stay ! " says the thief,
"And thou half my share shalt have."

As the old man galloped away, the thief cried out to him to stop. He made an offer to give him half of the booty he had in his bags underneath the saddle of his horse.

"Nay, marry, not I," quoth the old man,
"For once I've bitten a knave !"

The old man replied in the negative and said he was happy because he had deceived a rogue once in his life. **Quoth**—said. **I've bitten a knave**—The old man was happy because he had deceived a person who was a clever and cunning fellow. The thief was perfect in his art of deceiving others and depriving them of their wealth ; but the old man succeeded in robbing the thief who used to rob others.

Stanza 14. **Content**—satisfied.

This thief he was not content
He thought there *must* be bags.

Though the saddle was an old one, the thief was not yet satisfied and was still of the opinion that there were surely bags full of gold underneath it. The old man had made him believe that he had money lying securely hidden in bags placed under the saddle so he thought it worth while to examine the saddle fully in order to compensate the loss he had suffered at the hands of old man. **Rusty** — (زنگ آلوده). **Chopped**—tore to pieces.

So he up with his rusty sword,
And chopped the old saddle to rags

The thief took out his rusty old sword from the sheath and with the help of it tore away the old saddle, which was made of rags, to pieces in order to take out the money hidden in it. **Rags**—(چیتھڑے).

Stanza 15.

The old man gallop'd and rode
Until he was almost spent

The old man after taking the horse from the thief galloped on at full speed until he and his horse, which formerly belonged to the thief, were utterly exhausted.

Till he came to his landlord's house
And he paid him his whole year's rent

The old man after galloping for a long time at full speed reached the house of his landlord and paid the annual rent for the small piece of land which he cultivated.

Stanza 16. **Rogue**—rascal, cunning person, man who cheats others. **Portmantle**—leather bag. The bag in which the thief had put the wealth which he collected by robbing other people. **Glorious**—splendid. **Behold**—look at.

He opened this rogue's portmantle
It was glorious for to behold;
where was five hundred pounds in money
And other five hundred in gold.

The old man on reaching the house of his landlord felt himself to be safe. After paying the dues he opened the bag of the thief which he carried for storing his wealth on the horse. When he opened the leather bag it was a grand

sight to see. There were £ 500 in hard cash in the bag while the gold it contained was worth another £ 500.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. What is the central idea of the poem entitled *Saddle to Rags ?* **Give a brief summary.**

Ans. *See* "Central Idea" and "Summary" of the poem on the previous pages.

Q. II. Give a critical appreciation of the poem *Saddle to Rags.*

Ans. See critical appreciation.

PART IV

WIT AND HUMOUR

INTRODUCTION

This part of the anthology comprises poems which contain an element of **humour** (مزاح)or **wit** (ظرافت). *Humour, according to the dictionary definition of the term, is "the capacity to see and appreciate funny and amusing things". Wit is "the ability to see quickly and express cleverly ideas and relations that are unusual or unexpected."* Humour originates in the feelings whereas wit originates in the mind. Wit is therefore regarded as the more elevated type. The famous British philosopher Locke says: "Wit lies most in the assemblage of ideas in putting those together with quickness and variety wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy." *Thus wit lies in presenting to the mind brilliant associations and comparisons. Humour, on the other hand, lies in presenting to it contrast and incongruity.*

The poems falling in this category mostly comprise what is known as '**vers de societe**'. "It is the poetry of men who belong to society, who have a keen sympathy with the lightsome tone and airy jesting of fashion ; who are not disturbed by the flippancies of small talk, but, on the contrary, can see the gracefulness of which it is capable, and who, nevertheless, amid all froth of society, feel that there are depths in our nature which even in the gaiety of drawing-rooms cannot be forgotten. It is the poetry of bitter-sweet, of sentiment that breaks into humour, and of thought, which, lest it should be too solemn, breaks into laughter. When society becomes refined, it begins to dread the exhibition of strong feeling, no matter whether real or simulated. "In such an atmosphere emotion takes refuge in jest, and passion hides itself in scepticism of passion."

This type of subject matter, sometimes, easily lends itself to **satire** of which there are some very fine examples in English poetical literature. Satire has been put to use as a powerful weapon in political strife by poets like

Drydon and Butler. *It aims at the exposure of what is vicious or indecorous in personal moral or in public administration.* Occasionally it degenerates into **lampoon**, *i.e.*, a low personal satire of which the sole purpose is to pain and annoy individuals by holding them to ridicule.

Another form of verse falling in this category is **parody** *which is "the humorous invitation, in form and structure, of a serious poem, usually well-known.* Lewis Carroll's *Father William* which forms a part of this selection, is an enduring example of the type.

The various kinds of humorous verse to a large extent depend on their structure for their effect. Rhymes (قافیہ) of two and even three syllables each are a favourite device of the writers of comic verse. A combination of double and single rhymes is another device. But even more effective than these is the surprise which the rhyme-word is capable of springing upon the reader. These are the chief qualities of style and subject-matter of poems enlivened with wit and humour.

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45. THE DESPAIRING LOVER

BY

WILLIAM WALSH

I. THE POET

William Walsh (1663—1708) is a minor contemporary of Dryden and Pope and is regarded as an intermediary between them. Pope was indeed indebted to him for his encouragement and advice. Though the subject-matter of his poems is mostly devoid of imaginative qualities, yet his style is very polished and his verses are regular in form. Dr. Johnson is of the opinion that his poems are elegant but not quite vigorous.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

The poem tells the story of two fictitious persons, *Damon*

and his beloved ***Phillis***. In classical poetry these are stock names for lovers and are here chosen to convey the poet's thoughts on the course of love.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

The sane urge to live is far stronger than the blind passion for love The young lover finally arrives at the conclusion that it is better to live than to die for love.

IV. SUBSTANCE

Damon is deeply in love with Phillis and resolves to take his own life in order to end this agony. But he is unable to commit suicide and changes his mind. He is no longer mad and appreciates the importance of life. He would rather change his cruel beloved than lose his precious life.

V. SUMMARY

Damon loved Phillis but she harboured no tender feelings for him and did not return his love. This state of affairs drove him almost mad. The agony was beyond him to bear. So he decided to leap down the cliff. But on reaching the place his nerves failed him. The danger made him see better sense. He decided to live on. A better way to end his agony, he told himself, would be to change his object of devotion and choose some other beloved.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The Despairing Lover is a satirical poem in which Walsh calls attention to the inconstancy of lovers. We laugh at the hero who is introduced as being deeply in love but ends up with a changed attitude. He was on the verge of committing suicide but better counsels prevail with him and he comes to believe that a deserted lover can find real comfort in seeking new objects of devotion. This poem truely depicts the course taken by an overwhelming majority of love-affairs. We enjoy the exposure of love's pretensions and endorse his suggestion that the urge to live is far stronger than the passion for love. But since this is a healthy outlook, we do not scorn the hero of the poem, although we laugh at him to our heart's fill.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Poor Damon is driven mad with grief on finding that his pretty beloved does not recriprocate his feelings. He is dismayed and makes up his mind not to pine for her. He resolves that he would no longer bear this mental torture. In this distraction he decides to go to a cliff. There he would hurl himself down into the valley below and would end his grief by ending his life.

Stanza 2. In a fit of passicn he went up to the cliff to implement his decision. But he saw with a mixed feeling the rapid slope of the precipice and the great depth at which the bottom of the valley lay. On the one hand he became conscious of the severe pain from which he was suffering, and on the other hand he thought over the consequences of his sad resolve. There he came to the conclusion that if somebody was jilted in love, he could easily get a new lover; but that once his neck was broken it could never again be put in its right place. He saw clearly that death could be courted at any time, but to extend the span of life did not lie in one's power. So he began to loathe the idea of making an attempt on his life even though his agony might mount. This reasoning put some pep into him. He became indiferent to the thought of any pain he might be having in this unsuccessful love-affair. Thus arranged and comforted, he came back to his cottage.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Title : **Despairing**—one who has lost hope, heart-broken, (دل شکستہ - نا امید), **The Despairing Lover** (دل شکستہ عاشق).

Gist

Stanza 1. *A heart-broken lover, Damon, makes up his mind to commit suicide by jumping down a cliff.*

Notes

Distracted—disturbed in mind, maddened with grief, (حیران پریشان - غم سے دیوانہ). **Care**—anxiety, worries, (فکر تردد). **Phillis**—a stock name for a beloved in classical poetry (قدیم شاعری میں محبوبہ کا ایک روایتی نام - جس طرح

(اختر شیرانی کی شاعری میں "سلمیٰ" کا نام آتا ہے). **Fair**—pretty, beautiful. **Since**—as, because, (چونکہ). **Could**—could. **Move**—persuade (مائل کرنا). **Damon**—a stock name for a lover. **Resolves**—makes up his mind, (ارادہ کرتا ہے). **Languish**—pine, drop, become weak and depressed, (ناتوان ہونا، نحیف و نزار ہو جانا). **Bear**—suffer. **Anguish**—severe pain in body or mind (درد و کرب، شدید جسمانی یا روحانی اذیت). **Precipice—**(pronounced *presipis*) steep cliff, (کراڑا ڈھلان). **Leap**—jump, (چھلانگ). **Wou'd**—would. **Woe**—bitter grief. In the plural, however, the word **Woes** also means *calamities i.e.,* (مصائب).

Explanation

The lover, Damon, has fallen in love with the pretty maid, Phillis. As she fails to return his love, Damon is disturbed in mind. He is convinced that nothing would persuade her to become his mistress. He becomes so heart-broken that he makes up his mind to commit suicide by jumping down a steep cliff in the hope of ending the severe agony caused by this disappointment in love. He finds this agony too much for him and believes there is no reason why he should go on suffering it.

Gist

Stanza 2. *On the cliff, Damon has saner thoughts. He argues that if he is jilted by Phillis he can easily hit upon another beloved. But once he commits suicide, he shall never get back his life. So he gives up the attempt to take his own life.*

Notes

Rage—anger, (جوش، غصہ). **Beholding**—seeing. **Steep**—rapid slope (ڈھلان). **The sides**—he means the sides of the valley, *i.e.,* (گھاٹیاں). **Bottom**—the lower part of the valley. **Torments**—severe sufferings, (شدید اذیتیں). **Projecting**—directing the mind towards something **His torments projecting**—thinking of the severe pain from which he was

suffering. **Reflecting**—considering fully, (غور کرتے ہوئے). **Lover forsaken**—deserted lover (مہجور عاشق). **Love**—this word means beloved as well. **Set**—put in the right place, (بٹھائی گئی ، جڑی گئی). **Wou'd**—would. Note that in poetry *would* is sometimes, as here, used in its old meaning of *wished*. **But, that......he cou'd**—but he would not be able longer than his span of life. Note that the second *But* means *only*. **Grievous**—severe or exciting grief, (شدید ، تکلیف دہ). **How grievous grow** - no matter how severe the anguish might become. **Scorn'd** - scorned, hated. **Endeavour**—try. **He scorn'd......it so**—he did not relish the idea of ending the agony in this way. **Unconcern'd**—unperturbed, unruffled, (بے فکر ، غیر مضطرب). **But bold... pain**—He took courage and ignored all thoughts of pain. **Calmly**—quietly, in peace of mind, (اطمینان سے). **Cottage**—a small country house ; compare the Urdu word (کٹیا).

Explanation

When Damon comes to the cliff to implement his plan of committing suicide, his heart fails within him when he sees this depth He begins to reflect upon his plight and comes to the conclusion that it will never be possible for him to regain his life once his neck has broken in this headlong fall. So there is no sense in losing one's life owing to disappointment in love because one can easily have a new beloved if the first one deserts him. He does not like to make an attempt to end his grief by taking his own life, no matter how severe that grief might become. This reasoning puts heart into him. The thought of his agony no longer makes him feel uneasy. The storm brewing in his mind abates. He is no longer perturbed and chagrined. He gives up the idea of committing suicide and comes back to his cottage

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATION WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

His torments projecting.
And sadly reflecting.

That a lover forsaken
A new love may get ;
But a neck, when once broken,
Can never be set.

These verses are taken from *The Despairing Lover,* a satirical poem by William Walsh. It is the story of a heart-broken lover who at one stage thinks of committing suicide, but on a second thought gives up the idea. The extract describes the process of his sane reasoning. The poet says the distracted lover Damon, was standing at the top of the cliff and reflecting on his sad plight. His mind was torn between diametrically opposed thoughts. On the one hand he was directing his mind towards the agony he was suffering in this unreciprocated love ; on the other hand he was thinking that whereas a jilted lover has every chance of hitting upon some other beloved, a person's neck broken in his headlong fall could never again be put in its right place. In the verses which follow the hero concludes that it is wiser to live and have a new beloved, rather than be rejected by the first and end one's life in grief.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *What is the central idea of* **The Despairing Lover?** *How does the poet expand his theme ?*

Ans. Give the Central Idea and the Summary of the poem.

Q. II. *Critically Appreciate* **The Despairing Lover.**

Ans. Reproduce the Critical Appreciation of the poem.

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46. ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

BY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

I. THE POET

For the biographical note on Goldsmith, the student may refer to poem No. 1.

II. INRODUCTION TO THE POEM

The poem at first appears to be cast in the form of an elegy (مرثیہ), a poem written to commemorate the death of a rabid dog ; but a study of the poem reveals that it is not an elegy. The poem is infact a satire on those pious people who go about vaunting their so called piety. The poem tells that such persons are more dangerous than a rabid dog. This truth the poet illustrates with the help of the story. The rabid do bit such a person and it was not the man who died, rather the poor rabid dog died after biting the man. The poet thus proves that the blood of that man had more poison than the virus present in the blood of the mad dog.

An *elegy* is a poem written in commemoration of a dead person. It is termed (مرثیہ) in Urdu. In this poem Goldsmith laments the death of a rabid dog and not of any great human personality. It is a satire on those who always go about making a show of their piety. The poem tells of the dog who died on biting such a person.

III. THE CENTRAL IDEA

Persons making a show of their piety are very mean. They are indeed worse even than mad dogs.

IV. THE SUBSTANCE

There lived in Islington city a hypocrite who missed no opportunity of making a show of his supposedly "kind and gentle heart." In the same city there lived a dog who bit the man. Whoever heard of this incident cursed the

dog and believed that the man would die of this wound. Their fears were, however, set at rest because the man recovered. But the events took quite an unexpected turn when the dog died of infection caused by the ostensibly "good" man's blood.

V. SUMMARY

Goldsmith relates the story of a man who was bitten by a dog whom he had befriended. The man appeared to be very pious and charitable. He helped friends and foes alike and it seemed as if he had a very kind and gentle heart. Things continued to be like that till there arose a quarrel between the "good" man and this dog. In order to gain his personal ends, the dog pretended to go mad and bit the man. People cursed the dog for this assault and were much grieved at the thought of the man's impending death. But their fears never came true and something very strange came to light. The man recovered and it was the dog which died of this bite. The man was indeed a hypocrite whose blood had poisoned the dog.

VI. A CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF THE POEM

The *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog* is a title suggesting something written in a humorous vein because none has ever before cared to mourn the death of a dog, let alone that of a mad dog. But though the poem provides light reading for the young owing to the simplicity of its style, yet it conveys a deeper meaning to the mature mind. It is a trenchant satire on hypocrisy (ریاکاری، منافقت) and condemns ostentatiousness (دکھاوا، نام و نمود). Without mincing matters, Goldsmith asserts that hypocrites are a worse and baser form of creation and contact with them is extremely baneful (زہریلا). In this way he warns the common man against being gulled and duped by the show of piety and charity made by hypocrites.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. I invite all of you, O good people, to listen to the dirge I am going to sing. Perhaps you will complain

of its being a very small poem, but in that case you can have one consolation that it will not be lengthy and boring.

Stanza 2. There lived in Islington city a man who appeared to be very pious. Whoever saw him going regularly to the church for his prayers remarked that he must be a truly religious man who walked in the ways of God.

Stanza 3. He had a sympathetic and loving heart which was ready to help not only his friends but even his enemies. He was such a charitable person that every day when he changed his clothes, he gave away his old suit to some needy person.

Stanza 4. In every city, one comes across dogs of various breeds. There are to be found dogs of mixed breed, very small pups, slightly bigger young dogs, dogs used for hunting and ill-tempered dogs of mixed breed and low quality. Similarly, in Islington city there lived, among others, a particular dog of which I am going to tell.

Stanza 5. The dog and the above-mentioned man had been on quite friendly terms but lately something had happened which made bad blood between them. The dog plotted to wreak vengeance on the man. With a view to achieving this object, it feigned madness and bit his erstwhile friend.

Stanza 6. The accident caused a stir throughout the town. The neighbour of this apparently good man had the shock of life to hear the whole story. From the place of occurrence they hurriedly came down from the neighbouring streets. Arriving at the spot, they cursed the dog. They were sure the dog was mad otherwise he would never have made an unprovoked attack and bitten such a good person.

Stanza 7. The wound appeared to be very painful and evoked feelings of pity in everybody's heart. While they said on oath that the dog must have gone mad, they had no doubt that his poor victim had no chance to survive.

Stanza 8. However, it was not long before events took quite an unexpected turn. A strange happening gave the lie to these dishonest persons who had been regarding this

thing as good and were afraid he would die of the wound inflicted by the dog. Things, as they turned out, were that whereas the hypocritical man recovered, it was the unpretentious dog which died of the wound.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Stanza 1. *The poet invites all good people to listen to his poem which is quite short.*

Notes

Give ear unto—give ear to or listen to ; compare the Urdu expression (کان دھرو (پر. **Song**—poem meant to be sung (گیت). **Wondrous**—(poetical) wonderful or wonderfully, (حیرت انگیز (یا) حیرت انگیز طور پر). **Wondrous short**—extremely short. **Hold you long**—keep you busy for a long time.

Explanation

And...if long—although my poem is an exceedingly short one, yet you may rest assured that it shall not be boring.

Gist

Stanza 2. *There lived in Islington a man who was pious to outward view, but not really so.*

Notes

Islington—a place-name pronounced *eye-ling-ton*. **Of whom**—about whom. **Godly**—God-fearing, religious, pious. **A godly...race**—acted in a pious, religious manner. **When'er...pray**—whenever he went to the church to say his prayers.

Explanation

In Islington...pray—there lived in Islington a man who was very pious to the outward view. Whenever he went to the church to say his prayers everyone who saw him observed that he walked in the ways of God and was a truly religious person. But despite this show of godliness the man was not really good, as the poet goes on to tell us.

Gist

Stanza 3. *He was a sympathetic person and performed many charitable acts.*

Notes

Comfort—solace, speak kind words to a person who is in trouble or pain (تسلی دینا). **Foes**—enemies. **The naked**—such poor person as do not even have any clothes to protect them from the vagaries of weather. **Clad**—invested, give clothes to.

Explanation

A kind......clothes—this person had a sympathetic and loving heart which brought solace not only to his friends but even to his enemies. He was so kind that he never dressed himself without distributing clothes among poor persons who lacked them. This charitable act he performed every day, but as later events proved, he did it only to win a good name for himself and not through a genuine wish to help the needy.

Gist

Stanza 4. *As in other towns, so in Islington there lived a dog of one of the commoner types.*

Notes

As many...he—just as there are numerous dogs in every town. In the following verse the poet goes on to enumerate some of the commoner types of dogs found everywhere. **Mongrel**—a dog of mixed breed, (دوغلا کتا - میلدار کتا). **Puppy**—pup, young dog, (پلا). **Whelp**—young dog, (بڑا پلا). **Hound**—a kind of dog used for hunting, (شکاری کتا). **Curs**—worthless, ill-tempered dogs of mixed breed, (بازاری کتا). **Of low degree**—of bad quality, (گھٹیا درجہ کے).

Explanation

And in......degree—just as in every town various types of dogs like those of mixed breed, pups, young dogs, dogs

used for hunting and worthless dogs of low quality are found, similarly in this town there was a dog belonging to someone of the commoner types.

Gist

Stanze 5. *The dog quarrelled with the pious man, who had been his friend so long and feigning madness bit him.*

Notes

At first—in the beginning, originally. **Pique**—(pronounced *peek*) displeasure, spite, resentment, (رنجش-ناراضگی). **To gain......end**—in order to grind his own axe, for his own benefit, (اپنی مقصد براری کے لئے). **Went mad**—became rabid or at least pretended to be so, (باؤلا بن گیا).

Explanation

This dog and...man—The dog and the pious man were on friendly terms to begin with but soon there was caused bad blood between them and evil intentions were harboured by the dog. In order to achieve his object of hurting the pious man, the dog pretended to become mad and bit his enemy.

Gist

Stanza 6. *People came running to the scene of the accident and remarked that the dog must had gone mad.*

Notes

Neighbouring—close by, adjoining. **Wondering**—wonderstruck, baffled, (حیران پریشان). **Swore**—said on oath, (قسم کھا کر کہا). **Lost his wits**—went mad. *Wits*—means intelligence.

Explanation

Had lost ..man—the dog must have gone mad; otherwise, how could he bite such a kind person ?

Gist

Stanza 7. *All the good people who chanced to look at*

the wound expressed their belief that the dog's poor victim would die.

Notes

The wound it seemed—The wound appeared to be. **Sore**—painful, tender, a part which is painful when touched (دکھتا ہوا). **Sad**—causing sorrow, (دردناک). **To every......eye**—in the eyes of every true follower of Christ.

Explanation

The wound......die—The wound appeared to be painful and brought grief to the eyes of every Christian. They averred on oath that the dog must have gone mad and his victim was sure to die of this fatal wound.

Gist

Stanza 8. *The facts, however, turned out to be quite otherwise. The man survived the wound and the dog died of his wound.*

Notes

Wonder—strange thing (عجوبہ). **Came to light**—transpired, (ظہور پذیر ہؤا). **That showed**—which made it clear to. **Rogues**—dishonest persons, rascals, swindlers, (بے ایمان اشخاص). **Lied**—made untrue statements, were wrong.

Explanation

But soon......died—soon a strange thing transpired and made it evident to the dishonest persons who had predicted the man's death. The strange thing was that while the man recovered, the dog died. The fact is that the so-called pious man's virtues were not genuine but specious and ostentatious. This show of virtue where none existed filled the man's soul with a deadly poison which was responsible for the death of the dog who had ventured to bite him. Thus the man proved to be worse even than a dog.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

But soon a wonder came to light,

That showed the rogue they bied :
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died !

These are the concluding verses of Oliver Goldsmith's *Elegy on the death of a Mad Dog.* The poem is a satire on hypocrisy and the poet is of the opinion that a human being who makes a show of piety and philanthropy without having these feelings at heart is in fact a more lowly creature than even a dog. Though he does not enunciate his thesis directly, he suggests it in this stanza as vigorously as could be done. By telling that things happened quite contrary to the people's expectations, he drives home their mistake. He points out that they were wrong in their predictions because their reading of this person's character had been entirely wrong. They had been taking him for a religious and charitable person. They had been conveniently ignoring the fact that his piety had no real root. It was all hypocrisy whereby he wanted to win popularity by hoodwinking the simple, unsuspecting people. This attitude of mind is far more poisonous than everything else That is why he did not die of the dog-bite. On the other hand, the poison of hypocrisy in his blood caused the death of the dog because the poor animal had nothing of the sort in his veins.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye ;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die

These lines are taken from the poem "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog" written by Oliver Goldsmith. The so called pious man was bitten by that mad dog who at one time used to be his companion. It was a very bad wound and was a sorrowful sight to see. Every man who looked at wound predicted that the man would surely die because the dog which had bitten him was, without any doubt, a mad dog.

NOTES

Sore—painful. **Sad**—not good to look at. **Christian**

eye—every one who saw this sight. **Swore**—said with certainty (قسم کھا کر کہتے تھے).

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. *Write down a summary of* **Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog** *and explain what the satire is aimed at.*

Ans. See the summary and Critical Appreciation of the poem.

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47. AN ELEGY ON THAT GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE

BY
OLIVER GOLDSMITH

I. THE POET

For the life and criticism of the poet, please look up the notes to Poem I.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

This poem is again a satire like the preceding poem. Madam Blaize typifies society women of Goldsmith's days, but the character itself is fictitious. Various vices of the lady are mentioned euphemistically, but the concluding line of each stanza bluntly proclaims the truth. We find that the lady was no virtuous philanthropist but sinful pawnbroker (رھن رکھنے والی).

III. THE CENTRAL IDEA

Women are essentially greedy and sinful but they try to be clever and conceal the shameful traits of their character.

IV. THE SUBSTANCE

Madam Blaize is dead and all good persons will lament her death. She had numerous good qualities. But although she had winsome manners, she was also sinful. She boasted of a large number of lovers but they left her

when she was no longer rich. This shock was too much for her and she died with a broken heart.

V. THE SUMMARY

All the good people will unanimously mourn the death of Madam Blaize who was a glorious specimen of the fair sex. She was endowed with very good qualities. She helped the poor with her mercy, though it was as a pawn-broker that she advanced them any loans. She had charming manners, though she was also sinful; she used to go to the church, though the sermon invariably sent her to sleep in her seat. She moved among the highest, though the story of the sovereign's regard for her is a mere boast. Nevertheless she had a number of lovers, but they deserted her when her wealth was exhausted. This gave her the shock of her life. She passed away in loneliness after her life-long endeavours to hide her weakness.

VI. A CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF THE POEM

Goldsmith's poem, *An Elegy on that Glory of Her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize,* is a scathing satire of the fair sex, rather than the simple, straightforward story of a society woman. The language in which his comments are couched is characterized by what is termed *euphemism.* He employs mild words and phrases to say harsh and unpleasant things. Instead of calling her the greedy usurer that she was, he gives her the semblance of a philanthropist by saying :

"She freely lent to all the poor."

However, he hastens to clarify the position and adds that the money was advanced only to those who pawned (گروی رکھے) their valuables to her. For this purpose he adds another verse to the one quoted above, and together the two lines read :

"She freely lent to all the poor,—
Who left a pledge behind."

These explanatory lines form the concluding verse of each stanza. This reversal of sense gives a fine point to this

satire on the fair sex. Goldsmith has in this poem subtly exposed the weakness of women and held them to ridcule. Lest the condemnation should be regarded as being too sweeping, he restricts the remarks to a fictitious character. Nevertheless, the cap fits all who might get annoyed by the generalization.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. I invite all the good people to come together and mourn the death of Madam Mary Blaize who was a glorious specimen of the fair sex. She never fished for compliments, but this trait of character was evinced when dealing only with those who lavished praises on her voluntarily.

Stanza 2. Poor persons in urgent need of money found her helpful whenever they came to her to obtain a loan. She lent them money unreservedly but it was not as a philianthropist but as pawnbroker for she advanced the loan against some security.

Stanza 3. She endeavoured to please her neigbours with exceedingly charming manners. It might be said of her that her actions had no tint of wickedness except when she was deliberately committing sins.

Stanza 4. She went to the church in gorgeous, new silk clothes which were supported on a big crimoline. Never did she doze off in her seat in the church execpt when she actually shut her eyes and slept on without hearing a word.

Stanza 5. She had hardly any moral scruples and I can say without fear of contradiction that she was wooed by a score of dandies or by even more than that number. Whenever she went ahead, even the king moved behind her.

Stanza 6. Nevertheless all of her followers deserted her when her riches were exhausted and she was left without costly clothes and ornaments. When she passed away, the doctors said the cause of her death was that her lovers had forsaken her.

Stanza 7. Come, let us mourn her death in our touching grief, because if we wait, taken the persons living in the fashionable quarter of Kent street may justly say that she would easily have got over this shock too, if only she had lived only for another year.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Title : Glory—one who is the cause of pride or subject for boasting (باعث فخر، وجہ ناز). **Sex**—one of the two groups of individuals, male or female ; hence *of her sex* means *of women*. **That...Blaize**—Mrs. Mary Blaize who was the cause of pride for all women. This is fictitious (فرضی) name.

Gist

Stanza 1. *Good people mourn the death of Madam Blaize*.

Notes

With one accord—unanimously, with one voice (یک زبان ہو کر). **Lament**—show or feel great sorrow, (ماتم کرنا) this word is used in two ways ; (1) to *lament the death of* a person ; (2) to *lament for* a person *over* his death. **Madam**—a polite form of address to a woman, (محترمہ) ; note that this word may be spelt either as (1) *Madam* or as (2) *Madame*, the first form being used before English names and second before foreign names. *A good word*—a word of thanks, (شکریہ کا لفظ).

Explanation

Good people unanimously mourn the death of Madam Blaize whose full name was Mrs. Mary Blaize. She was such a nice lady that she never asked anybody to thank her, however kind she might be to him. But this lovable aspect of her nature was displayed only to those who lavished praises on her and not to others. Thus the poet wants to suggest exactly the opposite of what his words apparently convey. He implies that she was always fishing for compliments and would never rest content except when

people actually praised her. This in fact is a denunciation of her character and the whole poem is written in the same strain.

Gist

She helped poor people by advancing them loans against security.

Notes

The needy—the poor people who stood in need of assistance, (حاجتمند). **Freely**—unreservedly, (کھلے دل سے). **Lent**—past tense of *lend* which means, (1) to give for sometime (ادھار دینا) or (2) to help or serve, (مدد کرنا). **Pledge**—an article left in pawn (رہن) ; hence something given as a token of one's favour.

Explanation

Whenever poor people came to her, they met with kindness at her hands. They found that she was ready to help them with any amount they needed. She would advance them as much money as they asked for. But this would be only in the form of a loan against some security. Thus she acted not as a kind, charitable woman but as a hard-hearted pawnbroker (رہن رکھنے والا) who profited by the misfortunes of the poor.

Gist

Stanza 3. *Madam Blaize had winsome manners and her occasional lapses made her follow wicked ways.*

Notes

Strove—the past tense of *strive* which means to try hard, to make a great effort, (جد و جہد کرنا). **Neighbourhood**—people living closely as neighbours. **Manners**—behaviour, a person's style of speaking, doing things, etc., (اخلاق عادات' طور' طریقہ). **Winning**—winsome, pleasing, attractive, (دلکش). **Wicked**—sinful, immoral, (بد اخلاق). **Followed wicked ways**—acted in an immoral manner.

Explanation

Her bebaviour was very pleasing and detectable. With this behaviour she made a bid to win over her neighbours. She had, however, little moral scruples. Sometimes she acted in an immoral way and committed sins.

Gist

Stanza 4. *No doubt Madam Blaize used to go to the church, but she regarded this visit as just an occasion to show off her dress.*

Notes

Silks—garments made of silk, (ریشمی لباس). **Satins**—clothes made of satin. **Satin**—is a silk cloth which is rough on one side but smooth and shining on the other, (سائن' اطلس). The two words used together in phrases like *dressed in silks and satins,* mean *wearing rich clothes*. **Hoop**—crinoline is a round, stiff and light framework formerly used in England to hold out a lady's skirt and make it swell on all sides. **Wondrous**—here it means very large. **Slumbered**—slept peacefully. **Pew**—an enclosed seat reserved for a family in a church, (مخصوص نشست گرجے میں).

Explanation

Madam Blaize went to the church wearing rich-new clothes which were made to swell out on crinoline. She hardly evinced any interest in the sermon and instead of dozing actually shut her eyes and went to sleep in the seat reserved for her. Thus it became obvious that she had no religious motive in going to the church. She only wanted to show off her pretty and costly clothes to the congregation and attract wistful eyes towards herself.

Gist

Stanza 5. *She was no better than a society girl who gave a glad eye to more than a score of dandies.*

Notes

Sought—past tense of *seek* which means try to get. **Sought her love**—tried to win her ever. **Aver**—state clea·ly that a thing is true, (حتمی طور پر کہنا). **Beaux**—

(pronounced *boz*); it is the plural form of *beau* (pronounced *bo*) which means a fop, a dandy or a lover, (چھیلا - البیلا - بانکا). **Followed**—it has two meanings : (1) to serve ; (2) to go after. Here there is a play upon words, *i.e.*, followed is used in the second sense, with an apparent suggestion of the first meaning. **Walked before**—moved ahead.

Explanation

Madam Blaize had few moral scruples. She flirted with about twenty dandies who tried to win her over. Even the king went after (*i.e.*, behind) her whenever she moved ahead. Note the pun (*i.e.*, play upon words). The poet has successfully created humour with this device.

Gist

Stanza 6. *When her wealth, smart dress and ornaments were no more, her followers left her and she died.*

Notes

Finery—smart and gay clothing or ornaments. **Fled**—past tense of *flee* which signifies to run away ; *fled* here means having come to an end or having run away. *Hangers-on*, plural of *hanger-on* which means an undesirable follower who forces her company on another person in the hope of gaining some advantage, (حاشیہ بردار - طفیلی). **Cut short**—he means having been cut short, *i.e.*, having come to a sudden end. **Disorder**—ailment, illness. **Mortal**—causing death, (جان لیوا ، مہلک).

Explanation

She was wooed and courted when she was rich. But when she was divested of her wealth and ornaments her followers abandoned her. It was in this pitiable state of loneliness that she breathed her last and the doctors found that the cause of her death was the pain of losing her lovers.

Gist

Stanza 7. *We shall mourn her death. It is regrettable that she did not live even for another year.*

Notes

Lament—mou n, show or feel great sorrow, (ماتم کرنا). **Sore**—painful, hurting when touched, (درد ناک). **Kent Street**—he means the people living in the fashionable quarters of Kent street. **A twelve month more**—for another year.

Explanation

We shall mourn her death in our sleep and touching sorrow. But the people living in the fashionable quarter of Kent street wil be justified in their opinion that if Madam Blaize might have lived for another year, she would certainly have survived the shock of desertion by her friends.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Stanza **2**, **6** and **7** are very important. Detailed explanations will be found at relevant places in the preceding section, headed 'Notes and Explanations.'

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *Write a brief summary of* **An Elegy on that Glory of her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize.**

Ans. See the Summary.

Q. II. *Give a critical appreciation of* **An Elegy on that Glory of Her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize.**

Ans. Consult the Critical Appreciation.

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48. JOHN GILPIN

BY
WILLIAM COWPER

I. THE POET

William Cowper (pronounced *Koo-par*) was born in 1731. He was a very shy boy who, though born in a good family, suffered agonies right from the tender age of six when he was sent to a boarding school. He chose law as

his profession but frequent attacks of madness during which he attempted suicide changed the course of his life. He lived quietly in some villages. Coming under evangelist influence he wrote religious poetry. *The Task* is his masterpiece. The poem under study, *John Gilpin*, is written in quite a different vein and is perhaps one of his best known poems. He loved nature and simple things and is ranked high among descriptive poets. Besides much original work Cowper also translated Homer. He died in 1800.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

John Gilpin or, as the full title of the poem reads, *The Diverting History of John Gilpin*, was based by Cowper on an interesting story related to him by his friend Lady Austin. John Gilpin was the name of a real citizen of London who owned land near the village where Cowper lived in those days. Cowper liked the story of his ride so much that he heard it at night and presented it in the form of a ballad the very next day. Since then poem has been a children's favourite.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

The poem playfully describes how a London merchant had to ride an uncontrollable horse.

IV. SUBSTANCE

John Gilpin was a linen-draper who did business in London. At his wife's request he decided to celebrate their twentieth wedding-day by a trip to the Bell at Edmonton. While his wife, her sister and the children went in a chaise, he chose to ride a hired horse. John Gilpin lost control of the horse which galloped off to a place that lay ten miles beyond his destination. When Gilpin turned the horse back to take him to Edmonton, the horse again lost control and refused to stop till it reached the starting-point in London. In this way the wedding-day programme was spoiled.

V. SUMMARY

John Gilpin was quite a well-known citizen of London. His wife proposed to him that they should celebrate their

twentieth wedding-day by undertaking a pleasure trip to Edmonton. It was agreed that the wife, her sister and the children would go in a chaise while he would follow them on a hired horse.

The women and children set out in the chaise but John Gilpin was delayed by certain customers who chanced to drop in just as he was about to start. Then he remembered he was to take liquor along with him. Hanging the bottles of liquor with his belt, he got on the horseback. Soon the horse began to trot and the trot developed into a gallop. Gilpin now lost control of the horse and his wig and cloak flew away. The horse was going at such a breakneck pace that people thought Gilpin was riding a race. The horse continued to gallop with unabated speed and did not stop before reaching its owner's house situated ten miles away from his destination. Gilpin told its owner that he came because the horse had brought him there. He also told him that he would now force the horse to take him back to Edmonton. So saying, Gilpin turned back the horse but it again galloped off with full strength. It was now going back to London and would not stop at Edmonton. Finding her husband in a bad fix Mrs. Gilpin sent the post-boy to help him control the horse. This led to further trouble as Gilpin's horse was frightened and ran all the more fast. People passing that way thought it was a highwayman and joined in the pursuit. But the toll-men who had seen Gilpin in the first part of his journey, believed that he was riding a race. So they threw the turn-pike gates open to him. The horse now reached London and stopped at Gilpin's shop from where it had started. The poet had only heard of the incident; so he wishes in closing that if ever the scene is re-enacted, he may be there to witness and enjoy it.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Humour was not in Cowper's line and yet *The Diverting History of John Gilpin* is one of the most popular humorous poems of the English language. It has been a great favourite of children ever since it was written. Older readers too have never failed to enjoy it because of its racy humour and graphic description. This latter quality

is perhaps the forte of Cowper's style. The poem is a very good example of literary ballad and simplicity of its story and the wealth of its detail compare favourably with real ballads. The poem is said to have been composed by Cowper during the course of a single night and it is remarkable that a piece of such high literary value should have been written in such a short space of time.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Mr. John Gilpin lived in the well-known city of London. He was a respectable person and was quite famous. He was also a train-band captain, *i.e.*, a Civil Defence Officer in London.

Stanza 2. Mrs. Gilpin once said to her hubby: "We have been married these twenty years, yet we have never taken a day off. We have indeed had a very humdrum sort of existence.

Stanza 3. "Our wedding anniversary come off to-morrow We shall celebrate it by a pleasure trip to the Bell at Edmonton. We shall go in a carriage driven by two horses.

Stanza 4. "My sister along with her child, and I along with my three little ones, will occupy all the seats in the carriage. There will be no room left for you in it. So you shall have to hire a horse and follow us upon its back."

Stanza 5. As the pair of horses drawing the coach was lashed by direct strokes of the whip, the wheels went round in a forward movement. Never was any person ever happier than the party travelling by this coach. The flag-stones of the pavement along which the carriage moved produced such a wild noise that it appeared as if the whole Cheapside market area of London had gone mad and was engaged in revelry.

Stanza 6. When the carriage had started, John Gilpin drew near the horse. Standing by its side he caught hold of the undulating hair on its neck and got upon the horse-back so that he could hurriedly ride to overtake the carriage. Nevetheless, he had soon to alight.

Stanza 7. In fact he had hardly set himself upon the frame of the saddle to start on his journey, when he chanced to look back and saw three customers come to his shop.

Stanza 8. He came down from the horseback. Though he was much pained at the delay which would result from attending to the customers, yet he was fully conscious of the fact that if he let the opportunity of earning some profit slip by, he would be pained all the more.

Stanza 9. The customers took a long time in making up the mind on what to buy. When they were gone, John Gilpin's maid-servant, Elizabeth, came downstairs and told him that the party had left behind their wine bottles.

Stanza 10. John Gilpin said : "Luckily I stayed behind for a while. Now bring me the wine bottles. Also let me have the leather belt I put on to carry my sword when I go out for military exercises."

Stanza 11. Now Mrs. Gilpin was a careful woman She had safely stored in two stone bottles the liquor which she liked so much.

Stanza 12. Each bottle was fitted with a handle through which he passed the straps of the belt. Then he put on the belt in such a way that a bottle hung on each of his sides and the body was perfectly balanced.

Stanza 13. In order that he might be well-accoutred from top to bottom. John Gilpin bravely threw over all this equipment his long red cloak which was very tidy and well-brushed.

Stanza 14. Look, Gilpin has once more got upon the back of his swift horse which is carefully and cautiously moving over the flag-stones of the pavement with a very slow speed.

Stanza 15. Soon the horse found its well-shod hoofs on a more smooth road. The horse which breathed noisily began to move faster. This caused a horse sore in the buttocks of Mr. John Gilpin.

Stanza 16. At this Mr. John Gilpin shouted at this horse which happened to be his namesake and said: "O John, walk decently and mildly." But it was no use shouting at the horse for Gilpin's request had quite the contrary effect to what was intended. The trot of the horse soon developed into a full gallop although its rider tried to check it by pulling hard at the curb and the reins.

Stanza 17. Just as persons who cannot sit up straight have naturally got to stoop down, Gilpin also bent down and clasped the horse's mane with his hands with full strength.

Stanza 18. The horse had never before been treated like that. It wondered increasingly as to what had got upon its back.

Stanza 19. Gilpin was now riding in such a manner that he appeared to have staked everything on this ride. His hat and wig flew away. The fact of the matter is that when he started on his journey he had never even dreamt that such tricks could be played on him.

Stanza 20. The wind blew strong and Gilpin's cloak was flown by it like a long, narrow and brightly coloured flag. At last the loop and button which had kept the cloak in position became loose, and the whole thing flew away.

Stanza 21. The dogs barked and the children yelled agog as Gilpin rode past them at such breakneck speed. People threw open the window blinds to look at him from their houses. Everyone who saw him shouted out "Bravo!" at the top of his voice and bucked him up.

Stanza 22. Gilpin was galloping away. Everyone talked of him but none could tell who he was. People began to make all sorts of conjectures about him. He said he was participating in a handicap race and was making an all-out bid to win a £ 1,000 prize.

Stanza 23. It was a wonderful sight when turnbike gates were instantaneously thrown open to him as he approached them in order that he may not be unnecessarily delayed.

Stanza 24. His head was whirling and befuddled. He had bowed it down in his bid to avoid a crash. In this state both the bottles were smashed behind his back.

Stanza 25. It was a piteous sight to see the wine flow down to the road after drenching the sides of the horse which began to emit vapours and looked as if they had been moistened with fat like roasting meat.

Stanza 26. He was playing these pranks all the time he took to pass through Islington whose citizens were fully enjoying the sight. It was in this very gay mood that he came to the shallow waters near Edmonton.

Stanza 27. There the horse waded through the water splashing it on both sides. It looked like a bundle of rags moving awkwardly, or like a wild goose going about playfully.

Stanza 28. From the balcony of the house they had rented Edmonton, Mrs. Gilpin saw her frail husband in this plight. She was greatly amazed to see the manner in which her beloved husband rode.

Stanza 29. With one voice she and the other members of the party shouted : "Stop, stop, John Gilpin ! This is the house where you are to be. The dinner is ready. We have waited for you so long that we are now really tired." John Gilpin replied that he too was tired and exhausted.

Stanza 30. Yet his horse was in no mood to stop there. The simple reason was that it was owned by a person who lived at Ware, a place lying on this road at a further distance of ten miles.

Stanza 31. Gilpin had lost his breath and was gasping. He was being spirited away by the horse much against his will. The horse did not come to a halt before it had reached the house of its owner who was a mendicant befriended by Gilpin.

Stanza 32. The owner of the horse was surprised to see his friend, Gilpin, in this predicament. He put aside his pipe and hurriedly came to the gate to greet him.

Stanza 33. What is the matter, what is the matter with

you? Let me hear the news you bring. Surely you would let me hear, won't you? Tell me how you come here without any headgear? Let me know if you are in trouble, and what has brought you here?

Stanza 34. Gilpin was a humorous person, fond of repartee and one who enjoyed to indulge in apt jokes. So he put on a cheerful expression on his face and addressed the mendicant as follows :

Stanza 35. "I did not come here on my own. It was your horse which brought me here. My hat and wig are still on the way and if I am not wrong in my prediction, the two articles of my headdress will soon be here in my wake."

Stanza 36. The calendar indeed chuckled to see his friend a little worried. Without uttering a single word in reply, he went inside the house.

Stanza 37. He brought forth from the house his hat and wig for his friend. It was long wig and a hat which though used, looked as good as new. Both were pretty specimens of their type.

Stanza 38. He showed him the two articles and said to him jocundly : "My head is double that of yours in size and so there can be no question of the two things being too small for you.

Stanza 39. "Let me, however, wipe the dirt off your face where it has been deposited by this impetuous ride. Come, don't be in a hurry. Get down from the horseback and have a hearty meal. You must be feeling very hungry, I am afraid."

Stanza 40. John Gilpin replied : "It is my wedding-day and I am celebrating it with my wife at Edmonton. If today I should dine away from her at Ware, I would be giving the world an unnecessary cause for suspicion."

Stanza 41. Turning next to the horse, John Gilpin continued : "I am in a hurry to be in time for dinner. It was of your own sweet will that you brought me here. But now you shall have to take your orders from me and take me back to my destinations.

Stanza 42. The words he uttered were unfortunate and his boast all in vain. In fact he had to pay dearly for it. Even as he spoke, a donkey brayed nearly at the top of its voice.

Stanza 43. Hearing it, Gilpin's horse forced the breath through its nostrils so noisily that it appeared as if it had been frightened to hear the roar of a lion. At this signal, the horse once more galloped off on its backward journey.

Stanza 44. Gilpin went away on horseback and his new hat and wig also flew away. He lost the new articles sooner than before because they were too big.

Stanza 45. When Mrs. Gilpin saw her husband riding down in the far off fields, she took a half-crown out of her pocket.

Stanza 46. Holding out the coin to the post-boy in whose carriage she had driven to this place, she said, "I shall give you a half-crown if you bring my husband safely back."

Stanza 47. The post boy rode one of his draught-horses and soon met Mr. John Gilpin as he approached from the distant fields in full strength. He tried to stop him directly by trying to catch the reins of his horse.

Stanza 48. He failed in his bid to stop the horse, although he would have been very happy if he could be successful. The horse which was already scared, got all the more scared on being thwarted in this manner and this caused him to run at a still greater speed.

Stanza 49. Mr. John Gilpin moved farther and farther. The post-boy rode close behind him and his draught-horse was only too glad to have an opportunity of galloping away without having to draw the heavy carriage with the noisy movement of its wheels.

Stanza 50. Six gentlemen happened to pass that way. When they saw John Gilpin galloping at this swift pace with the post-boy at his heels, they raised a general outcry of alarm.

Stanza 51. They mistook Gilpin for a highway robber and yelled out : "Stop thief, stop !" None of them kept quiet, all having joined the outcry. It did not end at that. Everyone who happened to pass by them joined in the chase.

Stanza 52. When Gilpin approached the turnpike gates, they were again hurriedly thrown open because the road-tax collectors were still labouring under the impression that he was participating in a horse-race.

Stanza 53. Gilpin was indeed participating in a race now, and had he won it for he was the first to enter London. His horse did not stop till it reached the starting point and Gilpin alighted from it.

Stanza 54. Let us now sing the British National Anthem and pray for the long life of Mr. John Gilpin I only wish that I should be a witness of Mr. Gilpin's wonderful ride if ever he goes out on horseback now.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Stanza 1. *John Gilpin was a well-known citizen of London where he was a Captain of the Train-band.*

Notes

John Gilpin—the name of the hero of this poem who was quite a wealthy shopkeeper in London and owned some agricultural land where Cowper lived. He was also a Captain of the Train-band. **Citizen**—a person who lives in a city and not a village, (شہری). **Credit**—personal honour. **Renown**—fame, repute. **Of**... **renown**—honourable and well-known personality. **Train-band**—civil defence force, territorial army, militia, (رضاکاروں کا دستہ). **Captain**—leader or chief, (افسر ، کپتان). **Eke**—also. It is an old, archaic word and is not used nowadays.

Explanation

John Gilpin lived in the well-known city of London. He was a respectable and famous person. He was also the

Captain of the Train-band. The Train-band was the name by which the civil defence force of London was known in those days.

Gist

Stanza 2. *We have spent twenty years of married life but have never enjoyed a holiday.*

Notes

Spouse—wife. **Her dear**—her darling, her loving hubby, her dear husband. **Twice ten**—twenty. **Tedious**—dull, boring, long and uninteresting (ناگوار ، تکلیف دہ ، اکتا دینے والا). **No.. seen**—enjoyed no holiday, took no day off our busy life.

Explanation

John Gilpin's wife once said to him, "We have been married these twenty long years but have spent this time in heavy work without ever taking a single day off for rest and enjoyment."

Gist

Stanza 3. *Our twentieth wedding-day comes off to-morrow. We should go for an outing to Edmonton.*

Notes

Wedding-day—anniversary of the day when the wedding was celebrated, (شادی کی سالگرہ). The twentieth wedding-day would thus fall on the first day of the twenty-first year of a couple's marriage. **Repair**—go, resort, (جانا). **Unto**—to, as far as, (تک). **Chaise**—(pronounced *shayz*) a low, four wheeled carriage used for pleasure drives, (بگھی ، سیر گاڑی). **Chaise and pair**—carriage driven by two horses.

Explanation

"Our wedding anniversary comes off tomorrow. On that day all of us shall go in a carriage driven by a pair of ponies. We shall enjoy a trip to the Bell at Edmonton."

Gist

Stanza 4. *My sister and I together with our children shall go by the carriage and you shall follow us on horseback.*

Explanation

Mrs. Gilpin says : "My sister with her child and I with our three children shall go by the carriage. As there will be no room left therein for any other passenger, so you shall have to hire a horse and follow us on it."

Gist

Stanza 5. *The passengers greatly enjoyed the ride as the fast moving carriage produced a rattling n›ise.*

Notes

Smack—used as an adverb, *smack* means straight. **Smack......whip**—the whip struck the horses straight. **Round......wheels**—the wheels of the carriage moved forward when the horses pulled at his. **Were......glad**—never was any person so happy as the passengers travelling by this carriage. **Stones**—stone with which the road was paved. **Did rattle**—rattled, moved with short, sharp sounds, (کھڑ کھڑ کرنا). **Cheapside**—the name of a very busy market area in London. *Cheap* (as distinct from *cheep*) is an old English word meaning buying and selling.

Explanation

The driver's whip struck the horses straight. Smarting under it, the horses pulled at the carriage whose wheels moved round swiftly. The pavement stones produced so loud a noise by their impact that it seemed as if the Cheapside market area had gone mad and was producing all the more noise.

Gist

Stanza 6-8. *John Gilpin leaped on the horseback, but had soon enough to get down to attend to three persons who had come to his business house for shopping.*

Notes

Fast–quickly, hurriedly, (جلدی سے). **Mane**—long hair on the neck of a horse or lion, (ایال). **In haste to ride**

—to ride quickly. **Saddle tree**—frame of the saddle. **Scarce**—scarcely, hardly, (بمشکل). **For...had he**—because he had hardly got up on to the saddle. **Down he came**—he alighted. **For loss......sore**—although waste of time caused him deep sorrow. **Peace**—plural form of *penny* which is an English coin equivalent to about two pice. **Full well**—fully, very well.

Explanation

John Gilpin hurriedly caught hold of the undulating hair on the neck of the horse and raised himself with a view to riding quickly. But soon enough he had to alight. He had hardly got up on the top of the saddle to start on his journey when he chanced to look back and saw three customers come to his shop. So he came down in order to attend to them. Although he was sorry for the waste of time yet he decided to tarry because he was fully conscious that he would be all the more pained if he let slip this opportunity of earning some profit.

Gist

Stanza 9-10. *The customers took a long time to arrive at a decision. Then he was put in mind of wine and sword which they had left behind. He asked his maid-servant to bring him these things.*

Notes

Customers—(گاہک) **'Twas long**—it took a long time. **Were......mind**—made up their mind on what to buy from his shop. **Betty**—the abbreviated form of *Elizabeth* which is a common English, Christian name for girls. The poet here refers to the maid-servant whom the family had left behind to look after their home. **Screaming**—crying, speaking with a shrill voice because of excitement (چلاتی ہوئی). **Downstairs**—to the lower storey, (نیچے). **The wine...... behind**—you forgot to take the wine along with you. **Good luck**—it is fortune that I came back. **Quoth**—said. This word is used in poetry only. **Yet**—it also means *now*. **Leathern**—that which is made of leather. **Likewise**—similarly, also, (بھی). **Bear**—carry. **Trusty** trustworthy. **Exercise**—(ورزش).

Explanation

The customers took a long time in making up their mind on what to buy. At that time Gilpin's maid-servant Betty, came down to the shop from the residential rooms on the upper story. With a shrill voice full of excitement she said, "You forgot to take the wine along with you. John Gilpin replied, "It is rather fortunate that I stayed behind to attend to these customers. Bring me this wine now. Also get me that leather belt which I put on to carry my trustworthy sword when I go out on parade for military exercises."

Gist

Stanza 11—13. *John Gilpin hung by his belt the two stone bottles in which his wife had stored the wine and put on a red cloak to look like a brave man.*

Notes

Mistress—The feminine gender of *master*. The word was formerly used with the name of a woman who has no other title. Nowadays the abbreviated form **Mrs.** (pronounced *Misiz*) is used instead. Hence *Mistress Gilpins* is equivalent to Mrs. Gilpin. **Careful soul**—he means a careful woman. **Liquor**—(pronounced *lee-ker*), any kind of alcoholic drink, (شراب). **Sound**—in good condition. **Curling**—twisted. **Ear**—ear-shaped handle. (کنڈا). **Through......drew**—which he passed through the belt. **Balance**—equilibrium, (توازن). **True**—truly, correctly. **Over all**—above other things. **Equipped**—provided or supplied with. **Top to toe**—head to feet, top to bottom. **Cloak**—a loose garment without sleeves, put over the shoulders and coming down almost to the ankles, worn outdoors. (چغہ). **Throw**—put on.

Explanation

Mrs. Gilpin had safely stored her cherished wine in two stone bottles which had twisted handles. John Gilpin hung these over his shoulders by passing these handles

through his sword belt. After that he put on a tidy red cloak to give himself the appearance of a brave man.

Gist

Stanzas 14—16. *The horse started slowly but soon began to gallop and got out of control.*

Notes

Mounted—on horseback, riding. **Nimble**—swift (تیز رو، باد پا). **Steed**—horse. **Full slowly** very slowly. **Pacing**—walking (قدم چلنا - گام چلنا). **Pacing......stones**—walking on the stones at a very slow speed. **Good heed**—great care. **Well shod**—which had nice shoes. **Shod**—is the past tense of *shoe* which means (نعل لگانا). **Snorting**—force out the air through the nose making a loud sound, (گھوڑے کا نتھنے پھلا کر آواز نکالنا). **Trot**—move faster than a walk and slower than a gallop, (دلکی چلنا). **Gall'd**—caused horse sore by chafing during ride, (گھوڑے کی سواری کے باعث رگڑ آئی). **Seat**—buttocks, (سرین). **So......cried**—The punctuation marks in line 61 are wrong. Please read as follows :

So, "Fair and softly, John," he cried. Mark that John Gilpin's horse was also known as *John*. **So......in vain**—so John Gilpin shouted at the horse and said, "O John, move fairly and softly." But it was no use shouting at the horse. **Gallop**—the fastest pace of the horse (پویہ - سرپٹ). **Curb**—chain or strap under a horse's chin which gives powerful control over it, (دھانہ). **Rein**—a long narrow strap fastened to the bridle of a horse for controlling it (باگ).

Explanation

John Gilpin once more got on the back of his swift horse which also bore the name John. The horse John began to walk on rugged stones very slowly, cautiously and carefully. Soon, however, the horse which was well shod came to a more smooth road. The tiresome walk

across the uneven hilly path had made the horse tired and jaded and it had been forcing its breath through its nostrils with great noise. Now that it found itself on softer ground it quickened its steps and began to trot. But this pace chafed John Gilpin whose buttocks became sore. Shouting out, he said to the horse, "O John, move slowly and mildy." But John Gilpin's call to the horse John was of no avail. The horse further quickened its pace. How so ever hard would John Gilpin pull the reins and the curb of the horse, it would not s'acken its pace. On the other hand, it leapt off into a gallop and began to move at breakneck speed.

Gist

Stanzas 17—20. *The horse went at full speed and John Gilpin's hat, wig and cloak all flew away.*

Notes

Stooping—bending. **Upright**—straight. **As......upright**—as a person who could not sit up straight had to bend. **Grasp'd** - clutched, snatched at, caught at. **Might**—strength. **In that sort**—like that, in that way. **Had......before**—had been treated earlier. **What......and more**—wondered what was riding on its back. **Neck or nought**—neck or nothing, staking all on success, (تخت یا تختہ). **Wig**—an artificial covering for the head. It is made of hair and comes down to the neck at the back. It is worn by judges nowadays. **He little dreamt**—he had never even dreamed. **Sat out**—it is a misprint. Please read *set out* which means started. **Rig**—trick, prank. *Run a rig* was formerly used to mean to play a prank. **Of......rig**—that he would play such a prank, (کہ وہ ایسی چالیں چلے گا). **Streamer**—a long, narrow and brightly coloured flag or ribbon, (پھریرا). **Gay**—brilliant. showy, (بھڑکیلا). **Loop and button**—(گھنڈی - تکمہ). **Failing**—giving way, getting loose. **At......away**—in the end the cloak flew away.

Gist

Stanzas 21—25. *Every one who saw Gilpin go at such*

breakneck speed cleared the way for him and thought he must be competing in a horse-race. In this state the wine bottles were shattered.

Notes

Up......all—all the blinds were thrown up and people began to look at him through the windows. **Soul**—he means person. **Well done**—bravo. (شاباش). **Bawl**—shout, cry at the top of one's voice. **Who but he**—who else could it be except this "citizen of credit and renown ?" **Carrier weight**—is handicapped in horse-racing, has to participate in this race with the load of those two bottles. *To carry weight* is a racing term. **'Tis—pound**...the race carries a prize of £1,000. **And......near**—the horse ran as swiftly even when it approached the spectators. **'Twas**—it was. **In a trice**—instantaneously, (فوراً). **Turnpike** a gate across a road put up to stop persons for paying the toll. **Wide open threw**—fully opened. **Reeking**—sending smoke and fumes, (جس سے بخارات اٹھ رہے تھے). **Bowing ......low**—he was bowing down his head which emitted smoke and fume because of excitement. **Twain**—two. It is the old form of two and is not used nowadays except in poetry. **Shattered**—smashed, broken to pieces, (ٹکڑے ٹکڑے ہو گئے). **At a blow**—with a single stroke. **Down ran**—flowed down. **Most......seen**—it was a pity to see such a sight. **Flanks**—sides. (پہلو). **Smoke**—to emit smoke or steam. **Basted**—moistened with fat like roasting meat. **Which......been**—this wine made the sides of the horse emit smoke in such a way as if it were being moistened with fat during the process of roasting.

Explanation

Gilpin rode so swiftly that dogs barked and children cried to see him. In their eagerness to see him, people flung open the windows of their houses. They looked through these windows and shouted "Bravo" at the top of their voice. It was Gilpin, they believed, who rode past them. After all, who else it could be ? He was soon talked about

everywhere. "He is riding a handicap race with all that weight of two stone bottles which he carries, "they said, "The race has a £ 1,000 prize fixed for it." The pace of Gilpin's horse did not slacken even as it approached the spectators. It was indeed a wonderful sight to see the turnpike gates across the road being instantaneously thrown open the Gilpin as he drew near them. The rider had lost control of the horse. His brain had become hazy in this predicament. He bowed down in a hopeless bid to cling to the horse and avoid a crash. While he was in this state, the two bottles behind his back got smashed with one stroke. The wine stored in th m flowed down to the road. It was a very pitiable sight. The wine, which in flowing had moistened the sides of the horse, gave off smoke. It so appeared that the flesh of the horse was being roasted and fat had been poured on it during this process.

Gist

Stanza 26—31. *The horse gallaped in this way till it passed through Edmonton where John Gilpin's wife unsuccessfully tried to stop him. But the horse took his rider another ten miles ahead to its owner's house before it stopped.*

Notes

Merry—joyous, gay. **Gambols**—quick, playful jumping movement of children and animals, (اچھل کود). The word *gambols* is usually used in the plural. **These...play**. The horse jumped and frisked in that manner. **The Wash**—The movement or flow of water. **The Wash of Edmonton**—that area in Edmonton where the road gap lay under shallow water. **Threw...about**—splashed the water. **Like unto**—like, resembling, in the manner of. **Trundling**—rolling like a heavy or awkward thing, (لڑھکتی ہوئی). **Mop**—a bundle of pieces of rag, coarse yarn or other material fastened at the end of a stick and used for cleaning (کنجی - جھاڑو). **Just...play**—the horse looked like a bundle of rags which awkwardly swept the road, or like a wild, untamed one which frisked playfully. **Balcony**—a platform projecting from one of the

upper storeys of a building, (شہ نشین - جھجہ). **Spied**—saw. It is the past tense of *spy*. **Tender**—delicate, a person who is weak and needs particular attention, (نازک). **Wondering...ride**—wondering at the strange manner in which he rode. **They**—his wife, his sister-in-law and all their children. **At once**—here it means with one voice simultaneously, (یک زبان ہو کر - ایک ساتھ). **Dinner**—chief meal of the day whether eaten in the afternoon or in the evening. Thus it can replace either lunch or supper. **Said...I**—John Gilpin replied "I am also tired." **Not a whit**—not at all. The word in such phrases means the smallest amount. **Inclined**—disposed, (مائل). **Tarry**—wait. **For why**—Why ? Because (کیوں ؟ اس لئے کہ). **Full...off**—exactly ten miles away. **Ware**—a place name. **His owner**—The owner of this hackney horse which Gilpin was riding. **Out of breath**—having lost his breath, experiencing difficulty in getting breath, (سانس پھولی ہوئی). **Sore...will**—very much against his intention. **Will**—means intention, (ارادہ). **Calender**—mendicant, dervish, (قلندر - درویش - فقیر). Calender is the Anglicized form of the Persian word (قلندر). **Stood still**—came to a standstill, stopped, came to a halt.

Explanation

The horse frisked and galloped through the gay town of Islington. From there it came to the shallow waters near Edmonton and splashed the water on both sides. It looked like a bundle of rags moving awakwardly, or like an untaimed goose going about playfully. When the horse passed through Edmonton, where the Gilpins were to celebrate their twenty birthday, John Gilpin's affectionate wife saw her weak husband from the balcony. She was greatly amazed to see him ride so swiftly. Seeing him, she and her companions shouted out to John Gilpin, "Stop, stop. This is the very house in which your wed-

ding-day is to be celebrated. Dinner is ready and we had been waiting for you so long that we feel tired." John Gilpin replied, "I am also tired." Nevertheless his horse was not at all in a mood to make a halt there. Why? Because the owner of this hired horse lived at Ware ten miles away where Gilpin owned some agricultural estate. Gilpin had lost both his breath and control over his horse. This owner was a calender, *i.e.*, a mendicant, who was Gilpin's neighbour in the latter's country seat. Contrary to Gilpin's intention, the horse carried him straight to this calender.

Gist

Stanza 32—40. *The calender asked him how he had come there in that state. He lent him his hat and wig to be properly dressed. Then he invited him to dinner. But Gilpins told him it was his wedding day and he was to dine with his wife at Edmonton.*

Notes

Amazed—astonished. **Neighbour**—he means John Gilpins. **Trim**—state, (حالت). **Pipe**—a tube with a hole at one end for smoking tobacco. **Flew to**—went hastily towards. **Accosted**—come up to a person and speak to him before he utters any words. **What news**—tell me what is the matter with you ? **Tidings**—news. **Tell...shell**—you must tell me and I believe you shall indeed tell me that. **Pleasant**—pleasing. **Wit**—ability to express oneself cleverly, (ظرافت' بذله سنجی). **Loved**—liked, was fond of. **Timely**—befitting the occasion, (بر محل). **Joke**—a witty saying, (مذاق). **Guise**—pretence, semblence, (ڈھنگ - انداز). **Forbade**—foretell, predict, (پیش گوئی کرنا). **Upon the road**—on the way, (راستے میں). **Right glad**—very glad, much pleased. **Pin**—a small worry, (الجھن' پریشانی). **Return'd him**—said to him in reply. **Whence**—wherefrom. **Flow'd** undulated, moved like a current of air, (لہراتی تھی). **Not...**

wear—which had not much been worn out by use. **Comely**—pretty, good-looking, (دیدہ زیب). **Each...kind**—both pretty in their own way. **Held them up**—showed the two things. **Ready wit**—repartee, (حاضر جوابی). **Needs must**—an old form meaning must. **Scrape**—clean thoroughly by rubbing with something hard, (رگڑ کر صاف کرنا). **Case**—it also means plight or condition. **In...case**—feeling hungry. **Said John**—John Gilpin said. **Stare**—look with wide open eyes as if surprised, (آنکھیں پھاڑ پھاڑ کر دیکھنا).

Explanation

When the calender saw his neighbour in this predicament, he was astonished. He laid down his pipe and hurriedly going to the gate, addressed Gilpin in this manner : "What is the matter ? Tell me the news you have brought. You must speak it out to me and I believe you shall do so. Tell me why have you come without any headgear ? "Tell why have you come at all ? "Gilpin was a witty person and liked to cut apt jokes. Assuming a a pleasant manner, he replied to the calender : "I am here because your horse has carried me to this place. My hat and wig are on the way to this plaee. If I can predict correctly, both of these things will soon arrive here." The calender was glad to see his friend Gilpin in a happy frame of mind. Without uttering a word, he went inside the house wherefrom he brought a hat and a long wig. Both these articles were in a good condition and of a pretty make. He showed him these things and wittily, remarked "The hat and the wig will fit you well because my head is double your size. Come, I shall rub off the dirt on your face. Al o, please get down for I am afraid you must be feeling quite hungry." Gilpin replied, "It is my wedding anniversary. I must dine with my wife, otherwise people would look at us with suspicion."

Gist

Stanza 41 – 44. *Gilpin turned the horseback in order to go to Edmonton. The horse galloped at such a swift pace that Gilpin once more lost his hat and wig.*

Notes

'Twas...mine—you came here at your own sweet will. Now you shall go back at my orders. **Luckless...speech**—unfortunate or ineffective words. **Bootless**—useless, (بیکار لا حاصل). **Full dear**—very dearly, very much. **Spake**—an old form of *spoke*. **Braying**—crying like a donkey, (رینگنا ہؤا). **Ass**—(گدھا). M rk that this word is less commonly used than the word *donkey*. **A braying...clear** a doneky brayed clearly and at the highest pitch of its voice. **Whereat**—at which, on hearing which, **Snort**—force out the air through one's nose with a noise. **As he**—as if he, **Gallop'd away**—began to run at top speed. **Might**—force, strength, (طاقت). **And away wig**—Gilpin's borrowed hat and wig flew away once more. **For...big**—why ? Simply because they were much bigger in size than his head and did not fit it closely.

Explanation

John Gilpin turned to his horse and said ; "I am in a hurry for my dinner. You brought me over to this place at your own sweet will. Now you shall take your order from me and taken me back to my destination." Gilpin's words, however, failed to produce any effect. He had in fact boasted in vain and had to pay a heavy price for ordering the horse to go back. Even as he uttered these boastful words, a donkey loudly brayed close by. This noise startled the horse as if it were the roar of a lion. The horse started at full speed as before and Gilpin's hat and wig which were too big for his head flew away.

Gist

Stanzas 45—51. *When Mrs. Gilpin found her hubby in this predicament, she asked the driver of her coach to fetch him. The boy followed him unsuccessfully. Six gentlemen upon the road joined in the pursuit believing that Gilpin was a thief.*

Notes

Posting—riding back hurriedly. **The country**—land

comprising open spaces, as opposed to *city* or *village* which signify land covered with buildings. In this sense, the word *the country* is always used in the singular and is preceded by *the*. **Pull'd out**—hurriedly took out. **Half a crown**—he means a *half-crown* which is a British silver coin worth 2s. 6d. **The youth...Bell**—he said to the young man in whose coach he had driven to the Bell. **John**—Mr. Gilpin. **Amain**—in full force (پورے زور سے). **In a trice**—instantaneously (فوراً). **Catching at**—trying to catch. **Would**—wished to. **But...done**—but in his unsuccessful attempt to do what he liked to. **Frighted** frightened, startled. He means frightened what he had taken for a lion's roar at Ware. **Post-boy**—*i.e.*, a person who rides the horse while driving a coach. **At his heels**—close behind him. **Lumbering**—noisy movement. **Wheels**—he means the wheels of the coach. **Horse...wheels**—the horse was happy to have the opportunity to gallop without pulling the coach. **Fly**—run away. **Scampering**—running away. **In the rear**—behind, (پیچھے). **Hue and cry**—a general outcry of alarm as when a criminal escapes or when something is stolen, (دارو گیر کا شور). **Highwayman**—robber on horseback who extorts money from travellers violently, (رهزن - ڈاکو). **Stop...highwayman**—these gentlemen said, "Stop him. He is a thief. He is a robber going on horseback." **Mute**—dumb, (گونگا). **Not...mute**—everyone was shouting.

Explanation

When Mrs. Gilpin saw her husband pass by her so hurriedly, she made an offer of a half-crown to her coachman provided he would bring Mr. Gilpin back safely. The coachman got on the back of his horse and soon met Mr. Gilpin who was coming in full force. He made an attempt to stop Mr. Gilpin by trying to seize the reins of his horse.

However, he was unsuccessful and only frightened the horse making it run all the more swiftly. The scene was now like this. Mr. Gilpin's horse was galloping off and coachman was swiftly riding close behind on his own horse which was glad to be rid of the trouble of pulling the noisy coach. Six gentlemen who happened to pass by them mistook Gilpin for some robber who was being pursued by the coachman. They raised an alarm. "It is a thief. It is a robber on horse-back." Hearing this, all the passers-by joined in the pursuit.

Gist

Stanzas 52—54. *The turnpike gates were again thrown open by the toll-men who thought Gilpin was participating in a race. Gilpin at last got home. It was such a wonderful sight that poet wishes to witness its repetition.*

Notes

In short space—in a short while. **Toll-men**—persons collecting road-tax. **So he did**—in fact he rode a race. **Got up**—mounted the horse. **Nor...down**—nor did he stop before alighting at the place where he had mounted the horse. **Long...king**—the opening verse of the English National Anthem (قومی ترانہ). **And...he**—long live Gilpin. **Abroad**—far and wide. **May...see**—The poet wishes to see a repetition of this incident because he had only heard about it when it happened the first time.

Explanation

The persons collecting the road-tax believed that Gilpin must be participating in a race. So they threw open the turnpike gates for Gilpin to ride without stopping. In fact he was participating in a race. He was the first to reach the town. He never stopped on the way and only alighted at the place where he had mounted the horse. Now that the incident is over, we shall sing the National Anthem and pray for Gilpin's long life. As for me, I should like to witness a repetition of this incident because I have only heard about the first time.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATION WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Stanzas 5, 8, 14, —16, 24, 33—35, 42—43, 47–49 and 53 are important. The student is to see the relevant portions of the explanations in the preceding section.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *Give in your own words* **The Diverting History of John Gilpin**.

Ans. Write out the summary.

Q. II. *How do you like the humorous element in* **John Gilpin** ? *Appreciate the poem critically.*

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

Q. III. *Who was John Gilpin ? How did he celebrate his twentieth wedding-day ?*

Ans See the Introduction to the Poem and the Substance.

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49. THE BELLE OF THE BALL-ROOM

BY WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

I. THE POET

Please look up the notes to poem **9** for the life and criticism of Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

II. INRODUCTION TO THE POEM

Belle means a beauty (حسینہ) *i.e.*, a beautiful young woman who is the most admired person in a group. *Ball-room* means a dancing-hall (رقص گاہ، ناچ گھر). Hence the title, *The Belle of the Ball-room.* signifies the beautiful young woman, Laura Lily, who used to be the most admired person in the dancing hall and was the poet's first ladylove. The name, Laura Lily, is just a fictitious one and has no basis in the poet's life-history.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

A first love invariably loses its glamour with the passage of time and turns out to be just a silly sentimental affair.

IV. SUBSTANCE

It is the story of the poet's first love. He becomes enamoured of a society girl, Laura Lily, who was a charming beauty of the dancing-hall. He regards her as the paragon of beauty and find utmost pleasure in her company. Her very defects become the most lovable qualities in his eyes. After some time he parted from her in great sorrow but when he met her again after some years, he had become an experienced lover and found that the first love was just a passing affair.

V. SUMMARY

Years ago, the poet fell in love with a society girl, Laura Lily, who was the queen of the dancing-hall. Her beauty cast a spell over all the spectators. I was enamoured of her beauty as I thought she was none other than Venus, the goddess of womanly beauty. I took a keen interest in all she said or did and avidly listened to her talk, no matter how unromantic its subject-matter. My parents tried to dissuade me from the folly of this youthful passion but I set aside all their words of advice, believing all the time that old age had rendered their hearts devoid of love. My beloved was quite well-connected, but what weighed with me was not riches or relatives but simply her beauty. Though she flirted with many persons, yet I was cocksure in her heart of hearts she loved only me. Soon came the parting and we left each other amid sobs and sighs thinking all the time that we would die broken hearted. But all this maudlin sentimentalism was over when we met again after the lapse of a few years. Our second meeting was all mirth and laughter because we had grown wiser. She, I found, had married somebody and I had many more love affairs in the meantime.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The poem, *Bell of the Ball-room*, belongs to the category known as *vers de societe*. It is a scathing satire of the low type of philandering that goes by the name of love. The poet adopts a cynical attitude and laughs to scorn the maudlin sentimentality associated with love. The major portion of the poem describes the depth of the first passion

but then comes the anti-climax in which he speaks of his disillusionment. Wisdom dawns upon him with further experiences of the type and with the passage of time he realizes his earlier folly. The glamour of the first love is no more, and at this distance he can see it in its true perspective. This bitter satire of young men's love for society girls is as well-aimed as it is well-deserved. But the question still remains : Are we justified in levelling it against love, pure and undefiled ?

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Long, long ago when I was so young that I had hardly dreamt of being wise or quick at repartee—even before I had indulged in flights of fancy, in writing verses, or had been browned off while perusing over hellish documents relating to everyday life—yes, years ago when my pleasures were confined to shooting with my light gun or riding my young horse—in short when I was only a young lad, I fell in love with a girl named Laura Lily.

Stanza 2. I saw her first at the gathering of the county people for a dance. At that place the company danced to the tune of the flute and the violin. At the lovely signals given by these musical instruments, the hands of the dancers went across the bodies of their respective partners and even down their waists in order to embrace them. The charming scene thrilled the hearts of young lovers. The charm of Laura Lily was, however, the most subtle and indescribable. She appeared to be the queen, the rose, the star of the whole gathering. Her dance was indeed ecstatic. Its charm defied all attempts at description.

Stanza 3. She had dark hair and white hands. Her voice was extremely sweet. Her eyes had the reflective brilliance of water. She had an extremely slender waist the like of which I had never seen before. Her looks and smiles pierced the onlookers' hearts as if well-aimed arrows. I was so enamoured of her that I thought she was none other than Venus, the Roman goddess of womanly beauty. But I wondered how she had managed to come there leaving behind her the mythical sparrows which usually draw her chariot.

Stanza 4. She would talk to me on all sorts of topics ranging from matters of political significance to religious devotion. Sometime she spoke of literary subjects like the prose writings of Robert Southey or the sonnets of William Wordsworth. At other times she spoke of men who run after women, of bears which dance, of military encounters, or of the latest fashions in women's headdress. To me it did not matter at all if the talk was conducted at midnight in candlelight, or at noon in blazing daylight. It made no difference to me whether she was citing from Locke's philosophical writings or murmuring one of Moore's verses. I could very well have taken the latter for the former if only I could have the opportunity of seeing those bright lips move.

Stanza 5. I loved her with a perpetual, unending love which kept unabated in all the seasons, no matter whether it was the hot month of May or the airless, rainy month of June. I also did some publicity for her by writing about her beauty in the weekly fashion magazine. My mother pooh-poohed my fondness for Laura but I dismissed her view-point because I realized soon enough that old women were incapable of any tender feelings. My father also scowled at me but that did not worry me because I knew that rheumatic pains had left him in mood to kneel before a beloved.

Stanza 6. Her father was a high dignitary of the church who was a wealthy person and was plump and red in the face. She had only one brother, a thirteen-year old ruddy boy. Her granny was a bountiful lady who provided free meals to the inhabitants of that parish for a number of years. A son of one of her parents uncle or aunt was a baron and the Chief Magistrate of some English country.

Stanza 7. Nevertheless, honorific titles, government securities of 3% guaranteed interest, properties held in pledge, highly-placed relatives, Government of India bonds, people's donations of one-tenth of their property to the church and the rent of various properties have no significance where the feelings of love are concerned. Cupid

the god of love in Roman mythology regards wealth and titles only physical attractions like dark eyes, bright forehead and curls of hair growing together in the form of clusters. He has little regard for pecuniary investments as Baron Rothschild, the Jewish proprietor of the famous German banking-house can have for the nine Greek goddesses of art and poetry.

Stanza 8. Laura Lily could make quick drawings of beauty spots like valleys, woods and beaches so skilful that they looked more lovely in her pencil sketches than in their natural state. She collected and studied the flora of the country and I was envious of the good fortunes of every young flower that was taken by her to her private apartments and withered there. She sang the tunes composed by Handel sweetly. Even the Catalan orchestra felt jealous of her skill. She played the organ so splendidly that in order to enable her to play this instrument, I would stand for hours on end and drive air into it.

Stanza 9. She kept an album at home which was stocked with glorious things. In it there were paintings of butterflies and of places of religious interest for Catholics, patterns for adorning her garments, records of Eastern anecdotes, amorous songs addressed to her friend, Julia's crested parrot, pungent poems on drought and slaughter, signature and manuscript writings of a foreign nobleman, Prince Leboo and recipes for preparing wine from the flowers of the elder tree.

Stanza 10. People fawned upon her and adored her. They pestered her with their tawdle. People noted the way she walked and the manner in which she dressed herself. They almost worshipped her pet dog. They repeated her sayings off and on. They felt as happy to see her laugh as if they had heard the good news of the abolition of taxes. But all eyes were sad to see a scowl on her face and felt as if the opera-house had been razed to the ground.

Stanza 11. She smiled on many persons but I was sure that it had no significance. His glad eye was just for the sake of fun. I was indeed the first and the only per-

son of whom she had ever thought even for an instant. I was perfectly aware of her attitude because she had clearly told me in divine word. Her handwriting was exquisite and the manner in which she folded her letters to me was lovely.

Stanza 12. Ours was like most other loves. There was a warmth of feeling. There was a thrill. Our love thrived on small presents like a rose or a pair of gloves. It was expressed in the call to halt the tide of time. We felt envious of persons who had inherited great wealth and wished to be in their place. We had misgiving that we would die without attaining our heart's desire. We exchanged as souvenirs a small portrait of mine with a curl of her hair. We pledged to be faithful to each other. It was with these vows and mementoes that we parted company.

Stanza 13. Yes, we parted company in that way. Then months and years passed. We met again after the lapse of four years. When we had parted from each other, we were so sorry that both of us were sobbing and sighing. But our reunion after four years was in an atmosphere of gaiety and laughter. The reason for this change in outlook was that during this period many other beloveds had found a place in the most hidden chamber of my heart and lied there for the time being like tenants. And as for my first beloved, she was no longer the beautiful damsel of the dancing-hall but had married somebody. She was only Mrs. Rogers to me. I had even forgotten her Christian name.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Stanza 1. *I fell in love with the beautiful girl Laura Lily, when I was only an inexperienced lad.*

Notes

Ere—before. **Witty**—clever and amusing, **Had done with**—had given up. **Themes**—it also means *student's essays*. **Yawned**—opened the mouth wide because of feel-

ing weary or sleepy, (جماہی لی). **Infernal**—of hell. **Chitty**—report or document. **Fowling-piece**—light gun. **Filly**—female foal, (بچھیری). **Laura Lily**—the name of the Belle of the Ball-room.

Explanation

I fell in love with Laura Lily in my very boyhood. I was so young in those days that I knew of no other pleasure except riding my young horse and shooting with my light gun. At that time I had neither busied myself with flight of fancy in writing verse nor felt weary by poring over hellish documents relating to everyday affairs. I had hardly given any thought to the need of becoming wise or talking in a clever, amusing manner. In fact I had never even dreamt of these things.

Gist

Stanza 2. *I saw her first when she was dancing at the county hall. She appeared to be the most charming girl there.*

Notes

County—territorial division forming an administrative unit in U.K., corresponding to our district or *tehsil*. **Ball**—a gathering of people for dancing, (ناچنے کے لئے اجتماع). **County Ball**—gathering of the people living in a county for dancing. **Flute** - (بانسری). **Fiddle**—violin (سارنگی). **Signal**—(pronounced *sig-nal*) a sign giving instructions. **Sweet**—lovely, charming. **Middle**—waist. **Sounds......middle**—people danced to the tune of the flute and the fiddle being played there. At the lovely signals given by these musical instruments the hands of the dancers went across the bodies of their respective partners and even down their waists in order to embrace them. **Subtlest**—the most *subtle i.e.*, the most difficult to describe, (نا قابل بیان). **Spell**—charm. (جادو). **Set**—made them start. **Young hearts**—the hearts of young persons. **Romancing**—love affairs. **Hers .....romancing**—of all the charm produced by the dancers to make young men crazy after them, that of Laura Lily was so efficacious that it haggard description,

(نا قابل بیان تھا). **Our**—*i.e.*, of all of us who gather for the dance. **O heaven**—an exclamation of surprise, - سبحان اللہ) اللہ اکبر).

Explanation

I saw Laura Lily at the gathering of the county people for dance when people danced to the tune of the flute and the violin and the various partners embraced each other, the scene was so charming that it sent a thrill through the hearts of youthful spectators. The charm of Laura Lily was, however, the most subtle and indescribable. She danced in such a lovely manner that she appeared to be the queen, the rose, the star of all the company.

Gist

Stanza 3. *She had such a beautiful feminine form that I mistook her for Venus, the goddess of love.*

Notes

Exquisitely—perfectly, having great excellence or beauty exceedingly, (نفاست سے - نفیس). **Tender**—soft. sweet. **Liquid light**—a brilliance like that of water. **Slender**—thin, (نازک). **Score**—twenty, hence *a score of* means many. **Shot......arrows**—(بیسیوں تیر برساتی تھی). **Venus**—(زھرہ). the Roman goddess of love and beauty who was the mother of Cupid. She is identified with the Greek goddess *Aphrodite*. The sparrow, the swan the dove and the swallow are held sacred to her and are often mentioned as drawing her chariot or serving as her messengers. She was worshipped mainly in Cyprus Island which is referred to as *her isle* in this verse.

Explanation

Laura Lily looked very pretty. She had dark hair and white hands. Her voice was very sweet. Her eyes had a brilliance like that of water. She had an extremely slender waist. Her looks and smile pierced the hearts of her lovers. I mistook her for the goddess of love and beauty. Venus who had come straight from Cyprus although it was

difficult for me to understand how she had come there without the sparrows which usually drove her chariot.

Gist

Stanza 4. *Laura Lily talked to me of everything right from literature down to women's wear. Irrespective of her subject matter, I simply loved to hear her talk.*

Notes

Politics or prayers—worldly or spiritual things, politics or religion. **Southey**—a famous English man of letters who lived from 1774 to 1843. Though he became the poet laureate, yet he is best remembered by his prose work, *The life of Nelson.* **Wordsworth**—(1770—1850) one of the greatest English poets. He was Southey's contemporary and friend. **Sonnet**—a love poem of 14 lines. **Danglers**—followers, philanderers, *i.e.*, persons who run after women, (عورتوں کے پیچھے پھرنے والے). **Bonnets**—women's hats which are usually fastened under the chin with ribbons. **At twelve o'clock**—at midnight or in the noon. **Tittle**—little. **Mattered...tittle**—did not matter at all. **Locke**—an English philosopher who lived from 1632—1704. Some of his works have been translated into Urdu by (مولانا عبدالماجد دریا بادی). **Little**—the pen-name of the well-known poet. Thomas Moore, (1779—1852) who is the author of the famous Eastern romance. *Lala Rookh*—(لالہ رخ). **Murmured**—spoke with a soft, indistinct sound (گنگنانے).

Explanation

She talked to me on various topics relating to politics and religion, the latest literary trends in prose and poetry, scandals about womanizers and stories of fun and play about dancing bears. Her topics ranged from war to new-fangled fashions in women's wear. She talked to me at all odd hours. But I worried about neither the time nor the subject matter of her talk. She might be citing from Lock's philosophical writings or murmuring one of Moore's

verses, it was all the same to me. I only loved to see those bright, ravishing lips, no matter what they uttered.

Gist

Stanza 5. *Not only did I love her, but also did a lot of publicity to bring her beauty into prominence. My parents did not approve of my fondness for her, but I thought they had grown too old to love.*

Notes

Through—throughout, during **Sunny**—hot (دھوپ والے) **Sultry**—hot and airless, (اُمس والا). **Eternal**—everlasting, (دائمی). **I spoke...moon**—in the moonlight when I was alone, like a lunatic I would sing her praises to the moon. **Sunday Journal**—fictitious name of a weekly. **Ancient**—very old. **Feeling**—susceptibility, (احساس). **Frowned**—scowled (تیوری چڑھائی). **Gout**—rheumatism, (گٹھیا). It is a disease causing pain in joints. Here the poet means a person suffering from gout. **Kneeling**—bending down on one's knees. The poet means kneeling down in order to express one's love. **But...kneeling**—but it was not strange for a person ailing from gout to be pained at having to kneel down before the beloved.

Explanation

I loved her in season and out of it. My love appeared to be everlasting and did not change with the vagaries of weather. It was always at the same pitch, no matter whether it was hot summer or airless rainy season. I was so enamoured of her beauty that like lunatics I sang her praises to the moon. I even did much publicity for her and wrote articles on her beauty in the popular weekly magazine. My mother laughed to see me go to such lengths, but I did not mind what she said because I believed that she had grown old to feel the thrill of love. My father likewise disapproved of my bent of mind and scowled at me. But he was an aged man suffering from rheumatic pains. I consoled myself by saying that his ailment did not leave him in a mood to appreciate love. How in all

his trouble could he be pleased to see a young man bow down before her ladylove ?

Gist

Stanza 6. *Laura Lily was a well-connected lady.*

Notes

Dean—a high official of the church, (ایک بڑا پادری). **Rather**—somewhat, (کسی حد تک). **Apoplectic**—a person suffering from apoplexy (مرگی), or one whose face is red like that of an apoplectic. **Rich...apoplectic**—these are epithets of the Dean. **Hectic**—hot and flushed (سرخ ، دھکتا ہوا). **Many a year**—mark the construction. It means the same as *many* years. **Fed**—provided free meals. **Parish**—a division of a country, with its own church and clergyman. **Bounty**—alms, (خیرات). **Cousin**—(pronounced *kezin*) the child of one's uncle or aunt, (چچا زاد ، ماموں زاد پھوپھی زاد یا خالہ زاد بھائی). The phrase *first cousin* also denotes the same relationship. **Second cousin**—a child of a first cousin of one's father or mother, (ماں باپ کے چچا زاد ، ماموں زاد ، پھوپھی زاد یا خالہ زاد بھائی کی اولاد). **Peer**—one of the various types of nobles entitled to sit in the House of Lords of the British Parliament. **Lord-Lieutenant**—chief Magistrate in an English county. Note that the word *Lieutenant* is pronounced as *lef-ty-nant*.

Explanation

She came from a well-to-do family. Her only brother was young and ruddy and obviously she could not be much different from him. Her grandmother was a bountiful lady and evidently my beloved inherited this quality from her. Her distant relatives were also men of consequence.

Gist

Stanza 7. *She was a paragon of beauty and this asset was greater even than the high social status of her family*

Notes

Title—(pronounced *ty-tal*) honours conferred on a person,

(خطاب) **Three percents**—The poet means government bonds or company shares with 3% interest or dividend. **Mortgages**—claim on property given by the borrower of money as security to his lender, (رهن ، کفالت). **Great relations**—relatives holding high ranks. **India bound**—certificate of contribution to some loan floated by the then Government of India. **Tithes**—one tenth of one's property paid to the church. As here, this word is generally used in the plural. **Rents**—The rent of various properties. **Sensations**—feelings, (جذبات ، احساسات). **Oh...sensations**—all these sources of income are great assets, but their value pales into insignificance in love's eye which rates beauty higher than everything else. **Clustering**—growing together in the form of a cluster (گچھا). **Locks**—tresses, curls of hair, (گیسو). **Cupid**—The god of love in Roman mythology. He is regarded as the son of Venus and is represented as a beautiful but blind and wanton infant who has wings to fly. He is armed with a bow and a quiver (تر کش) full of arrows. He spares neither gods nor human beings and strikes love in their heart. The lover is successful if he shoots a golden arrow, but quite otherwise if the arrow is made of iron. Compare the Hindu conception of (کام دیو). **Black...chooses**—it is these assets which Cupid chooses in a lady when engendering love for her in some man's heart. **Stocks**—money lent to the government. **Baron**—a lord. **Rothschild**—a German name which means *red shield*. **Baron Rothschild**—a rich German banker (ساهوکار) of Jewish origin whose banking-house was quite famous in the days when this poem was written. **The Muses**—The nine Greek goddesses of arts and poetry.

Explanation

Honorific titles, distinguished relatives and an independent income are great assets in themselves but they are not worth much in the eyes of love. In fact the riches and

title which are estimable in the eyes of the god of love are to be found only in the domain of beauty. They are a black pair of eyes, a bright forehead and a big growth of tresses. The god of love cares for beauty and not for wealth just as the famous Jewish banker, Baron Rothschild, cares for beauty and not wealth.

Gist

Stanza 8. *She excelled in fine arts. She was a good painter and a sweet singer.*

Notes

Sketched—drew, made a quick drawing of a scene. **Vale**—valley. **Wood**—forest. **Beach**—sea shore covered with sand or pebbles. **Shading**– the oblique lines by which the effect of light and shade is produced in a drawing. **The vale . shading**—The way she sketched Nature made those scenes all the more lovely. **Botanised**—looked for plants and studied them. **Blossom**—flower, especially that of a fruit tree. **Boudoir**—a lady's private room. **Fading**—withering. **Young...fading**—young flower withering in her chamber. **Warbled**– sang in a gentle, thrilling manner, (گائی چہچہائی). **Handel**—(1685—1759), a famous German musician who settled in his youth in England where later on he became the court composer. **Warbled Handel**—sang tunes composed by Handel. **Grand**—magnificent, splendid. **Organ**—a musical instrument of the harmonium type but much bigger even than a piano, (آرغنون). **Bellows**—instrument for blowing air into the organ. **She touched bellows**—she played the organ with such masterly skill that I willingly served her for hours on end to blow the bellows through which air is driven into that musical instrument.

Explanation

She made quick drawings of beauty spots so skilfully that they looked more lovely in her sketches than in her natural state. She collected and studied the flora of the land and I envied the good fortune of every young flower which was taken by her to her private apartment and withered there. She sang the tunes composed by Handel

splendidly. Even the Catalani orchestra felt jealous of her skill. She played the organ so sweetly that I loved to drive air into it for hours on end in order to enable her to play this instrument.

Gist

Stanza 9. *She had various other hobbies as well. One of these was the keeping of an album.*

Notes

Album—a book in which pictures, photographs or other similar relics might he kept, (مرقع). **Glories**—wonderful things. **Patterns**—either samples of cloth, or ornamental designs, (کترنیں یا نمونے). **Trimmings**—decorations for a garment. **Persian stories**—the poet wants to suggest stories appealing to unhealthy sexual impulses. **Soft**—amorous, (عاشقانہ). **Julia**—a stock name for a beloved in poetry. **Cockatoo**—a kind of parrot having a crest. **Fierce**—couched in strong terms. **Ode**—a long poem in celebration of some person or event, (نظم کی ایک قسم). **Slaughter**—butchery, murder. **Fierce...slaugter**—note the way his beloved's mind works. **Autograph**—a person's name or other piece of writing written in his own hand and preserved as a souvenir, (قلمی تحریر). **Prince**—this title also signifies the ruler of a small territory. **Prince Leboo**—a fictitious foreign name. The poet wants to suggest that she ran after men of rank even though they happened to be foreigners, and took pride in talking about them. **Receipes** it is a misprint. Please read *recipes*. The word *recipe* (pronounced *res-ipee*) means a statement describing the mode of preparing a medicine or dish. Here the latter sense is intended (ترکیب). **Elder-water**—wine prepared from the white flowers growing on a small tree.

Explanation

Among her other hobbies was the maintenance of an album in which she had pasted paintings of butterflies and of places of religious interest, patterns for adorning her garments, cutting from papers containing sex stories,

amorous songs addressed to her playmates, playthings, poems celebrating drought and massacre, autographs of high-ranking foreigners, and statements describing the methods of preparing wine from the flowers of the elder-tree.

Gist

Stanza 10. *She was the ideal of all hearts and was worshipped by everybody. People were glad to see her happy, but became sad to find her in trouble.*

Notes

Flattered—courted, fawned upon. **Bored**—tired by long, dull talk. The poet means to say that her admirers used to talk to her so long that she was bored with their twaddle. **Her steps...noted**—people watched her every step to see how gracefully she walked. They looked at the design of her dress in order to copy it. **Poodle dog**—a kind of pet dog with long, curly hair. **Quite**—almost, (تقریباً). **Adored**—worshipped. **Her sayings...quoted**—people repeated her sayings everywhere. **Opera**—he means an *opera-house i.e.*, a place where an *opera* or musical drama is presented. **Demolished**—razed to the ground.

Explanation

Her admirers courted and adored her. They bored her with their talk. She was the idol of all hearts and was looked upon as the paragon of beauty and wisdom. People ooked upon her joy and sorrow as their own. When she was happy, everyone felt as glad as if the taxes had been abolished. On the other hand whenever she was aggrieved a pall of sorrow was cast over all and they felt as if the very opera-house in which they were sitting had collapsed.

Gist

Stanza 11. *She flirted with so many people but I was sure she loved none except me.*

Notes

I knew...it—I was sure this flirtation was just for the sake of fun and there was no significance attached to it.

Phrase—words, mode of expression, (الفاظ). **Devinely**—in a godly manner. **Moulded**—cast, (ڈھلا ہوا). **A charming hand**—in a very beautiful handwriting. **Sweetly**—lovingly.

Explanation

I did not mind her smiling on everybody because I knew it was just for the sake of fun and had no significance. I felt sure I was the first and only person on whom she had set her heart. This she had told me in words which were godly. Her handwriting was beautiful; and, above all, it was a very lovely manner in which she folded her letters containing these assurances.

Gist

Stanza 12. *Our love was like that of most other persons till we parted with the usual vows.*

Notes

Glow—warmth of feeling, (گرم جوشی). **Shiver**—trembling, hence thrill. **A little glow...shiver**—sometimes our love was like a glow, at other like a thrill. **Rose-bud**—(گلاب کی کلی). The poet says that his love thrived on presents made of small gifts like rose-buds and gloves. **And ...river**—whenever we went to the river bank we wrote upon the water the words "fly not yet" praying thereby that this time of love should not fly away **Some jealousy ...heir**—sometimes we felt envious of persons who had inherited great wealth and wished to be in their place in order to enjoy life. **Some hopes...hearted**—sometimes we had a misgiving that we would die without attaining our heart's desires. **Miniature**—very small portrait. **Parted**—(جدا ہوئے). **A miniature...parted**—when after some time we had to part company, we pledged, as is customary with lovers, never to forget each other. As momentoes we exchanged a small portrait of mine with a curl of her hair.

Explanation

Our love was like that of others. We had the same sort of attractions and repulsions and hopes and aspirations as other persons. We held out the usual assurances of

fidelity to each other when we had to part company and exchanged presents to perpetuate our love.

Gist

Stanza 13. *We parted company in sorrow but met four years later in mirth and laughter because our love had ended like a bubble.*

Notes

Rolled by—passed. **Four summers**—it is equivalent to saying *four* years because summer comes only once a year. **Parting**—separation. **Sobs**—(سسکیاں). **Meeting**—reunion. **Mirth**—joy. Mark that the word *mirth* is the abstract noun from the adjective *merry*. **Secret**—hidden. **Cell**—a small room for one person, (حجرہ). **Lodgers**—tenants, persons who pay money to another for living in a room in the latter's house, (کرایہ دار). The poet means other objects of love. **For...lodgers**—because a number of other beloved persons had from time to time been the ternants of the house which is known as my heart. **Mrs... Rogers**—Laura Lily was married by now and lost her name and identity in those of some man other than her first lover.

Explanation

When we had parted we were sobbing and heaving sighs. Nevertheless when we met four years later we felt no more sorrow over it. This change was brought about by the fact that I had many more objects of my devotion in the meantime. Laura Lily too had changed. She was no longer the dancing beauty that I had once loved. She had now married somebody and was just a woman of no significance.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATION WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Stanzas **17, 12** and **13** of this poem are important. For explanatory notes to them, the student is referred to the relevant portions of the preceding section.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *Write a summary of Praed's poem.* **The Belle of the Ball-room** in not more than *two pages of the answer book.*

Ans. See the Summary.

Q. II. *What is meant by the title* **The Belle of the Ball-room?** Write a Critical Appreciation of the poem.

Ans. See the Introduction to the Poem and the Critical Appreciation.

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50. THE TALENTED MAN

BY
WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

I. THE POET

The note on the life and letters of Winthrop Mackworth Praed is given in this book under poem 9.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

This poem is written in the form of a letter. Its writer is a London lady who is fond of fashionable society. The addressee is a friend of hers residing in Lausanne, a city situated in the eastern part of Switzerland. The city, which was far smaller than London, comes in for a minor fling by the London lady who regard it as a backword and primitive place. The letter ends with a post-script in which the London lady breaks the most important news.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

Wealthy ladies have only a superficial liking for talent. They measure even their love with the yardstick of money.

IV. SUBSTANCE

A London lady writes to her friend Alice about a new find. She has grown a bit sentimental about the poet Tully St. Paul, a young man fresh from the university, who had become the idol of women belonging to the upper strata of society. She finds him cynical and ugly, and is moreover

told of his weaknesses but his talent eclipses everything in her eyes. She continues to be deeply in love with him till one day she comes to know of his greatest drawback—his poverty. This brings about a radical change in her attitude. She can no longer think of marrying him.

V. SUMMARY

The London lady writes to her friend at Lausanne about a young poet, Tully St. Paul who has suddenly become the idol of the fashionable society in the British capital. Every girl is frantic about him. He can go on talking on all learned subjects and impresses the young ladies with his talent. He has smutty jokes to cut and scandalous tales to tell—jokes and tales which might not be liked in the simpler Swiss town of Lausanne but always have a ready and eager audience in London. He has his weaknesses, also. He is a bit cynical, is reported to be haughty, quarrelsome and addicted to wine, and is physically handicapped. But his talent more than compensates for all these drawbacks. The London lady is so crazy after him that she would fain reject her mother's plan to marry her to a nobleman. But suddenly—in the post-script—she realises that the poet has a great drawback—he is penniless. She abruptly changes her mind and her infatuation for the poet comes to an end. She is no longer willing to look upon him as a prospective husband.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The Talented Man is a satire on the working of rich young ladies' mind, but the epistolatory form in which it is couched gives it a very realistic touch. This serves to heighten the satirical effect of the poem. The writer of this verse letter is a representative character and typifies the sophisticated and vacuous life of all the women belonging to this society. The misconstrue 'talent' for smutty jokes and scandalous stories. But the worst part of it is that they measure every thing with the yardstick of money. They can easily put up with physical disabilities and moral lapses provided they are compensated with wealth. Pell is their chief criterion and when someone is found wanting in this respect, they readily turn away from him. An interesting sidelight

on another trait of such women's character is thrown by the post-script in which the London lady tells of her latest decision in rejecting the so-called talented man as her would-be partner in life. This is the main piece of news—in fact the point with which she should have opened the letter. But her putting it off till the post script reveals her perverted sense of values. This picture of a rich young lady is none too exaggerated. Rather it mirrors her in the true perspective and she can only curse her own good self for the ghostly aspect she presents. In closing one cannot help noticing the wonderful effects produced by the repetition of *a talented man* at the end of each stanza. The change from praise to blame reminds one of Antony's oration on Caesar's death.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. My dear Alice ! Let me tell you something which I am sure you would laugh to hear. Last week I was introduced to the clever new poet, Tully St. Paul. You must have heard of him, havn't you ? He chose me as his partner at the ball held at the house of the Duchess. How popular he was with women ! Miss Jonquil really went crazy after him ; and Lady Anne—I only wish you could have seen her plight. Tully's appearance suffused the whole atmosphere with love and romance. Such a telented man he is !

Stanza 2. He came here straight from the university this spring. He is what is termed a 'new find' in common parlance. Alice, my dear, his brain is stocked with all branches of knowledge. He knows everything about everything. He can incessantly talk of science and logic and present many fine points in rapid succession. Granted that these learned subjects do not fall within my province and that I am in no position to pronounce any judgment on anyone's ability in this field, yet I cannot refrain from declaring that Tully is a talented man.

Stanza 3. He tells pleasant stories and jokes, but these are not for ears like yours to hear. The jokes are extremely malicious and the stories are not always based on truth. Sympathy and truthfulness might be good enough for a

simple, unsophisticated Swiss town like Lausanne, but London is quite different. Dear me ! it is quite unthinkable how a talented man could succeed in London without these spiteful jokes and false stories.

Stanza 4. Alice dear, you would certainly upbraid him if you see how he smiles contemptuously at any expression of sentiment like the exquisite happiness of heaving a sigh or shedding a tear. Just think how callous he was to dismiss me with a sardonic laugh when I told him that we had cried over parting from our last year's idol, Trevelyan. I tell you on oath I flew into a passion to see his reaction. In my rage, I broke the sticks of my fan. But still he was adamant. It seems as if sensibility and sentimentality has become an outmoded trait of character in the eyes of a talented man.

Stanza 5. Lady Bab, that goody woman who is such a prude, has spoken to me a lot of evil things about Tully. She has told me he is haughty and quarrelsome, and this is indeed a silly allegation. I was sorry to hear from her that he was fond of that French wine, champagne. I took with a grain of salt, what she had to tell me ; for directly as she began her diatribe I saw her motive. She was giving vent to a rich widow's malice. I know she definitely hates a talented man.

Stanza 6. I grant that his features are repulsive. But I tell you, my eyes can worship nothing except love and fame. No doubt he is lame, dear Alice, but even so was Lord Byron. Similarly, if he is short-statured and fat, even so was Thomas Moore. And as to his voice, my lovely Alice, it is such—eh, it is just like that of your Aunt Lucy's long-beaked South American bird. But I am not the one to be distracted by the things. Tone of one's voice or one's features do not at all come into consideration when one is a talented man.

Stanza 7. As you know, mummy has throughout the season been talking of the agricultural property owned by that nobleman, Sir Geoffrey. He is a fool, but I shall not be unnecessarily hard on him. I frankly admit that for

some time past I have not found him to be so repulsive as he used to be. Yet I cannot think of marrying her. When I go out with her today for a drive in the carriage, I will speak my mind to her and ask her to abandon her scheme for a match. If ever I undertake the risk of marriage, I am resolved to take none other than a talented man for my partner.

Stanza 8. *Post-script.* I tell you in the strictest confidence that in saner and deeper thought I have found one drawback in my friend, Tully St. Paul. Were it not there, he would be perfect in all respects. I pity the bloke for he is penniless. He is scheduled to visit us again next September. He would be here to go out for shooting with my uncle, Sir Dan. I will no more set my cap on him now. I have assured mummy that I shall take him for just what he is—a mere talented man and not my prospective hubby.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATION

Gist

Stanza 1. *The London lady writes to her friend at Lausanne, Alice, telling her of a poet. Tully St. Paul, of whom she had grown fond.*

Notes

Alice—The lady at Lausanne to whom this letter is addressed. It is pronounced *Eh-lis.* **Duchess's hall**—The dance held at the house of duchess. *Duchess* is feminine form of *duke* which denotes a very high rank of nobility. **Tully St. Paul**—The name of the poet whom she had begun to love. **Miss Jonquil**—The name of another lady attending the ball. **Frantic**—widly excited, (شوریدہ سر). **Lady Anne**—another lady at the ball. **Romantic**—sentimental, (رومانی ' جذباتی). **Talented**—a man of many parts, one having great ability.

Explanation

Miss Jonquil .....man—indeed the poet. Tully St. Paul, is such an able man that his presence inspired the whole company. The atmosphere was permeated by romance.

Women of rank set their cap on him. Miss Jonquil felt wildly excited. As to Lady Anne, she was so enamoured that her condition beggared description.

Gist

Stanza 2. *He is a new find and can talk on various branches of knowledge for hours on end.*

Notes

Brazen Nose College – a fictitious name suggestive of the phrase brazen-faced, *i.e.*, shameless, impudent. **Just caught**—a new find. **As......it**—according to the common phrase, as the people say. **This spring**—The poet wants to suggest that St. Paul had come soon after his final examination at the Brazen Nose College. **Love**—form of addressing a close friend, (پیارے). **Stuffed** –filled, stocked. **Conceivable—**that which can be conceived or imagined. **Logic**—The science of reasoning, (منطق). **Chatters** –talks incessantly.

Explanation

And his......he can—his head is well-stocked with knowledge. He knows everything about everything. Science and logic are looked upon as difficult subjects but he is so well-posted that he can finely and rapidly speak on these subjects for hours on end.

Gist

Stanza 3. *He had delightful stories to tell but they are malicious and somewhat false and are not the stuff to be repeated in Lausanne.*

Notes

Stories—tales, anecdotes. **Jests**—jokes. **Dear**—my dear friend ! **Exceedingly**—greatly—very much. **Spiteful** —full of ill-will, malicious. (کینہ اندوز). **Quite**—he wants to suggest that there is a grain of truth of them, though they are not quite true. **Kind**—sympathetic. **Veracious**—truthful. **Do pretty well**—may be good, may be liked.

Answer—be fit for the occasion, succeed, answer the need. **Good gracious**—an exclamation of surprise, (توبہ). **Chez-nous**– (pronounced *shay-noo*) dear me, another exclamation of surprise.

Explanation

His......men—he tells delightful anecdotes and pleasant jokes. I would have gladly written a few for your pleasure in this letter, but they are not the type you would, or at least, should enjoy. Indeed the jokes are very malicious, and the stories scandalous and devoid of truth. But you must not think of them in disparaging terms. In your city, Lausanne, it might he liked to be sympathetic and truthful but, dear me, in London no talented person could succeed with that sort of stuff. He could never win popularity without being able to tell smutty jokes and scandalous stories.

Gist

Stanza 4. *I loved him frantically but in return he only smiled contemptuously. Perhaps it is because talented persons are not sentimental.*

Notes

Sneers—smiles contemptuously. **Scold**—blame with angry words, (لعن طعن کرنا لعنت ملامت کرنا). **How......him**—you would surely have scolded him. **Bliss** exquisite happiness, very great joy. **Only think**—just imagine, (ذرا غور تو کرو). **Cried o'er**—were grieved at our past. **Trevelyan**—fictitious name of a gentleman of whom the writer of this letter and her friends had become fond last year. **Vow**—swear, tell on oath, (قسم کھاتی ہوں). **In a passion**—enraged. **I broke..... fan**—The poet wants to suggest her rage at this discomfiture. **Sentiments**—feelings, (جذبات). **Out of fashion**—outmoded. **Seems**—appears to the mind, gives the impression. The word *seems* expresses greater doubt than *appears*.

Explanation

He sneers......tear—Alice dear, you would certainly upbraid him and take him to task for smiling contemptuously at any display of sentiment. He disdains sighs and tears in total disregard of the very great pleasure that others derive from them. **He laughed .....year**—just imagine his callousness. He did nothing but laugh heartily when I told him of the pangs of separation we had endured when Trevelyan, who was the object of our devotion before him, left us last year. **I vow.....man**—certainly I flew into a passion to hear his unkind, cynical reaction. I got so angry that I broke all the sticks of my fan. But to my mind it appears as if talented persons regard depth of feeling as quite outmoded.

Gist

Stanza 5. *Another member of our company. Lady Bab, maligned Tully St. Paul but I viewed her bonafides with suspicion.*

Notes

Lady Bab—an elderly lady of the company. **Terribly**—greatly, very much. **Vain**—haughty, (مغرور). **Apt**—likely, disposed. **And apt .....quarrel**—disposed to quarrel, although I know the charge is foolish. **Champagne**—(pronounced *shame-pain*) a costly French wine containing gas which makes it bubble and sparkle when the bottle is opened. **And fond .....champagne**—addicted to champagne, and this is of course a grievous charge. **Dowager**—widow who has received some property on title from her husband. The name is often given to the widow of a prince or nobleman to distinguish her from the wife of the man who has succeeded to her husband's title. For instance, the *queen* is the wife of the living ruler, while the *dowager queen* is the widow of his predecessor. **Malice**—active illwill, desire to harm others.

Explanation

I listened.....man- Dear Alice, I viewed with suspicion all the charges levelled by the Dowager Lady Bab

against Tully St. Paul. Even as she began to talk, I saw her purpose. I knew she was saying all this out of spite. She was jealous because herself being an elderly widow, she did not have the ghost of a chance to become the object of his love. Only fools might love her, and since Tully is no fool but a talented man, it is only natural that her thwarted wishes and jealousy should incite her into strong hatred against the man.

Gist

Stanza 6. *I grant that he has neither charming features nor a sweet voice. But the lack of good looks and sweet voice is quite eompensated with talent.*

Notes

Hideous—horrid, horrible, (گھناؤنا). **I own it**—I grant, (مانتی ہوں، مجھے تسلیم ہے). **These eyes**—my eyes which are connoisseur of loveliness. **Adore**—worship. **Lord Byron**—(1788—1824), a great English poet who is one of the younger Romanticists. Though handsome, he was lame. He had little moral scruples and was very popular with women. **Love**—*i.e.*, my dear Alice. **Dumpy**—short and thick, (ناٹا اور موٹا). **Tom Moore**—Thomas Moore (1779—1852) a wellknown poet who is famous for his Eastern poetic romance, *Lala Rookh*. The book has been rendered into exquisite Urdu prose by (ل۔احمد۔ اکبر آبادی). **My sweet creature**—my dear Alice. **Toucan**—a South American bird having a big beak and brightly coloured feathers. **Tone**—The distinctive quality of voice. **Feature**—face or any part of it. **When...man**—if a person is talented.

Explanation

Then......man—his voice is also hideous. My dear and lovely Alice, his voice is like the horrid cry of your aunt Lucy's long-beaked South American bird. But I am not at all worried by these drawbacks. Indeed voice and features, however ugly, do not come into consideration when the man himself is talented.

Gist

Stanza 7. *My mother contemplates giving me away in marriage to a wealthy baronet, but I shall tell her plainly that I will marry none other than a talented man.*

Notes

Sir Geoffrey—the fictitious name of a wealthy baronet whom the London lady's mother would make her son-in-law. **Estate**—vast landed property, (جاگیر). **To do...... reason**—to be reasonable with that nincompoop not to be unnecessarily harsh towards him. **Lay down**—drop, give up. **Plan**– scheme, idea of marriage. **Venture**—embark.

Explanation

Mummy has been trying to induce me to agree to marry Sir Geoffery by telling me of his vast wealth and honourable rank. I shall not be unnecessarily hard on him. He was horrible, but lately I have found in him a little change for the better. Nevertheless, I cannot think in terms of marrying him. I know mummy is planning this marriage, but when I go out with her for a drive today, I will make it clear to her that in the first place I am not going to get married. If, however, I embark on this venture, my only choice would be a talented man and not a silly nobleman.

Gist

Stanza 8. *On a second thought, I hit upon a great drawback in Tully St. Paul. He is penniless. I have promised mummy not to think of marrying him.*

Notes

P.S.—the abbreviated form of the Latin word *post-script* which means something written after the main writing. **Reflection**—thought, contemplation, (غور و فکر). **My friend**—by it is meant the "talented man," Tully St. Paul. **Entre** *nous* (pronounced *ant-ray-noo*) which is a French phrase meaning between you and me, *i.e.*, I tell you this thing in strict confidence ; you should not carry the tale further. **Perfection**—a perfect specimen of something, a perfect quality personified. **Without...perfection**

—he would be perfect if he did not have this fault. **Sou**—(pronounced *soo*), the name of the French halfpenny coin. In English it is used only in the phrase *not a sou* which means 'no money.' **Shoot**—go out for shooting. **Sir Dan**—again a fictitious name. **Promised**—given my word to. Mark that promise when used as a verb is not followed by a preposition. **Mamma**—like *mummy* it is child's loving word for mother.

Explanation

Only—merely. The emphasis on this word, which is printed in the text, in a distinct type, is put to indicate that he is a talented man and that is all ; it could be the height of folly for a girl to choose him for her husband because he is penniless. After all, the "truth" has dawned on the London lady that money and not talent is the prime consideration in matrimony. **And so...man**—The implicit sense is that the London lady has assured her mother that she would no longer think of this penniless talented man as her prospective husband. When next he is there to go on a shooting expedition with her uncle, she would keep in mind that he is merely a talented man and no more. She has pledged her word not to run after Tully St. Paul any more.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATION WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Stanzas **3, 6** and **8** are important. For a detailed explanation, the student is referred to the relevant portions under the preceding section.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *Write out a Summary of* **The Talented Man** *in your own words.*

Ans. Look up the Summary.

Q. II. *What has Praed to say about wealthy young ladies of his days ? Give the impressions formed by you after a perusal of* **The Talented Man.**

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

51. THE CHARMING WOMAN

BY

LADY DUFFERIN

I. THE POETESS

Lady Dufferin (1807—1867) was a minor poet of the nineteenth century. She came of a family noted for its great literary traditions, the well-known playwright Sheridan being her grandfather. She wrote much verse which makes a pleasant reading but is devoid of qualities that lend greatness to poetry.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

The Charming woman is a character-sketch written in verse. The heroine, Miss Myrtle, is a fictitious personality whom the poetess uses to lash pretentious women of a particular type.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

Women who want to impress others with their manlike ways to the utter neglect of their womanly duties are just pretentious frauds.

IV. SUBSTANCE

Miss Myrtle, who has been flirting with so many persons, has decided to get married. She is well-versed in Classics and has been a prodigy in some respects. Yet the woman in her has always been neglected. She has lived a life not very different from that of a society girl. Her health has been undermined. Her pocket has been empty but her bills have been mounting up rapidly. Her visitors are very large in numbers and are all strangers. Looking at her, one feels that one should never marry a woman who happens to be charming like her.

V. SUMMARY

Miss Myrtle is going to get married. She will be breaking so many hearts. But we must approve the match for she is a charming woman and her would-be spouse is very fortunate to win her over. She has much of the man in

her, but it is all to the detriment of the much cherished womanly qualities. She is well-versed in Latin and Greek but can neither hem nor sew. She has been undermining her health by keeping late hours. Her dress lacks decency. There is a rather uncommon flash in her eyes. She loves to talk on current affairs in the fashion of men but even a charming woman does not look nice when she begins to talk over her own head. She is penniless, yet her bills are mounting rapidly. She has numerous visitors. They are all strangers who by their very looks give rise to suspicion. Seeing the ways of this charming woman, one would be well advised not to marry her type, however charming they might be.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The Charming Woman by Lady Dufferin has a special interest for in it a woman castigates her own sex. She has a lot to say against ill-advised and pretentious women who ape men instead of training themselves to become good house-wives. Lady Dufferin has no sympathy for the so-called social awakening of woman which is cutting at the very roots of peaceful home life. In their abortive bid to win popularity, such women only succeed in bringing disaster on their families. They are in no way concerned with the sanctity of marital relations. They set aside all moral scruples and fall into evil ways. Who would marry them to ruin their own life ? Who would be silly enough to spurn a woman's eloquent and sincere warning against the sins of her sex, and fall a prey to their superficial charms which are nothing but baneful ?

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. So, after all, is it true that Miss Myrtle is going to marry ? She will break many hearts, as for instance, that of Lord George Tombrown and Sir Harry all of whom are passionately in love with her. Anyway scandal-mongers may say whatever they may like to, yet we should all approve of this match. She is a charming woman indeed, and it must have been a very lucky man who succeeded in winning her hand.

Stanza 2 Yes, she is a charming woman indeed. She is well-versed in classics and read both Latin and Greek. She has been a little of a prodigy, for I have been given to understand that she solved one of Euclid's geometrical propositions even before she had learnt to lisp any words. If only she had been my daughter, I would have taught her to do some stitching and hemming. But you know since her mother has herself been a charming woman, she could not even think of training her daughter in these trifles.

Stanza 3. There is no doubt about it that she is a charming woman, but she is a little too lean. Again it is not strange that her habit of keeping very late hours should have turned her pretty skin ugly. As for her, it is rather indecent. On the top her shoulders and at the bottom her legs up to the knees are uncovered owing to her small gown. But I am given to understand that charming women are very unconventional so far as their dress is concerned. They are allowed the greatest latitude with it.

Stanza 4. Nevertheless she is really a charming woman. But I think I have incidentally observed in the flash of her eyes something which is rather unusual. But it may be just a figment of my imagination. I cannot even refrain from pointing out that she speaks with a very shrill tone. But I am given to understand that charming women have a tendency to be self-willed and stubborn.

Stanza 5. She sings with a voice as sweet as that of the song-birds bullfinch and linnet but she talks like an Archbishop. If she can employ herself in no better way, she may very well play at cards with you and beat you at the game. She can ceaselessly go on talking of important topics like legislation aimed at helping the poor and needy persons, shares of property donated to the Church, and economic theories regarding the value of labour and land. But I would like to say that howsoever charming a woman might be, she cuts a sorry figure when she begins to discuss things which she is quite incapable of understanding.

Stanza 6. I am given to understand that she is quite penniless. It is, however, strange that she managed to wear such costly gowns as excite the envy of even the wealthiest of women. But I need not raise any objection on that point because it is a matter that solely concerns her husband. Husbands lacking discretion and so careless with their money must be a rare commodity. Anyhow, as you well know, a charming woman is regarded by people as a fortune in herself.

Stanza 7. People say she has dozens of brothers and sisters who are all charming like herself. Moreover, she has several cousins who hail from Ireland. They are tall, stalwart persons. She loves all of them very intimately—just like a sister, she adds. (Her moral standards can well be judged from the nature of her visitors.) If any young man cares to listen to me, I shall give him a word of advice. It is this: If you are a sensible man, you should never marry a charming woman. You shall certainly find this piece of advice an excellent plan.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Stanza 1. *A charming lady, Miss Myrtle, is going to marry. She will break the heart of her unsuccessful followers.*

Notes

Miss Myrtle—a fictitious name. She is the heroine of this poem, the target of this trenchant satire. **So......marry**—an exclamatory question which means, "Is she really going to marry?" **Lord......Harry**—fictitious names of Miss Myrtle's unsuccessful suitors. **Match**—arrangement of marriage, (رشتہ). **Approve**—have a good opinion of. **Gossips**—idle talkers, especially women, persons spreading rumours or talking scandals; those who are fond of talking about other people's affairs. The word *gossip* also means idle talk, but that is not the sense intended here. **Charming**—enchanting, very lovely.

Explanation

Let......can—we do not care what scandal-mongers go about saying with regard to this match. They may try to run the contracting parties down and find fault with either of them, but that has no significance for us.

Gist

Stanza 2. *She is learned women, but unluckily that which every good housewife ought to know, was never taught her by anybody.*

And she......Greek—she is well-versed in classics and can study them in the original. **Problem**—also a geometrical proposition. **Euclid**—or *Eucleides*, (اقلیدس) a famous mathematician who lived in Alexandria towards the close of the third century B. C. His great work on elementary geometry survives the author's name *i.e.*, it is known as Euclid. The contents of this book are taught in all schools throughout the world. It is said when once the Greek ruler of Egypt, Ptolemy, asked him about a simple way to learn geometry, he came out with the tort reply that there was no *royal road* to geometry. That is how the phrase 'royal road' took its origin. **Hem**—make a border by turning in and sewing down the edge of a piece of cloth, (سنجاف یا مغزی لگانا). **Sew**—stitch, (سینا). **Trifles**—minor and unimportant matters. (معمولی معمولی کام). **You know**—as you know perfectly well.

Explanation

Of course Miss Myrtle is a charming lady. She is well-versed in the classics and read them in the original. She was a precocious child and could solve geometrical problems even before she had learnt to lisp her words. If she had been my daughter, I would certainly have taught her what every conscientious housewife ought to know. I would have taught her how to sew and hem. But these were things of no worth and importance in the eyes of her mother. She disdained this necessary part of a woman's training. She was herself a charming lady, and charming ladies, as you might well be aware, cannot stoop to

the low level of teaching these trifles. So the most important side of Miss Myrtle's training was entirely neglected.

Gist

Stanza 3. *She is a charming woman in many respects but she is a little too thin and her dress lacks decency.*

Notes

A little too thin—more lean than what aesthetic standards might demand. **Late hours**—she means keeping awake till late at night. **Rather**—somewhat. **Too bare**—too much exposed to look decent. **Up...knees**, *i.e.*, too high according to the standards of the last century. **Just... please**—she means without paying any regard to decency.

Explanation

She is charming but is a little too lean. Her skin is no longer pretty, simply because she has been keeping awake till late at night at the club or the dancing-hall. She has no regard for decorum. She is naked at the shoulders above, and up to the knees below. But what right have I to carp at her ? I am given to understand that charming women have no restrictions on their dress. They may have any cut of dress they like. Nobody would question the advisability of their flouting all canon of modesty.

Gist

Stanza 4. *There is something very uncommon in the flash of her eyes and the tone of her voice—something that smacks of indecency.*

Notes

Observed—noticed, (غور سے دیکھا). **By the bye** or *by the by*, which means incidentally, by the way, in the course of observing other things, (ضمناً). **A something**—something that beggars description. **Uncommon**—extraordinary, (غیر معمولی). **Flash**—sudden gleam. **Fancy**—delusion, arbitrary supposition, figment of imagination. **Sharp**—shrill.

Explanation

No doubt she is a charming lady, but I believe I have noticed by the way something extraordinary in the sudden gleam of her shining eyes. May be, it is just a figment of my imagination, but I can tell you the tone of her voice is unusually shrill. Anyway I must not stretch the point too far, because there might be nothing really objectionable in her attitude. I am given to understand that charming women have a tendency to be self-willed.

Gist

Stanza 5. *She talks and plays like men but lacks their commonsense and breadth of knowledge. This masculinity is indeed deplorable.*

Notes

Bullfinch—a short necked, fine plumaged song-bird. **Linner**—It is a misprint for *linnet*, which is a small brown song-bird. **Sings...Linnet**—has a very sweet voice and sings lovely songs. **Archbishop**—(pronounced *arch* and not *ark*) chief bishop; he is also known as the Metropolitan. **Talks...too**—talk in the same authoritarian manner in which a Metropolitan talks. **Rubber**—deciding game in a group of three at card games like whist, etc. **Chatter**—talk endlessly and uninterruptedly. **Poor-laws**—legislation in England for the betterment of poor people's lot. **Tithes**—tenth part of people's total properties which they usually donated to the church. **Value...land**—various economic theories regarding labour and land. **She can...land**—she can speak on various topics of current interest.

Explanation

She sings...to do—Though she can sing as sweetly as song-birds, yet when she comes to speaking, she can talk with the Metropolitan's authoritarianism. Her masculine interests do not end there. She takes much pleasure in men's diversions. She plays men's games, and if she has nothing better to do, she would readily play with you a set of games at whist and win the rubber. **'Tis...understand**—It is deplorable that lovely women should dabble

in those matters which lie beyond their comprehension. In actual fact they only lose their charm by displaying their gross ignorance.

Gist

Stanza 6. *Though it is only her husband's affairs, yet we cannot desist from pointing out that despite poverty, she lives like a rich woman.*

Notes

Gown—woman's elaborate dress. **Would...stare**—would be the envy of the wealthiest of women. **Bills**—demand for payment for goods sold or services rendered. **But affair**—but that is a matter with which none except her husband is concerned. **Regardless of**—unconcerned over, careless of. **Prudence**—wisdom, discretion, careful forethought. **Pelf**—wealth, money. **Fortune**—wealth.

Explanation

Such...herself—rare indeed are such husbands who have neither any discretion with regard to the conduct of their wives nor any concern over the waste of their money. That is a sad state of affairs indeed, but what can one after all do in the face of their assertion that since a lovely woman is a fortune in herself, they need have no truck with wisdom nor should they worry over the squandering of money ?

Gist

Stanza 7. *She has a very wide circle of comrades, brothers by dozens and cousins by legion. The only wise course is to abstain from marrying lovely women with these moral standards.*

Notes

By dozens—whose number runs into many a dozen, **Tall...cousin**—stalwart Irish persons whom she calls her cousins. **In...way**—very intimately. **Plan**—line of action, scheme.

Explanation

Lovely women appear to have few moral scruples, if

any. They have intimate relations with innumerable persons whom they give out to be their brothers and cousins. They are all charming and stalwart men, the very type debauched womanizers' look. They are all unknown to the locality where lives particular woman whom they come to visit. I would indeed advise all young men never to marry women with such lax morals.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATION WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Stanzas **5** and **6** are important. Detailed explanations are given in the preceding section.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *Write out a Summary of* **The Charming Woman.**

Ans. Look up the Summary.

Q. II. *Critically Appreciate* **The Charming Woman.** *How far do you agree with Lady Dufferin's views?*

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

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52. THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY"

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I. THE POET

Oliver Wendell Homles (1809—1894) was a famous American man of letters. He was pre-eminently a prose-writer and achieved lasting fame with his discourses in the 'Breakfast Table' series the best of which is *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.* He also wrote a number of poems which were either published separately or found interspersed with his prose works. *The Deacon's Masterpiece; or The Wonderful 'One-Hoss Shay,'* as the full title reads, is one of his most popular poems of this type. Holmes was a doctor of medicine by training and profession, and journalist by avocation. He had a delightful personality which scintillates through his writings and holds the reader with its charm. He combines in himself a fascinating wit and

sincere charm so that many of his lyrics bring a smile on the lips and tears in the eyes.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

'One-Hoss Shay' is a jocular form of one-horse chaise, which denotes a low, four-wheeled pleasure carriage drawn by one horse. A *chaise* (pronounced *shayz*) is something like a phaeton (فٹن). The poem forms a part of the 'Breakfast Table' series. Its full title is: *The Deacon's Masterpiece; or The Wonderful 'One-Hoss Shay.'* It was in fact the masterpiece of the clergyman who was fed up with the unequal wear and tear of the parts of other coaches. Hence the first part of the full title.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

A deacon built a Shay all of whose parts were equally strong. Hence there was no trouble for a full century till all the parts gave away simultaneously and the carriage collapsed. That is indeed sheer logic.

IV. SUBSTANCE

A clergy once hit upon a novel idea. Working on his theory, he built a One-Hoss Shay (*i.e.*, a chaise to be drawn by one horse) in such a way that none of its parts was less strong than the other. The shay was a wonderful piece of craftsmanship. Generations of man used it without ever finding in it any sign of decay. However after the lapse of one hundred years—exact to the minute – the Shay went to pieces all at once and the parson experienced a spill. This sudden end was just a logical conclusion to its maker's theory. He had built all the parts equally strong and that was how they ended simultaneously.

V. SUMMARY

Have you ever heard of the wonderful One-Hoss Shay and what happened to it ? Well I shall tell you. It was built in the reign of George II exactly that hour of the day when Lisbon was devastated by a terrible earthquake. It thus came into being at 9-30 a. m., on November 1, 1755. The man who built it was a clergyman who did a bit of logical reasoning. He said the breakdown of Shay is due

to the fact that some one of their parts happens to be weaker than the rest. So he took good care that all the parts should be equally strong. With this end in view he used the best material that was available anywhere. The Shay was the clergyman's masterpiece. Three generations had used it already, and now the third was getting from it no less satisfactory service. Things continued like that till the 100th anniversary of the Shay. On that day it displayed some traces of age, but viewed separately, each part was as strong as before. The clergyman—the fourth in descent from the maker of the Shay—took a drive in it one morning. He was passing by the Nonconformist chapel when he felt a tremor and sensation of fall. Instantaneously he found himself on a rock for the Shay had all crumbled to pieces at 9-30 a. m. on November 1, 1855. This end of the first clergyman's masterpiece seems strange, but everyone who is not a fool will readily see the logic behind it. All parts of the Shay were equally strong, so they enjoyed an equal span of life. It was but natural that they should all have come to an end at the same moment.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The Wonderful 'One-Hoss Shay'' is one of the poems with which the prose works, especially the Breakfast Table series, of the famous American man of letters, Oliver Wendell Holmes are interspersed. He was endowed both with tender feelings and sparkling humour, and though the latter element is predominant in this poem, it is no less the existence of the former which make the whole production a lovely reading. The detailed description of the chaise fosters in our heart a feeling of comradeship for it. It is this affection which gives us the shock of life when we hear of it collapse on its hundredth anniversary. But then comes the moral that nothing in this world can escape its logical conclusion and that there is nothing that can keep its youth for ever. The thesis is quite true and the delectable manner in which it is presented makes the poem highly convincing. This object could never so well be achieved by either a serious or a satirical poem.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Did you ever hear of the wonderful One-Hoss Shay, *i.e.*, of a chaise or light four-wheeled carriage drawn by one horse ? The chaise was built to conform to the demands of perfect logical reasoning. That is how at continued in service for exactly a century, neither a day less nor more. But then suddenly something happened to it. What exactly this was I shall tell you presently. Only have patience to lend me ears. I shall relate to you the event which so frightened the clergyman as to make him faint a number of times. It was this very event which gave the shock of their life to the people. May I know if you have ever heard that story ?

Stanza 2. It happened in 1755. That idler from the German beehive, George II, who was so fond of taking snuff was still reigning over the British Empire. It was the year when a terrible earthquake devastated and almost swallowed down the Portguese capital Lisbon. In that very year the British expeditionary force under General Braddock suffered a severe reverse at the hands of the French with almost all of its men burnt and parched by gun-fire and their scalps torn off by the enemy as trophy. It was on this historic day of the Lisbon earthquake that the clergyman finished the One Hoss Shay.

Stanza 3. Now I should like to tell you that in the building of chaises some part or the other always happens to be weaker than the rest. This weakness lies hidden and undetected in one of the following parts ; the central part of the wheel, the tyre, the outer circle of the wheel, the spring supporting the chassis on the wheels, the shaft, the floor, the panel, sill or crossbar of the door or windows, the screws and bills, and the strips combining to make the spring of the carriage. Above or below, inside or outside, somewhere you are sure to find this weak spot. Uudoubtedly that is the reason why chaisis instead of wearying out by use, continue to break down off or by that weak part becoming unserviceable. The

clergyman, of whom we are talking, said on oath— —as is usual with clergymen to begin this talk with: "I do vow" or "I tell you" spoken with an authoritarian accent—that he would build such a chair as would move about in the town, the county and the country. It would be built in such a manner as to rule out the possibility of a break-down. The clergyman reasoned like this: "It is quite clear that the weakest place has to bear all the strain. I assert that the only way to ward off the trouble is just to see that the weak part is manufactured equally strong with the rest.

Stanza 4. The clergyman now inquired of the villagers as to where he could find for the floor, the bars in the wheel connecting the hub with the rim and the slabs at the foot of the doorway, oakwood of the strongest type which would neither be broken nor bent down nor cleft. He ordered lancewood for making the shafts. The cross-bars were manufactured from wood cut from the most straight ash trees that could be found. The door panels were made of white-wood which, though as strong and lasting as iron, gives a very smooth surface on being cut. The *central* part of the wheel was made from logs from the "Settlers' Ellum." It was the last piece of timber that could be obtained from there as no more sales were permitted. These logs were so tough that no axe had ever succeeded in splitting them. If someone tried to cleave them with the help of wedges and hammers, the wedges rebounded from the clefts with their edge blunted and curled like the ends of celery. There were certain parts in which the finest steel glittering with a bluish tinge was used. These parts were: footboard, prop-iron, bolt, screws, springs, tyres, axles and pins passed through the axles to keep the wheels in position. Besides these, there were leather parts like the receptacle, the covering and the mudguard behind the horse. They were all made of old hide which had become very hard by being tanned for a very long time. In fact the hide was recovered from the tan-pit in which the tanner had died and might very well have been his. That is how the clergyman built the chaise

and looking at it confidently remarked : "Th's chaise will answer the purpose."

Stanza 5. Answer the purpose merely, asks the poet, and adds that as far as he could guess, it was simply marvellous. The years rolled by and generations passed away. Young horses became old, beards turned grey with age and clergymen and their wives died. Not only the children but also the grandchildren of the builder of the chaise—three generations in all—had all disappeared from the surface of the earth. Despite the passage of time, the old One-Hoss Shay remained as strong as on the day when Lisbon was devastated by the earthquake and the carriage was brought into being.

Stanza 6. The closing year of the eighteenth century, the year 1800, found the chaise which was the masterpiece of the clergyman as strong as ever. It was still called a "handsome carriage" in 1810. It was in much the same state in 18.0 and was quite serviceable as usual. Then came the years 1830 and 1840, and finally came 1850 and 1855.

Stanza 7. Nothing that might be of any value in this world can avoid feeling awkward within himself and appearing strange to others. The fact of the matter is that with the exception of inanimate objects like trees or abstract nations like truth, there is nothing that can retain its youth for long. This is the moral of the story. It is offered gratis. If you like to take it you are welcome to do so. There will be no extra fees to be charged for that. Anyway, we now approach November 1, 1855, the day on which the earthquake shook Lisbon exactly a century earlier. On that fateful day traces of old age were visible on the One-Hoss-Shay. There was an indefinable something which suggested that there was some decay in the chaise. Nevertheless, the trouble could not be localised in any of its parts. Of course no such melody could be spotted because the clergyman had built all of its parts equally strong and there was not the ghost of a chance for any of those to be-

come unserviceable. Its wheels were as strong as its shafts, its floor as strong as its sills, its panels as strong as its floor, and the raised horizontal wheel was no less in strength. The too bars connecting the wheels at the back and in front were equally strong. So were the spring, the axle and the central part of the wheel. But though the parts were all right, yet taken as a whole, there was no doubt that the chaise would be worn out in another hour.

Stanza 8. It was November 1, 1855. The clergyman drove out in the chaise that morning. Listen, small boys, you should clear the way, for the wonderful. One Hoss Shay was heading towards them. It was drawn by a reddish brown horse which had a long, hairless tail like that of a rat and a short hanging neck like that of a female sheep. "Get away and crowd together on the other side," the clergyman yelled out to the small boys and they made themselves scarce.

Stanza 9. Seated in the chaise, the clergyman was turning in his mind the biblical passage on which he was to base his sermon on Sunday. He had already thought out four points and was now trying to think of the fifth. But he could get no further with them. He was at his wit's end and was wondering what came next. Suddenly the horse drawing the chaise came to a standstill near the Nonconformist chapel on the hill. Suddenly he felt a tremor followed by a wave of tingling sensation. Then there was something like the experience of a fall from the chaise, and the clergyman found himself deposited on a rock. It was 9-30 a.m. by the clock of the nonconformist chapel–the exact hour when a century earlier, Lisbon had been devastated by that historic earthquake. When the clergyman was able to collect himself he got up from the place of his fall and looked aghast all round, what do you think he saw there ? The poor old One-Hoss Shay had crumbled to pieces as if it had been ground in some mill. It was now lying in the form of a heap or mound of loose mass. If you are not a fool, you will of course see for yourself how the chaise came to this end all at once, without any particular part breaking down first. Well, the whole scene very much resembled bubbles which burst all at once.

Stanza 10. This was the end of the marvellous One-Hoss Shay. It was just a logical conclusion to its maker's theory. That *is all I have* to say on this subject.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Stanza 1. *There was a One-Hoss Shay built in such a logical manner that it lasted for exactly a century. The poem goes on to tell what happened at the end of this period.*

Notes

One-Hoss Shay—a chaise driven by one horse. *Shay* is the corrupt, (بگڑی ہوئی) jocular (مذاحیہ) form of the French word *chaise* (pronounced *shayz*) which is a carriage like a phaeton (فٹن). **Logical way**—manner conforming with logical reasoning. Logic means (منطق). **Ran**—gave good service. **To a day**—exactly, neither a day less nor more. **Of a sudden**—suddenly. **And then...it**—and then suddenly it.........The poet does not tell us out fright that Shay collapsed at the end of that period. He withholds ths information to whet the readers' curiousity. **Stay**—wait. **Without delay**—soon enough. **Scaring**—frightening. **Parson**—clergyman of a parish. (گاؤں کا پادری) **Fit**—sudden attack of illness as of fainting or coughing, (دورہ). **Scaring......fits**—so frightened the clergyman that he had fits, *i.e.*, fainted many times. **Out...wits**—greatly upset, mad (حواس باختہ).

Explanation

The poet asks his readers if they have ever heard of a wonderful chaise drawn by one horse and built in conformity with such perfect reasoning that it continued in service for exactly one century, neither a day less nor a day more. But then, he says, all of a sudden something happened to it. What it was, the poet won't disclose to the readers at this stage. He asks them to wait and promises to tell them

without any inordinate delay. Nevertheless he suggests that whatever took place was so unforeseen and shocking that everybody was frightened to see it happen. The clergyman who had inherited it from his ancestors and was going into the church, fainted a number of times, and the spectators lost their wits and failed to understand what it all meant. In closing, he again invites the attention of his readers and asks them if they have ever before heard of the whole affair.

Gist

Stanza 2. *The One-Hoss Shay was built by a deacon who finished it on the terrible day when Lisbon was devastated by an earthquake. It was the year 1755 and George II was reigning.*

Notes

Seventeen......forty-five—1745, the year of the Shay's manufacture. This and the following important dates in the life history of this wonderful Shay are printed in distinct type. **Georgious secundus**—the Latin form of *George II*, the King of England who ruled from 1727 to 1760. He was the son of George I the elector of Hanover in Germany who succeeded to the English throne in 1744 at the nearest Protestant heir to Queen Anne. George II had two able ministers, Sir Robert Walpole and William Pitt the Elder. It was during Pitt's vigorous admintstraion that England achieved undisputed supremacy in America and India. **Snuffy**—discoloured with snuff-taking. *Snuff* is powdered tobacco used for sniffing. (ناس) **Drone**—male bee which does no work ; hence an idler, (سست کاہل). **Hive**—beehive, (چھتہ). **Lisbon**—(pronounced. *Liz-ban*) or *Lisboa* (pronounced *Lis-bo-ah*) is the capital of Portugal, a Catholic state. **Gulp**—swallow, (نگلنا). **Braddock**—General Braddock who led an unsuccessful British expedition against the French in America in 1755. **Done so brown**—burnt and parched so much by gun-fire. **Scalp**—skin and hair of the upper part of the head. The Red-Indians tear off their victim's scalp as a trophy. **Crown**—top of the head

(چندیا ، ٹانٹ). **Deacon**—(pronounced *dee'kn*), a church official, a clergyman. (پادری). **Finished**—completed.

Explanation

The Shay was completed on the historic day when Lisbon was swallowed by a terrible earthquake. It was the year 1755, when George II, a discoloured idler from Germany who was very fond of taking snuff, was ruling the British Empire. The year was eventful, for besides the earthquake it witnessed the defeat of the British General Braddock against the French in America. The British General met with such powerful resistance that his army was burnt down with gunfire and the French tore off the scalp of his men as trophy.

Gist

Stanza 3. *Chaises do not wear out but break down because in them there is always some weak spot which gives way earlier than the other parts. A clergyman resolved to build a chaise with all parts equally strong.*

Notes

Hub—central part of a wheel, - پہیے کا درمیانی حصہ (پہیے کی ناہ). **Tire**—it is same word as *tyre*, (ٹائر). **Felloe**—outer circle of a wheel, (پہیئے کا گھیرا یا چکر). **Spring**—piece of metal used for exerting elastic force, (کمانی). **Thrill**—shaft of a cart, (گاڑی کا بم). **Panel**—a portion of a door or window. **Crossbar**—bar joining two vertical posts. **Sill**—slab of wood at the foot of a door-way, (دھلیز). **Screw**—(پیچ). **Thorough brace**—strips or laces in the springs of a carriage. **Lurking**—lying in wait, lying hidden. **Wear out**, be used till beyond use, (گھس گھس کر ختم ھو جانا). **Swore**—said on oath (قسم کھائی). **Dew vum**—corrupt form of I do vow. **Yeou**—you. The wrong spelling is given to indicate his wrong pronunciation. **Taown**—he means town. **'N'...raoun'**—and the county and the country round. **Daown**—down. **Fur**—for **'Tis......plain.**—It is quite clear.

Explanation

There is......lurking still—somewhere in the parts enumerated in these verses, there always lies hidden the weakest spot. **And that's......out**—undoubtedly, that is the cause why the chaise does not continue in use up to the last minute, but breaks down instead. **But the...... rest**—as usual with them, the clergyman said on oath: "I tell you I vow to build a chaise which will run about through the town, the district and the country. It will be built in such a way that there will never be any break down. The reasons for my hope to build such a good chaise are obvious. Even the most frail part of it shall be made capable of bearing the greatest strain. I aver that the particular method of endowing the carriage with the capacity to bear all strain is to manufacture even the weakest part with such care that it is as strong as the other parts.

Gist

Stanza 4. *The clergyman obtained the best material that was available anywhere, and with it he manufactured the chaise.*

Notes

Spokes—bars connecting the hub of a wheel with its rim, (آرا). **Lancewood**—a tough kind of wood which is elastic. It is obtained from a tree growing in the West Indies. **Ash**—a tree with tough wood. **Crossbars...... trees**—The crossbars were made from wood taken from ash trees which were as straight as straight could be. **Cuts like cheese**—is cut as smooth as cheese. **For .....these**—when used in the manufacture of things like a chaise. **Logs**—rough masses of wood as they come from the trees, (گیلیان). **Settlers' Ellum**—name of a forest raised by pioneer settlers in America. **Timber**—wood used for building purposes. (عمارتی لکڑی). **Settlers......sell'em**—it was the last and the most mature piece of timber that could be obtained from this old forest, because it was no more to be offered for sale. **Chips**—splinters, pieces of wood split up. **Wedge**—a V-shaped piece of steel used for—

splitting up wood. **Blunt**—not having a sharp edge or point (کند). **Frizzled**—curled, (مڑی ہوئی). **Celery tips**—The tips or ends of a garden plant of which the stems are made to grow white by being curved, (اجوائن خراسانی کے کنارے) **Step**—footboard. **Prop-iron**—a piece of iron used as a support. **Bolt**—thick metal bar which slides or moves into a part made to fit it, (کھٹکا). **Axle**—rod on which a wheel turns, (دھرا), **Linch-pin**—iron pin passed through the end of the axle to keep the wheel in position, (دھرے کی کیل). **Steel......blue**—all of these things were made of the finest steel which glittered with a bluish tinge. **Bison-skin**—made of the hide of bison. *Bison* is the name of the fierce American buffalo, (امریکی ارنا بھینسا). **Boot**—it also means a box or receptacle in a coach. **Top**—the covering of a coach, (گاڑی کا ٹپ). **Dasher**—he means a *dash-board* which is a wooden board or leather curtain on a vehicle to keep off mud thrown by the horse's heels. **Pit**—a vat or large vessel used in tanning ; it is also called a tan-pit, (چمڑہ رنگنے کا بڑا برتن یا گڑھا). **Put her through**—completed the chaise. **Naow...dew**—now she will do, *i.e.*, this chaise will of course answer the purpose.

Explanation

This stanza, much like the preceding one, should not be difficult to understand if one is familiar with the names of the various parts of a chaise. **Never......celery-tips**—The timber obtained from 'Settlers' Ellum' was so tough that no axe had ever succeeded in splitting it. If an attempt was made to split it with wedges, that too proved unsuccessful. Though a little portion of the wedges was driven into them, any further attempt to send them deeper down into the cleft led to a reaction. Instead of going deeper, the wedges rebounded with a great velocity and fell outside with their sharp edges blunted and curled like the tips of celery. **Step......blue**—all the steel parts, *viz.*, footboard, prop, bolts, screws, springs, tyres, axles and linch-pins were made of the

finest metal glittering with a bluish tinge. **Thorough-brace ...died**—then there was the leather stuff. The receptacle, the covering and the mudguard behind the horse were all made of tough hide. The hide was quite old. The person who had tanned it had indeed died long before it was turned to use. In fact it was taken out of the tan-pit in which the tanner had died. So there was sufficient reason to believe that it was the hide of the tanner himself.

Gist

Stanza 5. *Generation passed but the chaise was as serviceable as ever.*

Notes

Do—on completing the chaise, the clergyman had said with an air of confidence : "There stands the chaise. Now it will answer the purpose ; it will do." The poet adds. "Will it only do, *i.e.*, will it only serve the purpose ? **Colt**—a young horse up to the age of four or five. **Deaconess**—a deacon's wife. **Dropped away**—died, passed away. **Where were they ?** Were not all of them dead ? **Stout**—strong, tough.

Explanation

The clergyman had said that chaise would do. But is that all ? Take it from me that it was no less than a wonder. Young horses grew old, youthful beards grew grey ; deacons and their wives passed away. Its builder, his children and grand-children—full three generations passed and none of their members was now alive. But despite this long passage of time the strongly built One-Hoss Shay looked as new as on the day it was built,—the day when the Portguese capital was devastated by a terrible tremor.

Gist

Stanza 5. *The chaise kept strong and sound till 1855, i.e., a hundred years after it was made.*

Notes

Eighteen hundred—The closing year of the century in which the chaise was made. **Eighteen......ten**—1810. **Hahnsum Kerridge**—corrupt way of pronouncing the

words *handsome carriage i.e.*, a beautiful chaise. **Much the same**—without any appreciable difference.

Explanation

Eighteen...sound—The clergyman's masterpiece, the One-Hoss Shay, which had been built in mid-eighteen century, was as safe and strong on the last day of the century as on the day when it was built. **Thirty...fifty-five**—then came the years 1830, 1840, 1850 and finally 1855—*i.e.*, 100 years after the chaise had been built.

Gist

Stanza 7. *On the morning of November, 1, 1855, when the chaise was exactly a hundred years old, traces of age were visible on it and nobody knew that it will wear out in an hour's time.*

Notes

Little...here—none of the things by which we set store in the world. **Queer**—strange. **Moral**—The moral lesson a story (نتیجه). **Runs at a large**—is offered gratis and free of charge. **No extra charge**—without any extra money to be paid. **Earthquake day**—The day on which the devastating earthquake had shook Lisbon a hundred years ago. **Traces of age**—signs of old age. **General**—he means undefinable. **Flavour**—characteristic quality. **Mild**—gentle, not severe. **Decay**—decomposition, decline in quality. **Local**—specific, that which might be located in a particular place. **Art**—craftsmanship, (کاریگری). **Like**—he means equally strong. **Start**—burst away at the joints. **Whipple-tree**—disc-like front part of a four wheeled carriage, (گاڑی کا اگلا حصہ). **Fore**—that which is in the front. **Encore**—again, hence moreover. **Past a doubt**—undoubtedly.

Explanation

Little charge—There is nothing by which we set store in this world which might be so strong that even on the morning of its hundreth birthday, it does not feel within itself very strange and appear to others in a like fashion.

The fact of the matter is that as far as my knowledge **is** concerned nothing except trees and truth retain their youthfulness at that advanced age. This is the moral of the story. It is given free of charge. You are welcome to learn this moral, if you want to. I shall not charge any extra fees for it. **And yet...out**—Nevertheless, there is no denying the fact that in an hour from now the whole of this chaise shall wear out and collapse.

Gist

Stanza 8. *On November 1, 1855, the clergyman drove in this chaise.*

Notes

Takes a drive—goes out in the chaise. **Rat-tailed—** one having a long and bare tail like that of a rat. **Ewe-necked**—one having a short neck hanging down like that of a female sheep. **Bay**—reddish-brown horse. **Hudd up** —probably an ungrammatical corrupt compound of *huddle up* which in this context would mean clear the way and crowd there on one side. **Off**– away.

Explanation

Now...way—Now I warn you, O small boys, to clear the way for this wonderful One-Hoss Shay which has completed a hundred years of its life today and has a general flavour of mild decay.

Gist

Stanza 9. *The clergyman was thinking out his sermon, when at 9-30 a.m.—the exact time of the Lisbon earthquake 100 years ago—the One-Hoss Shay went to pieces all at once.*

Notes

Sunday text—a biblical passage on which he was to deliver his sermon that Sunday. **Had...fifthly**—he had thought out four points and was fumbling for the fifth. **Perplexed**—amazed. **Meet'n'-house**—nonconformist chapel (ایک عیسائی فرقے کا گرجا). **Shiver—**tremor. **Thrill—** wave of tingling sensation. **Spilt**—fall from a horse or vehicle. In this sense the use of the word is colloquial. **Arouud**—it is a misprint for *around*. **Mound**–heap. **Mill-**

corn grinding machinery, (چکی). **Ground**—past tense of grind. **Dunce**—fool. The word is a corruption of the name of a great Oxford philosopher of the thirteenth century A. C. John *Duns* Scotus whose followers were nicknamed *dunce* by their opponents.

Explanation

The parson...next—The clergy was turning in his mind the biblical verses on which he was to deliver a sermon on Sunday. He had thought out four points and was fumbling for the first when he stopped. He was amazed and with a half-uttered imprecation wanted to know what would be coming next. **And something...shock**—it was half-past nine by the clock of the nonconformist chapel—the exact hour a century earlier when Lisbon had been devastated by severe earth tremors. At this time the parson felt as if he had fallen off from the chaise. Yes, he had indeed, and was now sitting up on a rock. **You see... burst**—if you are not a fool, but have some commonsense, you will see for yourself how the wonderful One-Hoss Shay collapsed all at once. None of its parts gave way earlier than the rest. In fact all the parts collapsed simultaneously. The accident was much like bubbles which burst all at the same time.

Gist

Stanza 10. *It was just a logical conclusion.*

Explanation

The wonderful One-Hoss Shay came to an end in this manner. But there is nothing strange in this end. After all logic is an irrefutable branch of human knowledge, and the sudden end of the shay was just a logical conclusion. The clergyman had endeavoured to build a shay none of whose parts would wear out sooner than others. So it was but natural that all the parts should have ended simultaneously after enjoying equally long life. That is all I have got to say in justification of this queer accident.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATION WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Stanzas **2**, **4**, **7**, **9** and **10** are important. For detailed

explanations the student is referred to the relevant portions of the preceding section.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *How did the Wonderful 'One-Hoss Shay' come into being, and how did it meet its end ?*

Ans. Write on the summary of the poem.

Q. II. *What is meant by 'One-Hoss Shay ? Critically appreciate the poem by Holmes included in your anthology.*

Ans. See the Introduction to the Poem and the Critical Appreciation.

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53 SORROWS OF WERTHER

BY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

I. THE AUTHOR

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811—1863) was born in Calcutta. He was a contemporary of Dickens and is regarded as one of the greatest English novelists of the Victorian Age. His work is marked by irony and satire and were a welcome contribution to the London humorous weekly, *Punch*. He won fame with his novel *Vanity Fair*. Besides fiction, Thackeray has a number of literary and critical discourses, and some poems to his credit.

II. INTRODUCTION OF THE POEM

The Sorrows of Young Werther is a verse romance by the famous German poet, John Wolfgang Von Goethe (1749—1832). It is written in the form of two letters based on two incidents in Goethe's life. The story is as follows : Werther falls in love with Charlotte who is betrothed to Albert. With her she spends a few days in pleasure while Albert is away and then leaves her. Charlotte merries Albert on his return. Despair gradually come over Werther who finally takes his own life. Thackeray has parodied, the plot of Goethe's romance in this short, satirical poem, *Sorrows of Werther*.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

Women are incapable of pure romantic love.

IV. SUBSTANCE

Werther, a good young man, falls in love with a married lady, Charlotte. He sighs and pines for her and blows his brains out. Charlotte, however, is in no wise impressed by his love or death.

V. SUMMARY

Werther fell in love with a married lady, Charlotte on first seeing her while she was cutting bread and butter. He was a moral person and did not like to hurt her. So he sighed and pined for her and blew out his brains. His body was borne before her, but she acted like a well-behaved person and went on cutting bread and butter without giving vent to any sentiments.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Thackeray adopts the plot of Goethe's famous verse romance to ridicule the silly sentimental stuff about love which was expressed in that type of stories. He creates humour by setting the story in a situation which is not only unromantic but definitely ludicrous for such tales. It thus parodies romances. But its worth and lasting interest lies in the fact that it is far more realistic than those improbable tales of fancy. Rather than being based on silly sentimentalism, it portrays the conditions obtaining in the actual life lived by ordinary men and women of this world. Viewed from another angle, we find the pathos heightened by bringing her lovers sorrows in contrast with the cold indifference of Charlotte.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Werther had such a deep love for Charlotte as could not be described in any words. Would you like to know about their first meeting ?

Stanza 2. Charlotte was a married lady and Werther was a virtuous man. Werther, did not wish to do anything that might do her any harm, even though he might be offered all the fabulous wealth of India and the adjacent regions and islands.

Stanza 3. So he did nothing but heave sighs, waste away with grief and cast furtive, amorous glances at her. His love kept him in a state of agitation and commotion till he was no longer able to hear it. Then he blew out his foolish brain and committed suicide so that nothing would trouble him any more.

Stanza 4. Charlotte saw Werther's body as it was being carried before her on a wooden door made to serve as a bier. But instead of growing sentimental, she acted like a well-behaved and good-mannered person. Unconcernedly she kept on cutting bread and butter.

VIII NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Lines 1—16. *The virtuous lover, Werther, died because he found no other way out of his trouble. But his beloved, Charlotte, was quite unconcerned over his sacrifice.*

Notes

Such...utter—which beggared description, which was indescribable. **Moral**—virtuous. **Indies**—India and the adjacent regions and island which were once famous in the West for their fabulous wealth. The word may, however, also indicate West Indies which is an archipelago east of Central America. **For all...Indies**—even if all the fabulous riches of Indies were offered to him. **Pined**—wasted away through sorrow in unrequieted love. **Ogled**—cast longing glances at. **Boiled**—produced a commotion. **Bubbled**—agitated. **Blew...out**—committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. **And no...trouble**—did not have any more trouble with it, was no longer in a state of mental commotion. **Shutter**—a board put up against a glass door to close and protect it. Hence, here it signifies a plank used as a bier. **Well-conducted** – well-behaved, good-mannered. **Went on** – continued to.

Explanation

So he...butter Seeing no chance of success in this love affair with a married lady, he was left with only sorrow and grief. He heaved sighs and wasted away. The most he could do was to cast longing glances at his lady love.

Because of his deep love, he was in a constant state of agitation and commotion. This state of affairs finally became unbearable for him. He felt that he could no longer live. So he decided to commit suicide and implemented the decision by shooting himself in the head. Thus it was that his troubles came to an end. But Charlotte was not moved even by this sacrifice. She saw Werther's body being taken on the cemetery, borne on a plank. She took no pity. With an air of cool indifference she refrained from all maudlin sentimentality. She conducted herself like a well-behaved person and continued to cut bread and butter even while his body was being carried before her. She did not even care to recall that it was in the same setting that love for her had sprung in his heart.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATION WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Stanza **3** and **4 (So he sighed...butter)** are important. For detailed explanation please look up the relevant portions of the preceding section.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *What is the story of Thackeray's* **Sorrows of Werther** ? *Compare it with the plot of Goethe's romance of the same name.*

Ans. See the Introduction to the Poem and the Summary.

Q. II. *Critically Appreciate Thackeray's* **Sorrow of Werther.**

Ans. Read the Critical Appreciation.

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54. LOVE

BY

CHARLES S. CALVERLEY

I. THE POET

Charles Stuart Calverley (1831–84) achieved a good deal of fame by his parodies of greater contemporaries like Browning and Macaulay. These were published under his

initials, *C.S.S.*, by which he was known in literary circles. He had a good education but his capacity for work was curtailed by ill-health. He displayed great scholarship and sparking wit in his poems.

II. INTRODUCTION OF THE POEM

It is a poem about a marriage of convenience. The suitor does not mince matters about his practical motive. But despite that plain-speaking he does not lag behind in praising her "beauty."

III. CENTRAL IDEA

Many marriages of convenience are given out to be love-marriages.

IV. SUBSTANCE

A poor man is proposing to sixty-year-old lady whose chief asset in his eyes is her wealth. This he tells her outright without mincing matters. He is so outspoken that he can say it to her face that she is plain and wears false hair. Nevertheless, he assures her of his love. He requests her to become his bride even if she cannot agree to love him.

V. SUMMARY

There is a rich old lady, to whom a poor man is proposing. He tells her that though she is on the shady side of sixty, yet he loves her dearly and sincerely. He implores her to reciprocate his love. He also tells her that he is aware of her false hair, still he loves her. He informs her that he is poor and whimsical and knows of no good reason why she should marry her. Yet he seeks her hand. If she cannot love him, he will be content if she just agrees to be his bride. He will be quite satisfied with an allowance of £100 a year from her. So she should not shove him aside.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

There is a frank admission of the real motive behind a poor man's proposal to a rich old lady of sixty. But there should have been nothing humorous in this marriage of convenience, were it not for the praises the suitor lavishes on the old lady. It is this judicious blending of fact and fiction, truthfulness and hypocrisy which gives it a humo-

rous character. It is not love which forms the theme of this poem, but just the mockery of it. But, is it not true that there are numerous cases of such mock love that pass for genuine passion ? The poem will not lose interest so long as there are such marriages of convenience.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Can you love me, lady ? I am proposing to you directly because I have never learnt the subtle methods of courting women. I know you are above sixty, but still I love you passionately. Though you own vast lands and great wealth, yet it is not for the sake of these that I love you. Indeed I love you just for yourself.

Stanza 2. O most fair lady, will you love me ? Though I know you are not beautiful to the outward view and have even gone grey which compels you to wear false hair, yet I believe you could love me dearly. I have been given to understand that you own vast property which is valued at gold equal to you in weight.

Stanza 3. Do you love me, honey ? Speak out and tell me you do. I know very well, women always worst men when there is a talk of the confession of love. Still I believe you must be in love with me. I love you dearly. I know I have a very homely figure but I shall not be hypocritical and tell it to your face that you too have a homely figure like me.

Stanza 4. O my shy elf, do condescend to love me. I am a poor man and have no money with me. Moreover, I must admit that I am whimsical and the worst of moods sometimes overtake me. Despite all that I love you. No doubt I have a feeling that I am courting you in a very odd manner, but I assure you that I love none but you and am absolutely faithful to you.

Stanza 5. Love me, dear, and tell me on oath that you do so. Swear to me by that sky overhead and by its unchanging azure colour that you do love me. Love me, lady and love me passionately, if you will be good enough to do so. Nevertheless, I must admit that I am not clear myself as to why at all you should love me.

Stanza 6. Love me, dear. But, look I have another proposal to make. If somehow you do not feel like loving me, then at least condescent to marry me. Do not drive me away unceremoniously, do not shove me aside, as the idiom goes. Perhaps it would be a hard bargan to have a price to pay for this match. But I tell you that £100 a year would be a sum quite acceptable to me.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Lines 1—24. *A poor suitor proposes to a rich lady of 60 merely because she is worth her weight in gold. He does not mind if she is plain or wears false hair.*

Notes

Canst—The form of *can* used with 'thou'. **Woo**—court, propose. **On...sixty**—more than sixty years old. A similar expression is : *On the wrong side of sixty*. **Pelf**—money, wealth. **Fairest**—O you who are most beautiful person. **Wearest...hair**—have false hair. **Worth...gold**—having as much wealth as the price of gold equal to you in weight. **Women...one**—women easily baffle and defeat a man with the subtle ways in which they give expression to their intentions in love. **Must**—he means must love me. **Thou art...dearly**—I love you and hold you so dear to my heart. **Plain**—simple, ordinary, homely, not beautiful. **Sincerely**—truly, without any simulation.

Explanation

And as...gold—as far as my information goes, you own as much property as would be equal in value to your weight in gold. **Dost...must**—honey, do you love me ? I do not want to hear from you a denial of what I believe to be a fact. So speak out and make a confession of your love for me. I know women are too clever for men in the matter of confessing their love. Nevertheless, I feel you must be deeply in love with me. **I am...again**—I know I have no pretty features to recommend me to you. But then I must do some plain-speaking. I shall not be hypocritical. I shall tell it straight to your mouth that even you are in no way beautiful. You are just as homely a figure as I am.

Gist

Lines 25—48. *The suitor tells her though he is poor and whimsical, yet he loves her dearly. He implores her to marry him even if she cannot love him.*

Notes

Bashful—shy, hasitating to take what she has a right to. **I've...purse**—I am poor and out of pocket. **Moods**—whims, caprices, (متلون مزاجی) **Vary**—differ, change. **Queerly**—oddly. **As true as steel**—absolutely faithful. **As you...do**—just as people say on oath as you are well aware. **You**—yonder, over there. **Changeless blue**—unchanging azure colour. **Or...not**—or if you do not like, you may not love me. **Shove...aside**—shove me aside, as the idiom goes ; drive me away. **A hundred yearly**—£100 a year. **Very nice**—he means acceptable to me.

Explanation

Love me, bashful...steel—O shy lady, you are no less than a fairy to me. Look, I am a poor man and am whimsical at that I do not have a delightul personality. There are in fact times when the worst of moods overtake me. In spite of all that, I love you from the core of my heart. Though I have certain misgivings about the proclamation of my love and feel a little awkward, yet I assure you that I am absolutely faithful to you. **Love me...blue**—just as people swear by the sky over there and by its unchanging azure colour in order to emphasize the truth of their statements, so I beseech you to tell me on oath that you do love me. **Though...should**—I earnestly request you to reciprocate my love. Nevertheless I am not myself clear about the reasons of my request. **Love me—ah ! nice**—Do love me, please. Anyway, I have another suggestion to make. If you agree to love me, you are free not to do so. But at least do not refuse to marry me. Do not merely drive me away—do not shove me aside as the idiom goes. I know you will have to pay a price for becoming my bride. The price might seem somewhat high. But I do not mind quoting it. You shall have to pay me only £100 a year.

That would be quite acceptable to me. And I cannot think of any reason why you should not accept it.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Stanza **1, 3**, and **6** are important. Their explanations are to be found in the preceding section.

X QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. *In what manner does Calverly make the poor suitor propose to the rich lady on the shady side of sixty? Explain in detail.*

Ans. Write out the summary.

Q. II. *Critically Appreciate Calverley's poem.* "**Love**" *and analyse the poet's humorous approach.*

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

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55. FATHER WILLIAM

BY LEWIS CARROLL

I. THE POET

Lewis Carroll—was the pen-name under which *Charles Ludwidge Dodgson* (1832–1898) wrote his famous books, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-glass,* which have been extremely popular not only with children for whom they were originally meant but also with grown-ups owing to their humour, logic and inventive absurdity. He also wrote some poems. In actual life, Dodgson was a lecturer in Mathemetics at Oxford and wrote some mathematical treatises as well, the most valuable of which is *Euclid and his Modern Rivals*. It was one of these treatises which he sent to Queem Victoria to her great annoyance, in response to her request for 'another of his wonderful books.' So, much impressed the Queen had been with his masterpiece, *Alice.*

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

Father William is a parody of one of Southey's poems which is given at page 247 of the text book. Southey's poem is didactic in nature and pompous in style; Carroll's is just the opposite.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

It is a parody, and as such it just makes fun at the cost of Southey's style and subject matter instead of developing some new and worth while theme. The central idea, if any, is that old age makes a person silly and irritable, but gives him a keen eye to seize opportunities of making profit.

IV. SUBSTANCE

Father William performs all sorts of antics although he is very advanced in years. He tells his inquisitive son the various reasons why he enjoys such good health and how he can manage to do such hard exercises. Then he refuses to answer further queries and threatens the young man with externment.

V. SUMMARY

Father William was asked by his son whether it was safe for him, at that advanced age of his, to stand continually on head. He told him there could be no cause for apprehension as he had been left with no brains which could be injured. In reply to another question, he told his son that he could turn a back-somersault on entering the door because the use of an ointment in his youth had kept his limbs supple. To still an other question he replied that arguing of law-suits with his wife had made his jaws so strong that he could eat anything he liked even at that age. He got annoyed at his son's final question regarding the manner in which he balanced an eel on the end of his nose and threatened him with externment.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Nonsensical conclusions deduced in the most logical way is the salient feature of Corroll's writings. It is this characteristic which has bestowed lasting fame on *Alice* and given it unending popularity. This very characteristic is the

marked feature of this poem and goes to make it a successful parody. In place of Southey's pompous style, he gives something very simple, and instead of Southey's didacticism he gives us nonsensical conclusions based on perfect logic. Old age has made of Father William a brainless braggart who, though easily annoyed, has a very keen eye whenever there is an opportunity of making some profit. This attitude and style give Carroll's poem a more lasting value than that possessed by Southey's forgotten poem.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Father William's young son expressed amazement at the fact that he adopted an inverted posture and continually stood on his head although he was a very old man and his hair had grown snow white. "Do you think it is right at your advanced age to stand on your head like that ?" he asked.

Stanza 2. Father William replied when he was young even he feared lest such an exercise should cause an injury to his brain. But as he advanced in years he became convinced of his lack of any brain whatsoever. So that his fears were at rest and he began to repeat that exercise over and over again.

Stanza 3. The young man again pointed out that Father William was old and had put on too much flesh. Still he turned a back-somersault every time he entered the room through that door. "Please tell me what is the reason for that," he asked.

Stanza 4. The wise Father William shook the locks of his hair which had grown grey and told his son that he had taken good care of his arms and legs in his youth and by means of massage with an ointment he had massaged to keep his limbs in such a condition that they never became stiff. He offered to sell to his son two boxes of the ointment at a shilling a box.

Stanza 5. The young man further said that he was old and as such his jaws must be so weak as to be unable to masticate anything which might be harder than kidney fat. Yet it was strange that he had devoured a whole dressed

goose and had not spared even its beak and bones. The youth said he would like to know how he gormandized at this advanced age.

Stanza 6. Father William replied that in his youth he went in for the law. Every law-suit for which he held a brief, he argued with his wife. This discussion strengthened the muscles of his jaw and he derived a lasting benefit from it.

Stanza 7. The young man then posed still another question. He told Father William that he had grown old and there was no reason to believe that his eyesight was as keen as it always had been. Yet, he said it was amazing how could he hold steady a snake-like slipperv fish on the end of his nose. He wanted to know what had given him all that skill.

Stanza 8. Obviously annoyed at this question, Father William said he had already replied to three of his questions and that was quite enough. He snubbed his son and warned him not to be so impertinent and saucy. "Do you think," he asked, "I can go on listening to this balderdash all the day long ?" He ordered his son to get out of his presence, or else he would kick him and throw him downstairs, he threatened.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Stanza 1 & 2. *The young man asks his aged father, William, how at his advance age he can continually stand on his head. Father William tells him it is because he has no brains left.*

Notes

White—Please mark that *white hair* (سفید بال) does not denote *grey* (بھورے) but actually like snow, the colour which it turns at a very advanced age. **Incessantly**—continually, perpetually. **None**—he means no brains. **Why**—he asks why there should be any misgivings about it, **I...and again**—I repeat the feat.

Explanation

Father William's antics surprised his young son. He asked him: You are so old that your hair has grown milk-white. Nevertheless, you continually stand on your head. Are you really of the opinion that it is right to adopt this inverted posture for a person at an advanced age like that of yours?" Father William replied to his inquisitive son that in his youth he used to entertain fears that the inverted posture might do him some harm and cause an injury to his brain. But advanced age had convinced him that he had been left with no brain at all of which there might be any fear of sustaining an injury. His fears thus having been set at rest, he had no hesitation in repeating the exercise.

Gist

Stanzas 3 & 4. *In reply to the query how he can turn a back-somersault despite being old and fat, Father William tells his sons that he had kept his limbs supple by the use of a shilling-a-box ointment.*

Notes

As...before—as I have already told you. **Uncommonly—** extraordinarily, inordinately. **Somersault**—somerset, a leap in which the heels turn over the head, (قلا بازی). **Turned a back-somersault,** (قلا بازی کھائی). **In...door—** at the door while entering it. **Pray**—please, I beg you to (tell me). **Sage**—wise man. **Locks—**curls of hair, tresses, (زلفیں). **Gray**—it is the same word as *grey* which denotes white mixed with black, (بھورا). **Limbs**—arms and legs.— **Supple**—easily bent, not stiff, (نرم). **One...box**—which is sold at the rate of one shilling per container. **A couple**— he means two boxes of ointment.

Explanation

In my...couple—Father William had a very commercial outlook. He seized the opportunity of selling his wares— even though to his son. Shaking his grey locks to display his great fun of energy, he said he had been using in his youth an ointment to massage his body. This saved his

arms and legs from growing stiff and kept them soft and supple. The ointment was not costly. It can be obtained at only one shilling per box. He asked his son if he would like to get a couple of boxes for his use, he could sell these to him.

Notes

Stanzas 5 & 6. *In reply to another question, Father William reveals that he strengthened his jaws by arguing law-cases with his wife.*

Notes

Jaws (جبڑے). **Suet**—hard fat taken from the kidneys and loins of cattle and sheep (چربی). **Too...suet**—so weak as to be unable to chew anything harder than fat. **Took...law**—to go in for the law, to study law for adopting the legal profession. **Argued**–gave reasons in support of his opinion. **Case**—law suit, matter for trial in a court of law. The summary of the law-suit sent by the attorney to the barrister is known as the brief. **Muscular strength**—strength of muscles (پٹھے).

Explanation

The young man wondered how Father William could eat the whole fowl without leaving even its bones and beak, although at that advanced age his jaws should not have been strong enough to chew any thing harder than kidney fat. Father William enlightened him on this point with a very interesting argument. He said he went in for the law when he was a young man. Every law-suit, the brief for which he held, he argued with his wife. Women are naturally talkative and fond of lengthy arguments. So the poor fellow had to go on presenting his arguments for the case for a considerably long time before he could hope to present a convincing case. This long talk with her lent permanent strength to the muscles of his jaw and enabled him to eat the fowl with the bones and the beak. Father William's explanation comprises a fling at women's nature and habits.

Gist

Stanzas 7 & 8. *Father William refuses to answer the*

final question as to how he balanced an eel on the end of his nose

Notes

Steady—free from perturbation. **Balanced**—held in perfect equilibrium. **Eel**—long slippery fish shaped like a snake, (بام مچھلی). **Awfully clever**—very clever. **Give... airs**—be too saucy, pertinent or proud, behave as if you were better than others. **Stuff**—substance, matter. **Be off**—get away. **Or**—otherwise. **Kick you downstairs**—kick you so hard that ycu will fall down to the lower storey.

Explanation

I have down stairs—Father William took offence at the fourth question. His son asked him how he managed to hold a slippery, snake-like fish on the end of his nose. Father William curtly replied : "Don't be saucy. Do you think I can brook such nonsense all the day long ? Get away. If you don't, I'll kick you so hard that you will fall downstairs.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Stanza 1, 6, 7 and **8** are important. Detailed explanations will be found in the preceding section.

X. QUESTION AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *Give in your own words a Summary of Lewis Carroll's poem,* **Father William**.

Ans. See the Summary.

Q. II. *Is Lewis Carroll's poem* **Father William**, *a good parody ? What are the main points in which it differs from Southey's poem ?*

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

56. SURNAMES

BY

JAMES SMITH

I. THE POET

James Smith (1775—1839) was a solicitor to the Board of Ordnance. He is one of the minor Englishmen of letters who wrote both prose and poetry. His younger brother. Horatio Smith, was likewise a minor author, and jointly the brothers produced two books, *Rejected Addresses* and *Horace in London*.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

A surname is the last portion of a person's name which is shared by all members of the family—by males throughout their life and by females up to their marriage. Hence it is also termed a family name. The rest of the name is particular to the person who owns it, and is termed the *Christian name*. In ancient times, surnames either represented a person's profession as *James Smith i.e, James* (Christian name) who is a *smith* or worker in metals, or was his nickname as *William Stout i.e., William* (Christian name) who is *stout* or well-built and strong. Later, however, these very nicknames or professional names became common to all members of the family and were added to the Christian names of all of them. From this point a divergence between the Christian and the family names took start. The son, grandson or great-grandson of *William Stout* might not have been *stout*, still he would go by the name of *John Stout*, *Thomas Stout*, *Charles Stout* or anything else *Stout*. Similarly though *James Smith's* progeny might have given up their name-giving ancestor's profession, still they would be called *John Smith, Thomas Smith*, *Charles Smith* or for the matter of that, anything else *Smith*. It is this divergence which forms the subject-matter of the poem.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

The central idea of the poem has very well been given in its concluding verse which runs as follows :

Surnames ever go by contraries.

VI. SUBSTANCE

History tells us that there was a time when a person's features or status determined his surname. It was thus his nickname or the name of his calling. But things have radically changed with the passage of time and we find that a persons surname not only has no connection with his features or calling but is actually opposed to it in every respect. Instances galore can be cited in support of this thesis.

V. SUMMARY

Surnames have a long history behind them. There was a time when they represented a persons's profession or just a nickname given to him that was their origin and there was no question to there being any discrepancy between the surname or the characteristics of its owner. But the passage of time has brought about a radical change in the nature of these names and now we find that a person's surname stands just the contrary of what he himself happens to be. For instance one Mr. Wise might be a dunce, one Mr. Drinkwater might be fond of liquor, one Mr. Lightfoot might turn out to be a gouty person one Miss Joy might be wretched maid, one Miss Sage might be an arch madcap and one Mr. Penny might be penniless. That is not all. There are numerous other instances. This convincingly thows that nowadays surnames are always the exact antithesis of what apparently they denote.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

For foreign students of English literature, Smith's *Surname* is a very informative poem in that it gives them not only a long list of common English surnames but also enunciates the general rule underlying their original application. Then we learn from it how the whole situation has changed long since. But apart from its educative value, the poem provides a delightful reading. It is quite amusing how numerous surnames have now become just the opposite of the professions or appearances of their present incumbents. This antithesis gives rise to the light humour which pervades the whole poem.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Everyone can learn from history that in the

beginning people got their surnames from the profession they followed, the status they held or the appearance they had. In those days the names went like this : Lewis the Bulky, Henry the Great, John Lackland (*i.e.*, John who had no land), Peter the Hermit.

Stanza 2. But ever since people have appended the words Mister and Madam to their names according to their sex, the surnames appearing on their door-plates are always at such variance from their appearance or profession, that they seem to be governed by only one rule, *viz.*, one's surname is the exact opposite of one's characteristics.

Stanza 3. Boxing means fighting with fists, but there is one Mr. Box who would never close his fists in readiness to fight even if you put his back up. There is one Mr. Burns who has no fuel in the iron frame meant for holding wood near the fireplace. There is one Mr. Playfair who will not detect my tricks in the dice game of hazard or card game of whist. There is one Mr. Coward who actually fought a duel and was injured in it. There is one Mr. Wise who is is an arrant fool. There is one Mr. King who is not a Tory but a Whig. There is one Mr. Common who is extraordinarily cheerful. There is one Mr. Little who, contrary to his name, is so bulky that a small carriage like a gig actually broke down under his weight while he was driving Mr. Golightly. And even she is a contradiction for she is fat.

Stanza 4. There is a woman named Mrs. Drinkwater who allows herself the pleasure of small doses of liquor. There is Mrs. Angel who is just a personification of violent anger and nothing less. Then there is the gentle Mr. Lyon who let the truculent Mr. Lamb pinch his nose and twist it sharply in the hall of the Drury Lane Theatre. There is one Mr. Lightfood who is bed-ridden because of gout. The poor fellow was run over by Mr. Heaviside while he was dancing bolero at Bath, the visitors to which place included more to weak person's than of stout ones. The way Mr. Heaviside behaved himself was more suitable to a tyrant like Nero than to a gentleman.

Stanza 5. There is the miserable Miss Joy who first

chose to marry Mr. Love but found sorrow awaiting her at every turn. But ever since she is married to Mr. Hyter, she is as gentle, faithful and loving as the most loving dove. Mr. Oldcastle lives in a modern cottage. Miss Sage, instead of being prudent, is the most reckless girl always acting on impulse. Mr. Younghusband is not a married man, but the most unsociable bachelor whose heart was ever pierced by Cupid, the god of love's arrows.

Stanza 6. Mr. Child is such a stout man and Mr. Rock is so weak despite their respective names that the former struck the latter to the ground. Mr. Stone shakes and trembles like the leaf of aspen tree. Pool water is stationary and stagnant, but there was Miss Poole who used to dance. Compared to that of a pool, the water in a river is always flowing. But ever since Miss Poole has after marriage become Mrs. Rivers she has stopped dancing, and now she is no more than a stationary block of wood. Mr. Swift moves slowly and limpingly as if he were bound by cords. But no one knows why he walks in that manner. Mr. Metcalfe met a cow and was so scared that he ran away with Mr. Turnbull close on his heels.

Stanza 7. Mr. Barker cannot even speak. He is dumb like a sea fish. Mr. Miles, in spite of his name, never goes on a journey. Mr. Gotobed does not go to bed till 3 a.m. Mr. Makepeace is no pacifier but has rather been trained to become a solicitor or legal representative. Mr. Gardner knows nothing about gardening and cannot even distinguish between a flower and a root. Mr. Wilde is so timid that he always keeps back. Whereas Mr. Rider always goes on foot, Mr. Foot performs all his journeys on horseback.

Stanza 8. Mr. Penny's father had amassed a fortune and was surrounded by wealth. But Mr. Penny has squandered this rich legacy he received on his father's death. Mr. Le Fever is large and brimming with health. Mr. Goodenough is not as good as his name. He is rather a vicious person. Mr. Crinkshank's legs are not crooked. Rather, they are so beautiful that when he showed these to the heiress of a £3,000 a year state, she got enamoured of them, married him and made him the owner of this

property. I hope you will admit that surnames are exact the opposite of what a person's appearance or calling makes him to be.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Stanzas 1. & 2. *There was a time when people's surnames were derived from their shape or estate. But things have so changed nowadays that a surname is always contrary to one's features or status.*

Notes

Surnamed—given an additional name. A *surname* is the last portion of a person's full name like *Shaw* in *Georage Bernard Shaw*. As it is shared by all the members of the family, it is also called the *family name* as distinct from the rest of the name which is called the *Christian name*. In older times it used to be just an extra name given to an individual. In those days the surname was often a nickname. **Estate**—this word is here used in its older meaning of state or status. **Worm**—draw a secret out of something. **Bulky**—large and clumsy, (بسطر). **Lackland**—one who lacks land *i.e.*, has no land. **Hermit**—a person who lives alone in a place long a way from other people especially in order to lead a holy life, (تارک الدنیا). **Door-plate**—brass plate outside a house or office with the name of the person living or working there. **Misters**—men. **Dames**—ladies. **Constantly**—frequently. **Varies**—differs. **Trade**—skilled profession **Figure**—features. **Calling**—profession. In the text this word should be followed by a comma to separate if from the following word.

Explanation

In ancient times people got their surnames from their features or status, as can be learnt from what history books have to tell us. A fat man named Lewis came to be called Lewis the Bulky ; a capable person named Henry got an additional name and became Henry the Great. John who owned no land was called John Lackland ; and a hermit, Peter, came to be known as Peter the Hermit. But now times have changed. Ever since people have added the

words Mister or Madam to their names according to their sex, we are struck by the fact that the name written on the door-plate of a person, always differs from his profession, skilled profession and features. It rather appears that the surnames instead of representing one's calling, give just the opposite impression as compared to their status.

Gist

Stanzas 3—7. *The poet gives instances to establish his theory. He tells of persons whose surnames belied their nature or status.*

Notes

Box—a blow with the open hand on the ear. **Provoked**—roused to anger. **Double his fist**—closes his fist as if ready to fight. **Grate**—frame with iron bars for holding wood, coal, etc, in a fireplace. **Playfair**—play according to the rules without resorting to any underhand means. **Catch me at**—detect my tricks in. **Hazard**—a game of chance played with dice. **Whist**—a game played with cards. **Winged**—wounded. **Duel**—a fight between two persons with swords or pistols to settle a quarrel. **Duns**—fool **Whig**—a member of the British political party known as Whigs or Liberals. **Coffin**—box in which the dead human body is placed. **Coffin's**—coffin is. **Sprightly**—lively, gay, (زندہ دل ، خوش باش). **Huge**—enormous. **Broke down**—collapsed. **Gig**—a light open carriage with two wheels and pulled by one horse. **Driving**—taking along with him in his gig. **Golightly**—move slowly.

Apt—likely. **Indulge in**—allow herself the pleasure of. **Dram**—it also denotes a very small quantity of liquor. **Absolute**—perfect. **Fury**—violent anger. **Week**—mild and gentle, humble and patient. **Lyon**—originally the same words as *lion*. **Tweak**—pinch and twist sharply, (زور سے مروڑنا) **Lobby**—a hall, passage or waiting room in a theatre. **Drury**—a famous London theatre. **A conduct... Nero**—Mr. Heaviside's behaviour was more tyranical than that of *Nero* who was the Roman Emperor who ruled from 54—68 A.C. He was a tyrant and burnt Rome in 64 A.C., himself playing a fiddle all the time. **Confined**—

he means confined to bed. **Gout**—rheumatic pains. a Spanish dance.

Wretched—miserable. **Maid**—maiden, unmarried girl. **Wedlock**—matrimonial ties, marriage. **True**—faithful. **Dove**—(قمری، فاختہ). It is a symbol of gentleness and innocence. **Fondest**—most loving. **Hayter**—originally the same word as *hater*, *i.e.*, one who hates. **Madcap**—a reckless girl who acts on impulse instead of being guided by prudence. **Archest**—foremost, chief. **Queer**—strange. **Bachelors**—unmarried man. **Cupid**—the blind Roman god of love. **E'er**—ever. **Cut**—pierced with his arrows. **Archest**—most unfriendly, most stiff in manner. **Younghusband's**—Younghusband is. **Of all...archest**—Mr. Younghusband is the most unfriendly and stiff person among all the strange unmarried men whose hearts were ever pierced by Cupid, the blind god of love.

Passion—fit of rage. **Knocked down**—struck to the ground. **Aspen**—or *asp*, is a kind of poplar tree with tremulous leaves. **Shivers**—shakes, trembles. **Stock**—stump, (لکڑی کا کندہ). **Eversince...Mrs. Rivers**—ever since she married Mr. Rivers. **Hobbles**—walks lamely or awkwardly owing to pain in legs. **Mortal**—one who is subject to death. **Cords**—thin ropes or thick strings. **Entwined**—twisted by. **Metcalf**—originally the same as *met calf*. **Pale**—whitish, as if fainting. **Turnbull**—same word as *turn bull* which signifies a person who frightens a bull and turns it away.

Gotobed—same word as *go to bed*. **Sits up**—stays up not to go to bed at the usual hour. **Till...three**—till 3-30 a.m., till the early hours of the morning. **Makepiece**—It is a misprint. It should be spelt as *Makepeace*, signifying a pacifier or one who goes about making peace. The poet suggests that peace-making is the exact antithesis of the work that an attorney does. **Bred**—brought up to be. **Attorney**—solicitor, *i.e.*, a member of the branch of the legal profession chiefly concerned with advising clients and preparing their cases. Unlike a barrister, he does not appear in the court. **Tell...root**—differentiate between a root and

a flower. **Root**—that part of a plant which grows under the ground.

Explanation

The poet recalls all these surnames for the purpose of exhibiting the discrepancy that exists between the name and the person who is called by it. The characteristics he recounts are exactly the opposite of what the holders of these names happen to be. The verses are quite simple, self-evident, and do not need any detailed explanation.

Gist

Stanza 8. *These instances must convince the reader that surnames are always the opposite of one's characteristics.*

Notes

Rolling in wealth—very rich, (دولت میں کھیلتا تھا). **Dad**—daddy, father. **Le Fevre**—a French word meaning *the fever*. **Picture of health**—very healthy, (صحت کا مجسمہ). **Goodenough**—originally the same as **good enough** or quite good. **Cruikshank**—originally the same as *crook shank* or one whose shank (پنڈلی) is crooked. **Stepped...year**—got into a position where he had a regular income of £3,000 a year. **Heiress**—a woman who had inherited a large estate. **Acknnowledge**—it is a bad misprint. Please read *acknowledge* which means admit. **Go by**—are governed by. **Contraries** - opposites, opposite characteristics.

Explanation

Mr. Penny's father was a very rich man and enjoyed all sorts of luxuries. In fact he had earned a lot of money. But when Penny the younger inherited this wealth, he squandered it without any thought as to the future. This prodigality has made him penniless, though his surname still stood unchanged. Mr. Le Fevre should have been a lean, gaunt and haggard person running high temperature or at least suffering from tuberculosis but he was quite the opposite. He is very healthy and stalwart person. Mr. Cruikshank should have been lame. But as things were, he had such pretty legs that when he showed them to an

heiress, she became enamoured of them and agreed to marry him. In this way he became the owner of a large estate yielding a yearly income of £3,000. By adducing all these examples, I hope I have convinced you that people's surnames are always governed by the exact opposite of their characteristic.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATION WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Stanzas **1** and **8** are important. Their explanations are given in the preceding section.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. *"Surnames ever go by contraries." Do you agree with the assertion? Adduce arguments to justify your view and give as many examples as you possibly can.*

Ans. See the Summary. The examples are given in Stanzas 3 to 8 of Smith's poem, *Surnames*.

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57. I HAD BUT FIFTY CENTS

ANONYMOUS

I. THE POET

This poem is by an unknown poet. That is why in place of the poet's name it has the word *anonymous* written above it. *Anonymous* is a word of Greek origin meaning *unnamed*

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

It is a poem about a gluttonous girl whom her boy-friend took out to a restaurant. She said she did not like to eat or drink anything ; but inspite of that assurance she ate so much that her boy-friend, who had only fifty cents, could not foot the bill and was in consequence severely manhandled by the caterers.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

Selfish and gluttonous girls, even if unwittingly love at first, soon make themselves repulsive.

IV. SUBSTANCE

A young man took his girl friend to a fancy-dress ball. When it was over, he took her to a restaurant probably for a light cup of coffee because he had only fifty cents in his pocket and the girl had said she was not feeling hungry. But things turned out quite otherwise when they were in the restaurant. She ate and drank to her fill and the young man did not know how to pay the bill with only fifty cents. In consequence he got a good hiding from the manager of the restaurant.

V. SUMMARY

A young man had a sweetheart whom he once took to a fancy-dress ball. From there they proceeded to a restaurant. The girl had told her boy-friend that she did not feel like taking anything So they just wanted to have a cup of coffee and the young man thought that with the fifty cents he had, he could easily foot the bill. But the girl proved a glutton. She took a chicken, a plate of roast meat, softshell crabs, pie, whisky, gin, ginger pop, rum, porter, ale and gin cocktail. The girl was so pleased with this sumptuous meal that she declared her intentions to bring her whole family to the restaurant, the next time he would invite her. When the bill was presented, the young man paid the restaurant only fifty cents. This incensed the Manager who severely manhandled the young man and threw him across the railing. The young man finally counsels others not to try such an experiment again.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Girl friends are often attractive to look at but sometimes prove repulsive when dealt with. The gluttony of such a one forms the subject matter of this poem. The poet has presented the whole thing in a humorous setting by vividly picturing the boy-friend's embarrassment. We laugh to read what happened, but we never forget to sympathize with the young man who was caught unawares. This gives the poem a human interest over and above the humorous element in it. Though the name of the poet is not known, internal evidence goes to prove that he is an American. This evidence is provided by the use of U.S.

coinage (the young man has fifty cents on him; and typically American words like *schooner*.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. I took my girl-friend to a ball to which people came in masquerade costumes. It was an informal dance held to bring people together for companionship. We waited inside the ball-room till the end and came out only when all the participants had stepped out and even the orchestra had stopped playing music. Then I took her to the best restaurant in the street. She had told me she was not feeling hungry. But despite that assurance she gormandized such a lot. Here is the list ; twelve plates of uncooked vegetables, a plate of sliced cabbage served with a dressing, a fowl, a plate of roast meat, some apple-sauce, asparagus stalks, crabs with a soft shell, boiled and placed on toasted bread, a big boxful of slow-boiled meat, and thin, hard and dry biscuits. She was indeed a glutton. Then she ordered a pie. I did not know how to foot the bill. She would kill me with her demands, I thought. I had no more than fifty cents (about Re. 1-10-6) with me.

Stanza 2. My girl-friend had given me to understand she was not hungry and did not feel like eating anything. But I can bet all the money I have in my pocket, in order to prove that she is not one who would be beaten by anybody when it comes to the matter of eating. She made herself quite at home in the restaurant. Her stomach proved itself to be an immense receptacle for food and drink. She had even told me she was in no wise feeling thirsty. Nevertheless she drank a lot. She took a skin bottle of whisky and a glass of gin—both strong alcoholic drink which sent a shiver through my body to think of her tastes. Then she took aerated water flovoured with ginger and had liquor made from sugar-cane in addition to that. Then she drank a large glass of porter followed first by a glass of ale and then by gin mixed with other wines. She should have had the sense not to indulge in alcoholic drinks intemperately. But that was not the end of it. Not satisfied with that much of drinks, she ordered more of them. I fainted to hear that for I knew I had only fifty cents with me.

Stanza 3. The fact of the matter is that I had my stomach full and did not feel like eating. Besides, I knew about my pocket and was all the time fearing in my heart of hearts how I would be kicked out of the restaurant when the caterers see that I have no money to pay the bill. That is why I did not take anything while my sweetheart kept ordering all that stuff. The girl's feelings were, however, quite different. She was so much pleased with all that entertainment that she told me next time I invited her, she would bring her whole family there and have a good night's enjoyment. Then came the time for payment. I gave fifty cents to the person who brought me the bill and this is how he reacted. He tore my clothes into shreds punched hard my nose, hit me in the jaw, and bruised both my eyes with his blows. Then he knocked me down and dragged me along the floor. Finally he caught me by the seat of my pants and lifting me up flung me across the railing. That is how I was turned out of the restaurant. After that bitter experience, I have only to advise others never to think of repeating it if they have got no more than fifty cents about them.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Stanza 1. *A young man complains that his sweetheart is very gluttonous. She ate a lot when he took her from a fancy-dress ball to a restaurant.*

Notes

But—only, merely. **Cent**—a U. S. copper coin which is equivalent to the 100th part of a dollar. The U.S. dollar, according to the existing rate of exchange, equals Rs. 3/4/11. So a cent comes to a little more than two pice, and fifty cents equal about Rs. 1/8/6. **My girl**—my sweetheart. The use of the word *girl* in this sense is colloquial. **Fancy ball**—or *fancy-dress ball* is a dance in *fancy dress i.e.*, in unusual costumes often historical or exotic. **Social**—for the purpose of bringing people together for companionship. **Hop**—an informal dance. It is a colloquial usage. **Folks**—people. **Music...stop**—the music stopped. **Restaurant**—a place providing food and drink for con-

sumption in public. It is different from a *hotel* which is a large building where travellers may get meals and lodging. **Eat**–the poet means ate. **Raw**–uncooked dishes. **Slaw**–sliced cabbage (بند گوبی، کرم کلا) raw or cooked, served with a dressing. **Roast**—a plate of roast meat. **Applesass**—applesauce. The world is spelt wrongly to suggest that the boy is uneducated. **Sparagrass**—The wrong spelling of *asparagus* - which is a plant the young stalks of which are used as food (سفید موصلی). **Soft-shell crabs**—crabs (کیکڑے) whose protective coverings were soft. **Toast**—sliced bread made brown and crisp on the outside by being heated (ڈبل روٹی کا سینکا ہوا ٹکڑا). Please note that *to toast* means (سینکنا). **Stew**—dish of meat and vegetable cooked by *stewing* or slow-boiling. (دم پخت اشٹو). **Crackers**—thin, hard and dry biscuits. **Immense**—great. **Called for**—ordered. **Pie**—a dish of meat or fruit covered with a layer of pastry, or with the meat, etc. enclosed in pastry and baked in an oven. **I'd**—I would.

Explanation

I took...eat—This is the complaint of a young man who, though uneducated, was not uncultured. He says he took his sweetheart to a dance whose participants were wearing unusual costumes. It was an informal dance the purpose of which was to bring people together for companionship. They stayed inside the ball-room till all the other persons were gone and the orchestra had stopped playing music. Then they came out and went to the best restaurant in that locality. The girl had said she did not feel hungry. So the boy thought he could easily entertain her to a cup of coffee with the fifty cents he had in his pocket. Nevertheless, she proved to be so gluttonous that she devoured a number of things the details of which are given in the following lines of the stanza.

Gist

Stanza 2. *The young man says although his sweetheart*

had told him that she was not feeling thirsty, yet she took a lot of liquor.

Notes

Cozy —also spelt *cosy*, means warm and comfortable, snug. **Awful**—big. **Tank**—a large receptacle for liquids. **Whisky**—strong alcoholic drink made from malted grain. **Skin**— a receptacle for wine made of skin. **Ginger-pop**—ginger-flavoured aerated drink. **Rum**—liquor made from sugar-cane. **On top**—in addition. **Schooner**—a large glass for drinking beer. **Beer**—liquor made from malt and flavoured with hops. **Ale**—pale-coloured beer. **Gin**—or *geneva* is a spirit flavoured with jumper berries. **Cocktail** mixed alcoholic drinks.

Explanation

The young man complains that despite her assertion that she was not hungry did not like to eat, she took so many things at the restaurant. Perhaps nobody would believe that any girl could be so gluttonous. But I am ready to lay on wager that she could devour more than any other person. In fact when it comes to the matter of eating, there is nobody to beat her at that. She got such a great liking to the restaurant that evening that she appeared to feel quite at home there. Her thirst was no less than her appetite. It appeared as if in place of an ordinary human stomach, she had an enormous tank in her body into which she could pour so much liquor. She said she was not feeling thirsty ; yet this is what she drank : a skin bottle of whisky and a glass of gin—both strong—drinks which sent a shiver down my body ; aerated drink flavoured with ginger ; rum ; a large glass of porter ; a glass of ale ; gin mixed with other liquor. The young man felt his sweetheart should have been more sensible. She should not have taken such a big dose of alcoholic drink. But he had the real shock of his life when she ordered still more drinks. Stunned, he fell on the floor and knew not what to do. He had to foot the bill and it was pitiable that he did not have more than fifty cents in his pocket at that time.

Gist

Stanza 3. *The young man had a good tanning from the*

caterers when they found he did not have more than fifty cents to pay them.

Notes

Fun—amusement. **He done**—The poet means *he did*. **Smashed**—broke, crushed. **Black eyes**—dark bruise round the eyes as from a heavy blow. **With...floor**—floored me, knocked down and dregged me on the floor. **Pants**—trousers. **Fence**—railing (جنگلہ). **Take my advice** be counselled by me. **Don't...twice**—never again take such a girl out.

Explanation

When...fence—The young man was afraid he would be harshly treated by the caterers when time for paying the bill came up. His fears proved true, for this is how the Manager of the restaurant reacted when he paid him only fifty cents telling him he had no more money on his person at the moment. The Manager gave up all pretence of courtesy and manhandled him severely. He tore the young man's clothes, punched his nose and bruised both his eyes. Then he knocked him down and dragged him on the floor. Not satisfied with this he clutched at his pants from the seat, and lifting him flung him across the railing. That is how the young man had to pay dearly for entartaining his gluttonous sweetheart at a restaurant without having money enough to foot the bill.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

The last stanza of the poem is important. A detailed explanation will be found in the preceding section.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. *Give in your own words a summary of* **I Had But Fifty Cents.**

Ans. See the Summary.

Q. II. *Critically appreciate the poem,* **I Had But Fifty Cents**. *Can you identify the poet's nationality ?*

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation,

PART V

NATURE, MAN AND GOD

INTRODUCTION

Man is the centre of universe. He is surrounded by nature which reacts on him from all sides. To it he owes his physical existence in the first place. Nature makes life possible for him and gives him sustenance throughout his career. Were it not for crops and cattle raised on land so amply provided by nature and for irrigation water supplied by its snow-capped mountains and perpetually running rivers, or welling up from underneath it, he would have had nought to eat or drink. But nature's bounty does not end there. It purveys food not only for the human body but even for the human mind. It sets him thinking. He derives solace from it in his travails and tribulations. Sometimes he exults in the freshness of its charming beauty ; at other times he is over-awed by its grandeur and majesty. Both types of mental reactions—the aesthetic and the sublime—bring literature into being, and there is no denying the fact that the best and highest pieces of literature have always been the result of the direct influence nature brought to bear on man. Divorced from nature, man's literary inspiration has always been a loser. The literature produced under those conditions has either been made to serve the ignoble ends of petty human intrigues or just led to a jugglery of words presenting trite platitudes in pithy phraseology. Literature has passed through certain stages like that, but they have always been looked upon as the most sterile period and the human mind is again and again turned to nature to seek from it literary inspiration of lasting value. Poetry, speaking of nature's influence on man, is perhaps the best literary heritage of the English language.

Whereas man's physical and mental life is made of a continuous series of reactions produced by nature, his uncontrolled flight of fancy always takes him to transcendental truths. An indefinable part of him known for want of a better term as spirit, is always hankering after an ineffable being known as God. While in lesser moments, the spirit looks at its God with reverential awe, in moments of pure ecstasy it seeks union with him. Both the attitudes

have found expression in literature, one in devotional poetry and the other in pantheistic.

Man stands between nature and God, bound down to the earth by his needs and miseries, engaged in an unending struggle to break loose from these shackles and soar in the unbounded atmosphere seeking union with God. This struggle in its various manifestations provides the greatest stimulus to man's literary activity. And it is this which forms the subject-matter of the poems included in this part of the anthology.

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58. ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

I. THE POET

William Shakespeare—(1564 - 1616) is perhaps the greatest poet and dramatist the world has ever produced. Very little is directly known about his life history and the details given in books are the result of patient, prolonged research. He was already a married man when at twenty he left for London his home town Stratford on the river Avon, and attached himself to a theatrical company. He never became more than a minor actor, but soon evinced an extraordinary talent for adapting and improving the plays of others. His literary career extends from 1589 to 1611 Though none of his plays is original in plot, yet they are not mere adaptations. They are mostly in the poetic form—in the unrhymed iambic pentametre known as blank verse. He also wrote a large number of sonnets. Shakespeare retired from theatre four years before his death and died at Stratford-on-Avon.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

This piece is taken from Act II Scene 7 of Shakespeare's comedy, *As you Like It*. It describes briefly the seven stages of a man's life.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

Human life is like a seven-act drama in which man plays his various roles on the world stage.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The world is like a stage and human beings like actors and actresses who play seven roles each. These roles are that of (1) an infant. (2) a schoolboy, (3) a young lover, (4) a soldier, (5) a judge, (6) a silly old man, and (7) a decrepit who becomes a second child.

V. SUMMARY

All the world is a stage which men and women enter in order to play their roles in the seven-act drama of life. Everyone plays seven roles, each in a different part of his life, (1) At first he is an infant crying in the arms of his nurse. (2) Then he is a boy unwillingly going to the school in the morning. (3) Youth turns him into a lover singing songs to his sweetheart. (4) Thereafter he becomes a foul-mouthed soldier courting death to win fame. (5) Next we see him in the position of a well-fed judge with maxims on his lips. (6) After that he becomes dotard with slippers on his feet and spectacles on his nose. (7) Finally he is deprived of all his physical prowess and mental faculties and enters the second stage of childishness.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Beautiful and enlightening passages in Shakespeare are legion and this is one of such passages. Briefly but graphically he has described in it the various stages of man's life in this world. In every stage his behaviour is ridiculous. We laugh at him as we read him pass through these stages, little realizing that we too are at some one or the other of these stages. There is grandeur in these verses befitting their subject-matter. In them we see unassailable truth clad in unsullied beauty. This is the very quality which has immortalized Shakespeare and made his writings the highest literary achievement and the greatest cultural heritage of mankind.

VII. PARAPHRASE

The entire world is like stage all human beings are no more than actors and acttresses. They step on to the stage for playing their roles, and having so they leave at the other end. Everyone plays seven parts during the whole tenure of his life, each at a different age.

At first he is just like an infant crying and slobbering in the arms of his nurse.

Then he grows into boyhood and unwillingly and wailingly goes to the school with his satchel. His face has been washed in the morning and is looking very bright. But his feet move at a snail's pace because he does not like to go to the place.

Next he becomes a lover heaving sighs like a furnace and singing sorrowful songs in praise of his sweetheart's eyebrow.

Then he becomes a foul-mouthed soldier with moustaches like a leopard's feelers. Jealously does he guard his honour, readily gets involved in quarrels, and walks straight even into the mouth of a gun just to achieve hollow and unenduring fame.

Then he becomes a judge having a bulging belly which is full of the flesh of castrated and fattened cocks. He has a stern look and wears a precisely cut beard. His mouth is full of old maxims, everyday instances. In this way does he play his part.

In the next part of his life he moves in the figure of a silly old haggard dotard who has slippers on his feet, spectacles on his nose, and a small bag hanging on his side. His legs have withered so much that the stocking he used to wear as a young man and continues to wear in this old age, have grown too wide for him. His voice which was thick and manly has again become thin and childish and is mixed with shrill indistinct whistling sound when he speaks.

The next scene of this drama is the closing chapter of his strange history which is full of stirring events. This part of life is like a second childhood where man not only

suffers a total loss of memory, but even physical weakness overtakes him. He is without teeth, without eyes. without taste, without anything at all.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Man's life is divided into seven parts in each of which he has to play his role like on actor on the world's stage.

Notes

Stage—raised platform in a theatre on which a dramatic performance takes place. **Players**—actor and actresses. **Exits**—quitting the stage. **Entrances**—entering the stage for performing one's part. **Time**—life-time. **Acts**—main divisions of a play. **Infant**—a child during the first few years of his life. **Mewling**—crying like a cat. **Puking**—slobbering (منہ سے رال ٹپکتی ہوئی). **And then** - this is the second stage. **Whining**—wailing. (دبی آواز سے رونے والا). **Satchel** - schoolboy's bag, (بستہ). **Shining...face**—face which has just been washed and is therefore clean and bright. **Creeping**—going at a small pace. **Snail**—a kind of molluse, (گھونگا). **And...lover**—in the third stage he emerges a lover. **Sighing**—heaving sighs, (آهیں بھرتا هؤا) **Furnace**—close fireplace, (بھٹی). **Woeful**—expressive of grief, (دردناک). **Ballad**—song. It may be recalled that in Shakespeare's time the making of sonnets was very fashionable. **His...eyebrow**—the eye-brow of his sweatheart. **Then**—now he enters the fourth stage. **Oaths**—swear-words, (گالیاں). **Bearded**—wearing a beard. **Pard**—leopard, (چیتا). **Bubble reputation**—reputation which is as hallow and unenduring. **Cannon**—mounting gun. **And then**—this is fifth stage. **Justice**—judge. **Fair round**—very round, much projected, bulging. **Belly**—stomach. **Capon**—castrated cock, especially when it is fattened to improve its flesh. **Lined**—filled in the stomach, (پیٹ بھرا هؤا). **Eyes severe**—stern look. **Of formal cut**—

cut precisely. **Saws**—old saying maxims. **Modern instances**—he means everyday examples. **Shifts**—moves. **Lean...pantaloon**—an old fool who is gaunt in body and is wearing slippers. **Pataloon**—was the name of a comic character in an old Italian comedy. He was represented as an old, lean fool wearing slippers and spectacles with a pouch hanging on his side. **Pouch**—small bag. **Hose**—long stockings reaching from the waist to the foot. **Youthful hose**—stockings which he used to wear in youth. **Well saved**—preserved. **A world too wide**—far too wide. **Shrunk shanks**—withered legs. **Treble**—a musical term denoting women's thin voice ; hence *childish treble* means (بچے کی آواز). **Pipes**—speaks in a thin treble. **Whistles**—make a shrill sound. **His sound**—its sound. He means the sound of his manly voice. **Last**—this is the seventh stage. **Eventful**—marked by stirring events. **Mere oblivion**—total forgetfulness, utter loss of memory. **Sans**—(pronounced (سان) ; it is a French word meaning without. **Taste**—the sense of taste (ذائقہ).

All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players ;
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts
His acts being seven stages.

Explanation

Shakespeare says in these lines that this world is a stage and men and women, in their life-time, for a short period —their allotted span of life, come and play their parts. They temporarily come upon the stage, *i.e.* in the world, play their parts and then disappear into the chagrine of darkness. Birth is their entry into the world and death is their final going away. During this period they pass through seven different stages or in other words we can say that this drama of life can be divided into seven acts (The Greek and Roman thinkers divided the life of average man into seven different parts, during each one

of which, he or she was supposed to be under the domination of one of the seven planets.

At first the infant
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms
And then the whining school boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Un-willingly to school

Explanation

The first stage is the infancy-stage. The little child is a helpless small creature unable to move about or shift for himself. He is carried about in the arms of the nurse and he is all the time crying and slobbering. He has as yet not acquired control over his different parts of the body and saliva goes on trickling down from his mouth and he is all the time weeping and crying. At the second stage the little child grows up and becomes a small boy. He is put to school and every morning he can be seen going to school. His healthy face is bright and clean, the mother has taken pains to wash him and he is well-fed and properly nourished. He goes to school unwillingly as children always do and so goes slowly like a snail and is all the time wearing a sour expression on his face.

And then the lover
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannons mouth

Explanation

Then comes the third stage of life and we find the school boy changed into a lover. He is ardently in love and passes his time in heaving deep fetched sighs, hot as if coming out of a furnace. He is fiery and youthful and love is for him as no pastime, but a real business and he

passes his time thinking about his beloved. If crossed in love he expresses his sorrows and disappointment, in hot sighs as if coming out of a blazing furnace. He often writes ballads (poems) in the praise of the beauty of the eye-brows of his beloved. Since he happens not to be very successful in love his poems are generally sad and tragic. The fourth stage now comes along and the lover goes and enlists in the army. He as a soldier shows a special fondness for using strong language and uttering oaths with every remark that he makes. He wears a ruffled beard like a pard and thus tries to make more marked his martial expression. He is very careful about his honour and cannot bear it to be sullied ; at the slightest provocation he shows an aptitude to pick up a quarrel and fight it out. He goes about searching for fame and good name and has no idea that fame is short lived and brittle like a bubble and may burst at any moment. In search of fame and name he does not mind rushing into any danger or facing risks and hazards.

And then the justice,
In fair round belley with good caponlin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances
And so he plays his part.

Explanation

Shakespeare says that the fifth stage of life soon comes upon and the soldier comes back home after having gained a lot of experience of life in the various countries he happens to have visited. By this time he is middle aged and out of regard for the services rendered by him he is made the justice of peace of the district he happens to belong to. He has by this time put on plenty of flesh and no longer has the spare and athletic body of an army man. He has a big bulging belley filled with the good fat flesh of castrated cocks. His eyes are severe and hard and now he wears the well trimmed beard cut in the fashion of the big persons of the country. In his conversation and talk he repeatedly makes references to the various cases of differ-

ent type which he has tried as a judge and gives wise quotations out of lawbooks he happens to have read. In this way he plays his part in the fifth act of the drama of life.

The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon
With spectacles on nose and punch on side
His youthful hose well saved a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound, last scene of all,
In second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything

Explanation

For a limited period of time he plays the part of a justice of peace and grows quite old and therefore retires from service. Now he changes into the sixth form of existence, *i.e.*, old age. He is shrivilled and dried up and instead of shoes he wears slippers because he has to pass most of his time at home. He is now too weak to move about freely in the world. The poet now compares and contrasts his physical condition with what is used to be in his youth and middle age. As a young warrior he went on military duty to the distant foriegn lands while as a justice of peace he toured the district ; but now he is a stay at home. His condition is thus no better than that of a pantaloon (a comic character represented as a thin, lean, oldman with spectacles, wearing slippers and in the habit of taking snuff (نسوار) for which purpose a pouch containing snuff hept hanging by his side). The hose he has purchased remains now un-used, his body has withered and this hose is now too big for him. His strong boss voice of a healthy and virile man is now changed into the thin, shrill and treble voice of a small child. The poet means to say that this period of old age is another childhood. His teeth are now gone and he therefore, whistles when

he speaks and the words are not pronounced by him properly. After this sixth stage comes the final and closing act, *i.e.*, the seventh stage. Old age has advanced further and the drama of life is fast approaching its legitimate end. It is the period of second childishness and forgetfulness. The old man, who is now a prey to senility is weak, helpless and fickle like the child, saliva trickles from his loose hanging lips and he talks in a piping voice. He is now without teeth, the eyesight is impaired, the sense of touch is weakened. In fact this period is the time of losing hold upon life, till death supervene and stops all physical and mental activity.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

In fact the whole of this poem is important and must be thoroughly prepared. To the following lines which are more important, greater attention must be paid.

Lines 1—5. (*All the...age*) ; **lines 11—15** (*Then... mouth*) ; **lines 15—19** (*And then...part*) ; **lines 19—25** (*The sixth...sound*) detailed explanations of all these verses will be found in the preceding section.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *What are the seven parts of man's life in this world ?*

Ans. See the Summary.

Q. II. *Give a critical appreciation of Shakespeare's* **All the World's a Stage.**

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

Q. III. *Give detailed explanations of any of the two passages referred to in section IX above.*

Ans. See section VII for relevant explanations.

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59. FAREWELL TO ALL MY GREATNESS

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

I. THE POET

For a detailed note on the life and letters of William Shakespeare, the student is referred to Poem No 58.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

Like the preceding extract, this one also is taken from one of Shakespeare's Plays.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

People who insinuate themselves into royal favour should not feel over-confident. They would experience a headlong fall if ever the prince turns against them.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The man whose glory depends on royal favour is never on safe ground. He may be in favour with a person today, and fall out of favour tomorrow when all his glory would come to an end. And the worst part of it is that he has the misfortune to survive the shock of his fall the remaining years of his life are made miserable with severe pains and grave fears.

V. SUMMARY

A character in one of Shakespeare's Plays falls out of royal favour. He feels rightly that his greatness has come to an end. He says man cherishes hopes and achieves honours by insinuating himself into favour with princes. But suddenly the biting frost of royal disfavour nips the very roots which had put forth the blossoms of glory and were sustaining them. He says a man depending on such glory is like a swimmer who ventures on the high seas just by supporting himself on the bladder of his puffed up pride. But as the bladder bursts he is left waiting for the next to drown him. Before, however, his life comes to an end, he has to undergo severe mental torture at his downfall.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Shakespeare gives in *Farewell to All My Greatness* a true

picture of the insecure position of the nobles. They were the most envied people as long as they continued to be in favour with the king. But no sooner did they fall out of favour, than their glory and greatness came to an abrupt end. They would be in a position worse even than that of the commoners, because they would henceforth be living under constant fear of losing their life and property. This was the state of affairs under despotic rule. Things have radically changed under democracy, but where the set-up is democratic only in name, we may find even Ministers suddenly turned out of office and pent-up behind bars. As long as even some of the civilized nations of the world remain under this primitive state of government, this extract from Shakespeare is not a meaningless fear but a statement of grave facts. The dirge is written in a very simple and vigorous style and the metaphors impress on one the vainglory of all human endeavour under such a regime.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Good-bye to my greatness. There will be no more of it now.

These are the conditions under which man has to live in the world. Today the soft leaves of hope sprout in his mind and tomorrow they would bring forth blossoms when he would be covered with glory. Then there would be mixed feelings of pride and modesty in his mind and his face would turn red with emotion. But this happiness does not prove to be lasting. On the third day there would be a biting frost and while he would be snugly feeling that his greatness is ripening, the frost would wither the very roots of his hope. Then the unfortunate man would experience a severe downfall just as I have experienced in a similar adventure.

Like little playful boys who swim with the help of inflated bladders, I have for many years run the risk of entering the high seas of glory which was far out of my depth. My puffed up pride served to support me like an inflated bladder. Suddenly it burst and lay flat, and I found myself grown aged and tired in the service of the

king unable to stem the turbulent tide in which I am sure to be drowned.

The glory and magnificence of the world are all empty shadows. Now that my mind is unprejudiced and can judge things in their true perspective, I have come to detest worldly splendour.

Th helpless man who depends on royal favour is a very wretched man indeed. He wishes to be in proximity to kings so that he may be attracted to the expressions of their face or have their smiles showered on him. But the fact is that it is all to end up in his ruin, and the worst of it is that before death overtakes him, he shall suffer severe pains as of childbirth and shall be haunted by fears as of war. In short when a person is no longer in the King's good graces, he has such a downfall as was experienced by Satan—a downfall leaving absolutely no hope of regaining the lost glory.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Lines 1—22. *The character of this drama bids farewell to all his greatness because he finds that nothing much of honour is left to him after he has fallen out of royal favour.*

Notes

Farewell—good-bye. **Farewell to**—no more of. **State**—condition. **Put forth**—extend. **Tender**—soft. **Blossoms**—flowers in early stage of growth. **Blushing**—turning red with emotion. **Blushing honours**—honours that make him blush (here the epithetic adjective is transferred from the man who is honoured to the noun 'honours'. **Bears thick upon him**—has a profuse growth. **Frost**—frozen dew or vapour, (پالا) **Killing**—that which withers plants and makes them shrivelled. **Good easy man**—one enjoying a comfortable position. **Full surely**—with great certainty, without any doubts whatsoever,. **A-ripening**—ripening. **Nips**—cut off, ends the growth of. **Falls**—drops down from high status.

Ventured—taken the risk. **Wanton**—playful, uncontrolled. **Bladders**—tough bags which might be filled with air. **This many summers**—he means for so many years. **Glory**—honour and flame won by great achievements. **Beyond any depth**—or *out of my depth* means in water too deap for me to touch the bottom. **High-blown**—puffed up. **Broke under me**—burnt under me. **Weary**—tired. **Rude**—turbulent. **That...me**—in which I might be drowned. **Vain**—empty, unsubstantial, unreal. **Pomp**—splendid display, parade, magnificence, (شان و شکوه، طراق). **Ye**—you. **Opened**—able to view things in their true perspective.

Wretched—miserable, (بد نصیب، غم زده). **Hangs on**—depends. **Prince's favour**-royal goodwill. *Prince* does not merely mean a king's progeny but also a petty ruler. **Betwixt**-between. **Would aspire to**—wish to reach. **Sweet**-highly attractive and gratifying. **Aspect**-look, expression, **Their ruin**—The fall of the aspirants. **Pangs**—sudden sharp pain. **Lucifer**—Satan. According to Christian beliefs, Lucifer was the chief rebel angel who was thrown out of heaven because of his pride. **Never...again**—never more to cherish any hope.

Farewell ! a long farewell, to all my greatness
This is the state of man ! today he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes ; to-morrow's blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him

Explanation

These lines are an expression of the disgust felt for the short-lived glory and greatness which is based upon the favour of kings. The poet in these lines says, "Good bye, my greatness and I bid you this farewell for ever." After making this remark the poet passes on to moralise over the transitoriness of all human pomp and show, he says, "Man in this world, in the hey-day of good fortune projects himself into the future and hopes that he would be able to

better his position and thus he puts forth his hopes quite in the same way as a tree puts forth his leaves in the spring season. The tree in spring has not the least idea that very soon autumn and winter will come and all the leaves would dry up, wither and fall. In the same way a man who happens to bask in the sun-shine of royal favour has no idea that any-time he may lose the favour of the king and perforce have to bid adieu to all his greatness. In fact he is blinded to such an extent that he feels shy of these honours, and when these crowd upon him thick and fast he blushes to have acquired so much glory."

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost
And when he thinks. good easy man, full surely
His greatness is ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls as I do.

Explanation

Thus gloating upon his glory and greatness he goes on feeling more and more secure ; but shortly a frosty and cold wind blows and chills all his hopes. He loses royal favour and all the pomp and show gained by him during the last so many years comes to an end. Just when in his life a man feels a sense of security and well-being and thinks that his greatness and position were maturing he is cut short in his conjectures which now come un-true. All his hopes are nipped in the bud and experiences a big fall in life. This according to Shakespeare is invariably the outcome of glory and greatness based on the favour of kings.

I have ventured.
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders
This many summers in a sea of glory
But far beyond my depth ! my high blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that for ever must hide me.

Explanation

I committed the mistake of stepping beyond my powers and capabilities. Like small boys, who try to swim through deep waters with the help of inflated rubber baloons, I too kept up my struggle to keep swimming upon the ocean of glory for many long years." He means to say that very often small boys try to swim across deep waters with the help of rubber bladders and if the bladder burs s they get drowned In the same way he too tried to swim in the ocean of glory and greatness based upon the favours of a king. It was a risky affair and ultimately he had a fall. "I had become proud of my position and glory, pride hath a fall and my pride broke under me and I had a fall." In this old age I am now left without any prop and I am too tired and weak now to make a fresh beginning in life. Thus I am now submerged in the water of a violent and stormy sea and there is no hope of my being salvaged.

Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :
I feel my heart new opened O ! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on prince's favours
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have
And when he falls, like a lucifer
Never to hope again.

Explanation

He says, "The glory and pomp achieved in this world is a mere shadow and is quite unsubstantial. I hate it and now feel that my heart has suffered a new wound because I have lost that glory and show of greatness. That poor man is very wretched and his position in life is most unreliable, who has based his greatness and glory upon the favours of some king or ruler. Between that period when he is in the favour of the king and the king smiles upon him the subsequent period when he falls from that eminent position, he experiences more acute sufferings that soldiers

do in war orw omen in child-birth." He means to say that the life of a man, whose pomp and glory is based upon the favours of some prince, is a very wretched life, because all the time he is nervous and full of fear that he may not lose the favour of the king and fall down in the eyes of the people. Later on when the period of this glory comes to an end he experiences a fall which is like the fall of Lucifer (Satan). Like Satan he falls down and cannot hope to rise up again.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Explain with reference to the context :

(*i*) *I have ventured*
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
At length broke under me. and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.

(*ii*) *O ! how wretched*
Is that poor man that hangs on prince's favours.
There is, betwixt that smile or would aspire to,
That sweat aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs or fears than wars or women have ;

(*i*) These verses have been taken from Shakespeare's *Farewell to All My Greatness*. Shakespeare makes his character say that he has never had a sound footing. Even when he has been swimming on the high seas of greatness, he has been content to seek the help of a treacherous bladder which might have burst or lain flat at any moment. But he never entertained any fears on this account. For a number of years I swam with its help in the sea of glory where the water was far too deep for me to touch the bottom. I was puffed up with pride at any achievements and it was this very pride which helped me to hold my head above water. But it could not continue for long and the bladder

of pride finally burst under the weight of my body and the pressure of the waves. Now that the glory has left me, a sad awakening has come upon me. I find myself grown old and tired in the service of the sovereign who has cast me away. I have been left with nothing to support me. Now I have entirely fallen on the mercy of turbulent waves of the sea of life. I see my impending death. It is only a matter of time before I am drowned by the surging waves.

(*ii*) These verses are taken from Shakespeare's *Farewell to All My Greatness* which is a dirge by a person who has fallen out of grace. He has suddenly realized that the person whose whole career has depended on royal favours is a very miserable person indeed. He aspires to get so close to kings that he may get a good view of them—that he should obtain from them the favour of their gracious smiles and kind expressions. But he little knows that at the other end of his goal stands his ruin. The honours, even if achieved, are not easy to maintain. And between the joy of achievement and the end of all glory, one has to undergo sudden and severe pains like the throes of childbirth, and entertain fears as in a war. In other words, though the falling out of grace might be immediate, the end is not fast in approaching. Till that end comes, he finds himself subjected to severe pains and grave fears.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *Write in your own words the summary of the ideas expressed by Shakespeare's in* **Farewell to All My Greatness.**

Ans. See the Summary.

Q. II. *Give a critical appreciation of Shakespeare's* **Farewell to All My Greatness.**

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

60. THE SOUL'S SEARCH FOR GOD

BY

THOMAS HEYWOOD

I. THE POET

Thomas Heywood—was a fellow-actor and dramatist with Shakespeare. It has not been found possible to determine his date of birth, but it is gathered that the period of his literary activity extended from 1608 to 1639. He died probably in 1650. Though Lamb has described him as merely a prose Shakespeare, yet he is no mean poet. His most famous play is *A Woman Killed with Kindness*. His poems outside the field of dramatic writing are contained in the *Hierachy of the Blessed Angels*. It is claimed that besides 220 plays and numerous poems he has various translations to his credit.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

The poet unsuccessfully tries to identify God with nature but gets a severe rebuff from it.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

Nature is not God. Him we can seek only on a higher plane. He makes Himself manifest through His qualities of Mercy, Justice and Truth.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The human soul, in its unworthy but willing search for God, is misled into the belief that He is nature. But animals of the land, fishes of the sea and birds of the air all correct him and he looks for God at a higher plane. He finds that God, though invisible and infinite, makes Himself manifest to the human eye through His Mercy, Justice and Truth, the soul then prays to God to admit it amongst the blest.

V. SUMMARY

The soul of man looks around him at nature in his quest for God. It asks every creature if it is the Almighty Lord. They proclaim with one voice that none among them arro-

gates the name of God. Then it turns to the depth of the sea, but even there it fails to find any being which would be God. Next it turns to the birds of the air who are offended by the blasphemous question and ask it to look for God on a still higher plane. Finally it discovers that God, though invisible, reveals Himself to man through his qualities of Mercy, Justice and Truth. It prays to God to grant man Love, Hope and Faith in Him. It entreats Him to forgive man's sins and admit him in the fold of the best in appreciation of his voluntary quest.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Pantheism in poetry has always sought to identify nature with God, but Marvel is not a pantheist and he thinks differently. He takes his start from the same point but soon arrives at the conclusion that God is higher than everything else. The main point, however, is that he makes Himself manifest to man not through anything concrete but through the abstract qualities of Mercy, Justice and Truth. When in the end he prays to God to help man in his search for Him, he is implicitly stressing the need for man to search for Mercy, Justice and Truth. This is what lends sublimity to the poem.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. O You who are my God, listen to me. I look for You and Your abode all round me in nature. I asked the Earth : "Tell me, are you God ?" "No, I am not," she replied. Then I collectively posed the same question to all the creatures living on the earth. They emphatically replied with one voice that none of them arrogated the name of God.

Stanza 2. With a view to knowing my God, I then asked the seas and the oceans. I asked all the crawling and other creatures in that bottomless charm. My inquiry extended from the little fish shrimp to the sea-monster Leviathan. But the Almighty God for Whom I was looking could not be found in those watery wastes which are so deep that no sounding-line is long enough to measure them.

Stanza 3. Then I asked the Air if it was God. But look, it replied in the negative. I asked the winged birds of the Air, right from the soaring eagle to the little song-bird wren, if any of them was God. They were all incensed at this blasphemous query and replied with one accord that I must look still higher, if I want to find God.

Stanza 4. Now, my God, it seems to me as if after all these inquiries I can see your face with the spiritually enlightening divine Mercy, although the vision is circumscribed by the limitations imposed by You on Your discovery. You cannot be seen by human eyes and are beyond the confines of time and space. You make Yourself manifest to our weak senses, to whatever extent You like, through Your Mercy, Justice and Truth.

Stanza 5 O God, who are the most merciful, make us clever enough to seek and quick enough to find You. You are the most just Being. Grant us Love, Hope and Faith to repose trust in You. O You who are the Highest Good and the Greatest form of Existence, we humbly request you to forgive our sins. Our search for you might not have been worthy of You ; nevertheless it was a voluntary quest. Vouchsafe us through your mercy to enter us into the fold of the already blessed souls.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanzas 1—3. *The poet asks various things in the universe if they be God. They told him that he must look higher to find God.*

Notes

Sought—(The past tense of *seek*) searched for, looked for. **Thee**—You. **Round about**—all round me. **Abode**—residence. **Unto**—it is the archaic form of *to* now met with only in poetry. **Art**—it is the form of the verbs *are* used along with *than*. Please mark that all verbs in the present tense when used with thou take an additional *st* or *t* at the end, *e.g.*, you can, *thou canst* ; you could, *thou couldst* ; you would, *thou wouldst*; you should, *thou shouldst*; you see, *thou seest* ; you will, *thou wilt* ; you shall, *thou*

shalt ; you are, *thou art* ; and so on. The word *thou* (تو) has fallen out of use in common speech and ordinary prose, but we may still come across it in poetry. **In general**—not severally, *i.e.*, each in turn, but generally, *i.e.*, all taken together. **Therein**—in it, on the earth. **With one voice**—unanimously. **Proclaim**—make public by herald or crier or otherwise, (اعلان کرنا). **Challenged**—it also means disputed or denied. **Such a name**—The name of God.

The deep—it is a poetical word for the ocean. *The deeps* means the oceans. **My...know**—so that I may know my God. **Reptiles**—animals which creep or crawl with no legs or very short legs, (رینگنے والی مخلوق). **Abyss**—bowels of the earth, the depths of the ocean mythology. **Shrimp**—a small shellfish used for food. **Leviathan**—a water-monster, a sea animal of enormous size. **My ran**—I questioned. **Deserts**—uninhabited and barren regions. The word is used here metaphorically to denote the vast uninhabited expanse of oceans. **Line** *i.e.*, a sounding line, a long string with a weight fastened at one end, lowered into the water to measure its depth. **Sound**—test the depth of the sea. **But in...sound**—but in those oceans which are so deep that their depth cannot be measured with the help of even the longest sounding lines. **The God**—he means the real Almighty God and not any idol or figment of human imagination.

If that were he—if the air was my God. **But know**—but listen. **Towering eagle**—an eagle soaring or poised aloft. **Wren**—a small song-bird with short wings and a short, erect tail. **Demanded**—requested peremptorily. **Feathered fowl**—a winged bird. **Mong**—among. Please note that whenever one or more letters are omitted from a word, an apostrophe (') is inserted there to call the reader's attention to this omission. **Such**—he means God. **Quire**—now spelt as choir. It denotes an organized band of singers in a church. **Offended**—incensed (ناراض ہوئے).

Explanation

I sought...abode—O my God, I looked all round me to find the place where You reside. The poet—or his soul as he points out in the title—searched for the abode of God round about him on the earth. **But they...higher**—in these concluding lines of the third stanza, the poet says that even when he looked a little higher than the depths of the sea or the face of the earth, the birds of the air asked me to look for God higher still. In fact they took offence when they knew I was looking for God on such a low plane.

Gist

Stanzas 4 & 5—*The poet realizes that although God is invisible, yet He appears to man in His Mercy, Justice and Truth. Finally he prays to God to forgive all his sins.*

Notes

And now—now that I have known about You and Your abode. Note that the asterisks printed above this stanza in the text book point out that some stanzas have been omitted from the poem. The poet has learnt that God is invisible. **Thy**—your. **Illumining**—poetical word for illuminating or spiritually enlightening. **Grace**—divine mercy and favour towards mankind. (لطف خداوندی). **So far forth**—as much. **Thou be**—You will make Yourself manifest. **Methinks**—it seems to me. **Invisible**—he who cannot be seen, (غیر مرئی). **Infinite**—boundless, endless, (جو ازل سے ہے اور ابد تک رہے گا). **To human sight**—by the eyes of men and women. **Frail**—weak. **Thou...nearest**—You come very near.

Apt—quick, clever. **Faith...trust**—faith (ایمان) by which we will repose our trust in God. **Remit our offences**—forgive our sins. **Entreat**—beseech, beg, ask earnestly. **Grant**—grant us our prayer, (دعا قبول فرما). **Willing**—voluntary. **Unworthy**—not so well conducted as search for God should have been. **Quest**—search. **May**—he means this search may. **Admit**—allow us to enter.

'Mongst—amongst. **The blest**—those admitted to para-dise.

Explanation

And now...I see—The poet says divine mercy is spiritually enlightening. It seems, he says, as if he is seeing the splendid and magnificent of God—though there is no doubt about the fact that his vision of God is limited to the extent to which He will make Himself manifest.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Explain with reference to the context :

(*i*) *And though invisible and infinite,*
To human sight
Thou in Thy Mercy, Justice, Truth appearest,
In which to our frail senses Thou com'st nearest

(*ii*) *O, make us apt to seek and quick to find,*
Thou God most kind :
Give us Love, Hope, and Faith in Thee to trust,
Thou God most just :
Remit all our offences, we entreat,
Most Good, most Great :
Grant that our willing though unworthy quest,
May, through Thy Grace, admit us 'mongst the blest.

(*i*) This is an extract from *the soul's search for God* by Thomas Heywood, one of Shakespeare's lesser contemporaries. The poet says that God cannot be seen by the eyes of man. Moreover He extends to infinity, *i.e.*, far beyond the confines of space and time at either end. Therefore He is incomprehensible. Nevertheless, human senses, however weak, can know something about Him through qualities of Mercy, Justice and Truth. It is in these attributes that He makes Himself manifest.

(*ii*) This is the concluding stanza of Thomas Heywood's poem, *The Soul's Search for God*. Having established the identity of God, the poet makes a few humble submissions

to him. God he says, is most gracious, so he implores Him to make man so clever as to look for Him and so quick as to be able to find Him in time. God, he says, is most just ; so he beseeches Him to give man Love, Hope and Faith to repose trust in Him. He prays to God, Who is the Highest Good and the Greatest Being, to forgive all sins of man. He also entreats Him to allow the souls seeking him to enter the fold of those who are already in paradise. He says that although the soul's search is not worthy of the greatness of God for whom it is looking, yet it must go to the seeker's credit that the search is spontaneous and is being conducted voluntarily. It is in appreciation of this attitude that the poet requests for the grant of his earnest prayer.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *How is the soul's search for God described by Thomas Heywood ?*

Ans. Look up the summary.

Q. II. *Give a critical appreciation of Thomas Heywood's paem,* **The Soul's Search for God.**

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

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61. THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

BY

ANDREW MARVELL

I. THE POET

Andrew Marvell (1621—1678) was one of the fiercest political pamphleteers of the Protectorate in England. He became Milton's assistant in the Latin secretaryship (the Cromwellian Ministry of Foreign Affairs). After the Restoration his pen wrote mordant satires aimed at the new regime. Among his earlier poetical words the *Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland.* He has also many poems in praise of garden and country life.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

Thoughts in a Garden is the best of Marvell's non-political poems. The love of country life and of gardens, evinced by him in his youthful poems, is again visible here.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

Man can find no better companion than a garden.

IV. SUBSTANCE

People busy themselves with toils and undergo trials in order to win laurels and to be crowned with the leaves of some plant. Would it not be far better for them to set aside all these toils and in sweet solitude enjoy the company of flowers and trees in a garden ? The human soul, divested of the heavy burden of the body sings and whets its wings till it is prepared for flight to Heaven.

V. SUMMARY

Man toils to win laurels. He undergoes all that trouble merely to get a few leaves of some tree. But he seldom realizes that trees are wise enough to reproach him with the fatuity of their pursuits. Instead, they invite him to enjoy Quiet and Innocence in their company. Even the poet had looked for these in overcrowded places but then he found that these sacred plants could grow here only in a garden. The beauty of a tree by far surpasses that of a sweetheart and man always retires to a garden after the intensity of their love for woman abates. Whenever gods have loved female figures, they have done so in the hope of seeing them transformed into plants and trees. One leads a wonderful life in a garden. The mind turns from lesser joys and withdraws into its own happiness. It destroys the existing set-up and creates brave new worlds with the help of fresh and vigorous ideas. In this environment, the human soul divests itself of its body, and perched on some tree, it sings and combs its wings in preparation for its flight to heaven. This was like what one felt in the garden of Eden. Man in fact lived in a double paradise when he lived there alone without being encumbered with a mate. But he was not destined to live in

this state of single blessedness. He is now on the dial of the earth and the best that he can do now is to retire to a garden and there live at peace in the company of herbs and flowers.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Marvell's poem, *Thoughts in a Garden*, is a revolt against city life which gives the soul no peace and denies him the company of Quiet and Innocence. Even love is no good for him for once the heat of passion is over one soon retires to the solitude of the garden and finds that a tree is by far prettier than a mistress. The poem gives expression to an important aesthetic strain in Marvell. "He was the first to sing the beauty and glory of gardens and orchards. In them he tastes his dearest delights : it seems to him that all creation is

'Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.'

Marvell's poem *Thoughts in a Garden* foreshadows Keats by its sensuousness (see Stanza 5), and Wordsworth by its optimistic and severe meditative mood.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. The silly pursuits of men in their attempt to win decorations comprising the leaves or branches of the palm, the oak or the laurel. They put in endless hard work just to crown themselves with the leaves of some plant or tree. They never seem to realize that the shade of these leaves or branches is meagre and limited. Taken as a whole, these trees judiciously reproach them with their insane endeavours. The flowers and trees have a profuse growth. Extending their branches, they draw close to each other in order to weave garlands which bring man respite from his labours.

Stanza 2. I have at last found in a garden the beautiful Quiet and her dear sister Innocence, although for a considerable period I had been so misguided as so seek them in places overcrowded by men. Quiet and Innocence, you are the sacred plants of the Heaven. If at all you

flourish here below on the earth, then it has become perfectly clear to me that you can grow only among plants and nowhere else. Society is in fact quite ignorant of the sweet pleasures of solitude.

Stanza 3. Never did any blonde or rosy-cheeked person look so lovely as the green colour of plant life. Doting lovers who are consumed by the flames of their passions, are in no way less cruel than the fire which burns them. They make incisions in the bark of the trees and engrave on it the names of their sweethearts. They neither realize nor care to realize that the beauty of trees far surpasses that of their mistress. O beautiful trees, rest assured that if ever I make any incisions on your bark, it shall be to engrave your name only.

Stanza 4. When the intensity of a lover's passions has spent its force, he finds a garden the best place to which he should retire. Even the immortal gods have pursued mortal beauty in the same way by arriving at some tree at the end of their chase. The sun god Apollo pursued Daphne only to find her transformed into a laurel-tree. Similarly it was not as a female divinity but as a reed that Pan, the god of woods, swiftly ran after Syrinx.

Stanza 5. Indeed I lead a wonderful life in the garden. Ripe apples drop round me. Richly sweet bunches of grape press their juice against my mouth. Peaches, soft-skinned and others, automatically come to my hands. I get entangled in flowers as I walk in the garden and tripping over various kinds of melons, I fall on the grass.

Stanza 6. While the body is feasting on these things, the mind turns away from minor joys and retires to inward happiness. No doubt, the human mind is like an ocean wherein every form of existence can easily recreate itself by readily seeing its own reflection, yet in this retreat it rises above all existing things and creates new worlds and fresh oceans. In the shade of green trees, the mind destroys all that exists in order to replace it with fresh and vigorous ideas.

Stanza 7. While I sit in the garden near a *spring* from

which water flows into the brook softly and silently, or close to the moss-covered root of some fruit-tree, my soul divests itself of the cumbersome covering of the body. Then like a bird it floats effortlessly through the big branches. It perches on the tree and warbles softly. Meanwhile, it rubs its white wings against stones and combs them in preparation for its long flight to the Heaven. The ever-changing shades of light send out undulating currents from its colourful feathers, as it combs its brilliant wings.

Stanza 8. The blessed garden of Eden where Adam walked before the birth of Eve was quite like the picture that has been drawn here. What more suitable company could Adam expect after he had been allotted an undefiled and pleasant place like Eden. But one who is subject to death had not been destined to move about alone in such a place. The prize was too high for him, because indeed the opportunity to live alone in Paradise amounts to having two paradises all at once—the paradise of the garden, and the paradise of solitude.

Stanza 9. Skilful indeed is the Gardener who created this round disc known as the earth and covered it all over with flowers and plants. Above it, the sun moving along the Zodiac belt sheds its life-giving warmth and keeps count of the time. Down here, the hard-working bee keeps count of the time through its humming. And so does man. But it must be borne in mind that there is no better way of employing oneself during the pleasant and healthful lease of life that has been given to us, than to enjoy the quiet and innocent company of green plants and flowers of variegated hue.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Stanza 1. *Men boast of the laurels won by them, but the trees from which these leaves are taken reproach them for their toils.*

Notes

Vainly—foolishly. **Themselves amaze**—stupefy or confound themselves. **To win**—in order to win. **Palm**—

a tropical tree whose branches are the symbol of victory or excellence. **Oak**—(شاہ بلوط), another tree used for the same purpose as the palm. **Bay**—the European laurel. **Bays**—in the plural means a crown or wreath made of laurel leaves, given in ancient days to great poets, exquisite singers and victors in wars or games. **Uncessant**—incessant, unceasing. **Labours**—toils. **Crown'd from**—crowned with leaves taken from. **Herb**—any low plant with a soft steam. **Narrow verged**—confined within short limits. **Prudently**—wisely. **Toils**—labour, (محنت - مشقت). **Upbraid**—reproach, **Tress**—it is a misprint. Please read *trees*. **Close**—come nearer each other. He means, have a profuse growth. **Weave**—(هار گوندھنا). **Garland**—a wreath or circle of flowers or leaves used as a decoration, or as a symbol of victory or rejoicing, (پھولوں کا تاج یا هار). **Repose**—rest, respite from toil.

Explanation

How...tree—People busy themselves in silly endeavours to win decorations for their outstanding success in art or war. But these decorations are merely symbolic and are no more than the branches or leaves of palm, oak and bay trees. They put in incessant hard work simply to get a crown made of the leaves of some tree or plant.

Whose...repose—The trees whose leaves or branches they aim to win, do not provide them with enough shade in this form. On the contrary, the trees, taken as a whole, are wise enough to reproach them with undertaking unnecessary labour. These trees and flowers set quite a different example to man. They have a profuse growth and by extending their branches come close to each other in their bid to weave the garlands of respite from toil.

Gist

Stanza 2. *Quiet and Innocence are to be found only in a garden.*

Notes

Fair—pretty, pleasing to the sense, **Quiet**—silence,

calm, (سکون). **Thee**—you. **Here**—in the garden. **Innocence**—freedom from wrongdoing, (معصومیت). **Thy...dear**—Innocence is the dear sister of Quiet **Mistaken long**—Labouring under a misconception for quite a long time. **In ...men**—in overcrowded places. **Your...plants**—The plants of Quiet and Innocence which I had sacred. **If here below**—if at all they grow even on the earth and not merely in Heaven. **Rude to**—it also means ignorant of. **Delicious**—highly delightful. **Solitude**—loneliness, (تنہائی).

Explanation

Mistaken.. grow—I have been labouring under a misconception for quite a long time. I have been looking for Quiet and Innocence in overcrowded places But the truth has finally dawned upon me. Now I know that if the deared plants of Quiet and Innocence grow not merely in Heaven but on the earth as well, then they grow only in gardens amidst other plants.

Society.. solitude—The lineliness found in the company of Quiet and Innocence is highly delightful. But it is a sad fact that people fond of one another's company are quite ignorant of this high delight and they never come to a garden to enjoy it.

Gist

Stanza 3. *Trees are by far lovelier even as compared to sweethearts.*

Notes

Nor white nor red—neither a blonde nor a rosy-cheeked girl. **Amorous**—he means lovely. **Green**—he means a garden. **Fond**—devoted. **Their...name**—The name of their sweetheart. **Where'o'er**—wheresoever, (جہاں کہیں). **Bark**—outer covering of the trunk and branches of a tree. **Wound**—incise ; cut.

Explanation

Fond...exceed—devoted lovers prove to be as cruel as the flame of love burning within them. They are so devoted to their sweetheart that they engrave her name

on the trees by incising their bark. But it is very unfortunate that they neither know nor care to know that the beauty of a garden far surpasses that of a sweetheart. **Fair ...found**—O beautiful trees ! I assure you that if anywhere I make an incision on your bark and engrave something, it shall only be your name and not anyone else's. The reason for this is that everyone engraves his sweetheart's name, and my sweetheart is none other than you.

Gist

Stanza 4. *Even the race of gods chasing mortal beauty has ended in love for trees.*

Notes

We...heart—The intensity of our love has passed. *Heat* means intensity of feelings and *passion* meant strong feeling or enthusiasm. **Hither**—he means to the garden. **Makes ...retreat**—finds it the best plant to retire. *Retreat* means to retire, go back or withdraw. **Gods**—The gods of Greek and Roman mythology. **That**—who. **Mortal beauty**—beautiful human beings. **Chase**—run after. **Apollo**—The Greek god of the sun, song and prophecy. He was the son of the chief Greek god, Zeus. **Hunted**—chased, pursued, ran after. **Daphne**—(pronounced *def-nay*) the pretty daughter of the river-god Peneus in Thessaly. Apollo was charmed by her beauty and pursued her. But as she was on the point of being overtaken by him, she prayed for aid, and was changed into a laurel-tree. This kind of tree, called *Daphne* in Greek, consequently became sacred to Apollo and his votaries. **Pan**—The Greek god of pastures, flocks and wood. **Syrinx**—a nymph who was pursued by Pan. In order to escape from his clutches she prayed that she might be changed into a reed. The chagrined lover cut the reed and made a flute which came to be known as *syrinx*. **Nymph**—a female divinity of a lower rank in Greek mythology. The nymphs were supposed to inhabit all parts of nature. **Reed**—a firm-stemmed grass growing in or near water, (بانسری ، نَے).

Explanation

The gods...reed—even gods end up with the love for

plants although they might have made a start by loving womanly beauty. Apollo chased Daphne merely with the object that she might be metamorphosed into a laurel-tree. Similarly although Pan ran swiftly after Syrinx, yet it was not a female divinity which she chased, but just a reed.

Gist

Stanza 5. *The poet leads a wonderful life in a garden where he feasts on fruits.*

Notes

Wondrous—wonderful. **Luscious**—rich and sweet in taste and smell, (شیریں' رس بھرا). **Cluster**—bunch, (گچھا). **Vine**—The plant that bears grapes, (انگور کی بیل ' تاک). **Crush**—press. **Wine**—alcoholic drink prepared from grapes, (انگور کی شراب). **Nectarine**—a kind of peach with a very smooth skin, (ایک طرح کا آڑو). **Curious**—strange, well-prepared. **Stumbling**—tripping, almost failing. **Melon**—The large juicy fruit of various trailing plants of the gourd family. The commonest kinds are the *water-melon* (تربوز) *musk-melon* (خربوزہ), and *honeydew-melon* (سردا). **Ensnared**—caught in a snare or trap.

Explanation

Stumbling...glass—in the garden I got caught in the snare of flowers. The result was that I tripped up various kinds of melons lying in my way and fell down on the grass

Gist

Stanza 6. *In the garden the human mind withdraws from lesser pleasures into its happiness and creates new worlds.*

Notes

Pleasure-less—lesser pleasures, minor joys. **Withdraws**—retires. **Transcending**—surpassing. **Annihilating**—wiping out, destroying completely, نیست و نابود کرتے ہوئے). **Green**—it also means fresh, flourishing, full of vigour.

Explanation

The mind...find—The mind may be compared to an ocean in which all types of living things can find themselves mirrored clearly. **Yet...seas**—though everything is truly reflected in the human mind, it rises about these realities and creates new world—fresh lands and new oceans—which surpass in magnificence every existing thing.

Gist

Stanza 7. *In this environment the human soul glides into the branches like a bird and sings and waves its wings till it is ready for a longer flight.*

Notes

Sliding—gliding, passing, silently and gradually from one state to another. **Foot**—lower end. **At...foot**—near the lower end of the spring where its water passes silently and gradually into the stream. **Mossy**—covered with moss (کائی). **Vest**—a thin undergarment worn in the upper part of the body next to the skin, (بنیان). **Casting...aside**—divesting itself of the body. **Boughs**—branches. A *bough* is a large branch coming from the trunk of a tree. **Glide**—more smoothly without any effort. **Whets**—sharpens by rubbing with a stone. **Combs**—straightens. **Silver**—white like silver, (سیمیں). **Longer flight**—flight to Heaven. **Waves**—moves undulatingly. **Plumes**—feathers, especially of the more showy sort. **Various**—varying, changing.

Explanation

The poet compares his soul to a bird which has cast off the body's vesture and without any noise or effort moves on to the branch of the fruit tree which is covered all over with moss at the bottom or near a spring whose water, flows silently and softly. Perched on the bough like a bird, the soul rubs and exites its white wings and straightens them out. Here it sits till it is prepared for the longer flight to Heaven. In the meantime, however, the changing shades of light undulatingly move in its showy feathers.

Gist

Stanza 8. *The Garden-state of Eden was quite as happy a place as the garden conjectured here.*

Notes

That...state—Eden the first home of Adam, which was a very happy place. **Mate**—spouse. He means Eve. **Help**—a helpful companion. The poet alludes to the following Biblical verses.

"And the Lord God said, it is not good that man should be alone, I will make him an *help meet* for him...... But for Adam there was not found an help meet for him." **Meet**—fitting, proper. The use of the word in this sense is archaic. **Mortal**—one who is subject to death, *i.e.*, one who is not a god. **Solitary**—alone, lonely. **'Twere**—it were.

Explanation

After...meet—what other suitable companion could he crave for, once he had got such an undefiled and delightful place as his abode. **Two...alone**—To lead a solitary life in paradise was in fact a double blessing because at that time man was safe from all the miseries brought on his head by the woman.

Gist

Stanza 6. *In this earthly life one cannot spend* one's *time in better way than in the company of flowers and plants.*

Notes

Dial—a disc for recording time. **Milder**—not red hot, gentle, pleasant. **Fragrant**—sweet-smelling. **Zodiac**—(منطقته البروج) an imaginary belt in the sky extending about eight degrees on each side of the paths followed by the sun and containing the paths of the moon and the principal planets. It is divided into twelve *signs of the Zodiac* (برج). **Industrious**-hard-working. **Computes**-calculates. **Wholesome**—good for physical, mental and moral health. **Recon'd**—counted, hence. spent, passed. **But**—except.

Explanation

How well...run—like a very skilful gardener, God has created the earth in the form of a disc covered all over with flowers and plants. The whole belt which forms the pathway of planets is emitting a sweet smell. The sun moves gently along this belt in order to bestow life and shed beauty on the earth. Certain commentators, however, prefer to give a restricted meaning. According to them, Marvell refers to "dial" made by a "skilful gardener" of his time, Linnaeus. The dial was made of forty-six flowers opening successively. If this reference is accepted, these verses would have a mundane, rather than a celestial atmosphere. **How could... ..flowers**—The pleasant and healthy span of life that has been given to us cannot be employed in a better way than through maintaining contact with flowers and plants.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Explain the following with reference to the context :—

(*i*) *The gods, that mortal beauty chase,*
Still in a tree did end their race ;
Apollo hunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow ;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

(*ii*) *The mind, that Ocean where each kind*
Does straight its own resemblance find,
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas ;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

(*iii*) *After a place so pure and sweet,*
What other help could yet be meet,
But, 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :

To paradises 'twer in one,
To live in Paradise alone.

(*iv*) *How well the skilful gard'ner drew*
Of flowers and herbs this dial new !
Where from above the milders sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run :
And as its works the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we,
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd but with herbs and flowers.

(*i*) These verses are taken from Marvell's *Thoughts in a Garden.* The poet here cites instances from Greek mythology to establish his thesis that a garden is the best place for one to be in. But in order to do so, he has to give a new and unorthodox interpretation to the mythical legends. He says the sun-god Apollo loved Daphne, a Thessalian river-god's daughter, not because she was a female as is generally given out, but only because she might be transformed into a laurel-tree. Similarly when the forest good Pan ran after Syrinx, he aimed not to ravish a minor female divinity but only to clasp a reed. Thus even when the gods have chased human or semi-divine beauty, they have found themselves achieving only arboreal verdure. Their race to win in a woman has ended in achieving the goal of love for tree.

(*ii*) In his *Thoughts in a Garden* of which this piece is an extract, Marvell points out that although the human mind resembles an ocean in which every form of existence is reflected or can be found, yet when it steps into a garden, it is not content with these minor joys. On the contrary, it retires into the realm of fancy and creates new worlds and new oceans which by far surpass the existing ones in magnificence. The mind destroys all that exists by becoming totally oblivious of it, and lying in the shade of green, verdant trees, it creates fresh, vigorous and flourishing ideas.

(*iii*) These verses are taken from Marvell's *Thoughts in*

a Garden. Alluding to a biblical verse the poet says that there could be no more suitable companion for Adam than trees and flowers after he had been put in the Garden of Eden. But then he suddenly realizes the human limitations and points out that perhaps it lay beyond a man's fate and capacity to enjoy the pleasant beauty of a garden and wander there in loneliness. In his heart of hearts, he yearned to have a mate, little realising the woes brought on man's head in woman's company. He never cared to know that to live without a woman and be free from miseries was in itself no less than a paradise. Thus living alone in Paradise without having to suffer any undesirable company amounted to living in two paradises at one and the same time. It were indeed doubly pleasant to live alone in such a nice place. (Please mark that the interpretation put on this passage in the notes to this poem at page 251, paragraph 4 of the textbook is based on a misconstruction of these verses).

(*iv*) This is the concluding stanza of Marvell's *Thoughts in a Garden*. Concurring with the orthodox Christian dogma which believe the earth to be like a flat, circular disc, the poet says that like a skilful gardener, the Creator of the universe made the earth in the form of a disc covered all over with flowers and plants. In simpler words, He made it a beautiful garden where the plant life derives sustenance from the vitalizing warmth of the sun which is never too hot for such growth. The revolution marking the completion of a year, is made by the sun running along the Zodiac belt. Just as in order to reckon the passage of time, the sun moves along its path high above in the heaven, the hard-working bees and human beings busy themselves here below on the face of the earth. While all forms of creation are thus running the natural course of their life, man needs must realize that there can be no better way of employing themselves in calculating the passage of pleasant and healthful time during his lease of life than by enjoying the company of flowers and plants growing in a garden.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *Give in your own words a brief summary of the ideas expressed by Marvell on his* **Thoughts in a garden.**

Ans. See the Summary.

Q. II. *Critically Appreciate Marvell's* **Thoughts in a Garden.**

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

Q. III. *Write short notes on the following :*

(*i*) *Apollo and Daphne ;*

(*ii*) *Pan and Syrinx.*

Ans. See the notes under these words in Section VIII.

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62. THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK

BY

WILLIAM COWPER

I. THE POET

For the life and letters of William Cowper, the student may please look up notes to Poem 48.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

Alexander Selkirk is not a fictitious character. He was a real person who lived from 1676 to 1721. He was the son of a Scotch shoemaker who spelt the surname as *Selcraig*. Alexander Selkirk ran away to sea and joined a privateering expedition in 1703. However, he soon quarelled with his captain and at his own request he was put ashore on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez in 1704 and remained there till 1709 when he was rescued by Capt. Rogers. Alexander Selkirk's experiences during the period he had remained stranded formed the basis of *Robinson Crusoe* by Daniel Defoe (1660—1731). Cowper's poem is on the same subject but his approach is radically different.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

Solitude may be good to think about, but in actual life it is the most horrible experience one can have.

IV. SUBSTANCE

Alexander Selkirk is homesick. He tells how solitude weighs upon his mind. He has learnt to value human society. He longs to go back to his native land to enjoy society, friendship and love so that he might manage to mitigate his sorrows. He pays a tribute to the flight of fancy which came to take him to his home with the speed of lightning. But reality soon wakes him up and brings him back to despair. In this state he finds consolation with the approach of night which has brought him rest.

V. SUMMARY

The stranded sailor, Alexander Selkirk, finds himself the monarch of an island which has no other human inhabitant. He finds this island kingdom a horrible place to live in and laments his sad fate. In this solitude, which was gnawing at his heart, he learns to value society, friendship and love. He wishes he could have wings of a dove so that he might go back to his homeland. He implores the winds to bring him some good tidings about the land to which he shall never more pay a visit. Though now he can have no hope of seeing a friend again, yet he would like to know if any of his friends sends a wish or thought after him. The flight of fancy can transport him to his native land with the speed of lightning, but a recollection of the hard reality around him swiftly sends him back to despair. However, nightfall soon brings him rest. He thanks God's mercy which gives a grace even to agony and reconciles man to his fate.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

People have waxed eloquent in the praise of solitude but we find a radically different approach to this subject in Cowper's poem. He tells how miserable a really solitary person can be. It is in such forced loneliness that one learns to value society, friendship and love. A person like

Alexander Selkirk could maintain his contact with mankind only through reins to his imagination. But this mental escape only served to heighten his despair when he woke up to the realization of the hard facts of his life. Were it not for sleep which is a divine mercy, he would not have found it possible to endure the misery of his loneliness. Cowper's exposition of his thesis is based on the life-history of a real Sailor of his time. This realistic basis, coupled with his novel approach and vigorous style, has given *The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk* a permanent place in English poetical literature.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. I am the ruler of everything that lies within my purview. Nobody can challenge my right to the sovereignty of this land. I am the master of all the birds of the air and of animals living on the land whose home lies in the area circumscribed by the seashore. But I should like to pose one question to solitude : Where are all those attractions which wise men of all ages have seen in its face? As for me, I have come to believe that it is better to live in company even though there might be danger-signals, rather than be a ruler in such a place.

Stanza 2. I am so stranded that no man or woman can ever get here. I am doomed to run the course of my life here alone. I shall never more hear any spoken words, though in my solitary state they would sound to my ears as sweet as music. I am so unused to hearing any spoken words that the sound of my own sometimes startles me. It causes me a strong feeling of horror to see the harmlessness of these beasts. They are so unacquainted with man that my presence does not cause them the lease concern.

Stanza 3. Society, friendship and love are the gifts of God to man. I only wish that I had the wings of a dove. I would then swiftly fly to a place where I could get these things. If only I could have these things, I would mitigate my grief by the precepts of religion and the concepts of truth. There I might gather the wisdom of aged persons and enjoy the outbursts of young people's animal spirits.

Stanza 4. O winds, you have made me your plaything. Be it as it may, at least bring me the glad and heartening tidings of a country which I shall never more be able to visit. Do my friends even occasionally think of me and express a desire for my welfare? I shall never see any friend again. Still I would like to know from you if there is anybody who continues to harbour friendly feelings for me.

Stanza 5. The flight of fancy is very swift. It is so swift that even a violent storm swiftly travelling as rays of light fail to keep up with it. When I give reins to my fancy and think of my native, I have the sensation of being there in no time. But the recollection of the gross reality of my state surrounding suddenly brings me back to my state of despondency.

Stanza 6. Lo! the night has come. The sea-birds have gone to their nests and the animals of the land to their dens for the night. This is the time for rest and I too must go back to my hut. There is no place devoid of divine mercy, and this is indeed very heartening. The mercy of God lends a charming quality even to misery. It is this mercy which makes a person resigned to his fate.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Stanza 2. *Alexander Selkirk says that although he is the monarch of all he surveys, yet it would be better to dwell amidst danger than to reign in that island.*

Notes

Monarch—king; ruler, sovereign. **Survey**—cast my eyes over, see, around me. **Right**—he means right to rule. **Dispute**—challenge, question the truth of. **Lord**—master. owner, (آقا). **Fowl**—birds of the air. **Brute**—animal other than man. **Solitude**—loneliness, (تنہائی). **Charms**—attractions. **Sages**—wise men. **Better**—it would be better to. **Dwell**—live; It is a literary (ادبی) word. **In the midst of**—amid. **Alarm**—warning of danger,

call to arms. **Reign**—rule as a monarch, holdsway. **Horrible**—horrid, shocking, exciting horror.

Explanation

I am...brute—I am the king of everything that lies around me, says Alexander Selkirk. There is none to challenge my right to kingship. My domain comprises the whole of this island. From this central spot where I stand it extends in all directions up to the sea-shore. I am indeed the ruler of all the birds of the air and the animals of the land living within the confines of my island kingdom.

O Solitude...place—poets have always sung the praises of loneliness and wise men have waxed eloquent over them. But Alexander Selkirk who had an extreme kind of loneliness forced on him, has got fed up with. He questions the truth of statements glorifying loneliness. Addressing it, he asks where those charms are which wise men have claimed to see in its visage. Then convinced that there could be no answer and that the claims were false and preposterous, he proclaims that it is far better to live in company though one might be surrounded by dangers and calls to arms than to live in such a place where loneliness excites horror.

Gist

Stanza 2. *He is pained to find that he is out of the reach of other human beings and has to finish the journey of his life alone.*

Notes

Humanity—mankind, (نوعِ انسانی). **Out...reach**—at a place where no other human being can reach him. **My journey**—The journey of my life. **Sweet...speech**—words spoken by human beings which to my ears would have sounded as sweet as music. **Start**—am startled, am surprised, make a sudden movement from surprise or fear, (چونک اٹھنا ہوں). **At...own**—on hearing the sound of my own voice. **Roam**—to wander aimlessly. **Plain**—a large area of flat, level and open country, (میدان). **Form**—figure,

(صورت). **Indifference**—carelessness, absence of interest, attention or feeling, (بے پرواہی، شان بے نیازی). **Unacquainted**—unfamiliar. **Tameness**—gentleness, harmlessness. **Shocking**—causing a strong feeling of horror or disgust, (صدمہ پہنچانے والی).

Explanation

I am...own—I am doomed to live in a place which no other human being can approach. It pains me to think that I shall have to live in this state of solitude till my death. I never even hope to hear any spoken words, though I am so fond of hearing them that I would regard them as sweet as music.

Gist

Stanza 3. *He wishes he could have wings with which he could fly to a place where he could again be in the company of man human beings.*

Notes

Society—civilization, social community. **Divinely bestowed**—granted by God. **Oh**—I wish, (کاش). **Dove**—(قمری، فاختہ) a kind of pigeon. Dove is regarded as a symbol of peace in the communist world, as a type of gentleness or innocence in poetry, and as an embodiment of the Holy Spirit in Christian religious lore. Compare the biblical verse : "O that I had wings like a dove. **You**—The pronoun refers to society. **Assuage**—make less decrease. **Age**—old age. **Sallies**—outbursts of animal spirits.

Explanation

Oh...youth—if only I had wings like a dove, I would fly to an inhabited place where I might again partake of the benefits of civilization. In that case I might be able to lessen my sorrows by walking in the ways of religion or truth. But as it is, in this solitary state even religion and truth bring me no relief. I might further alleviate the agony of my soul by gathering the wisdom of aged persons

and by enjoying the outburst of young people's animal spirits.

Gist

Stanza 4. *He invokes the winds and implores them to bring him a cordial report of his homeland.*

Notes

Sport—fun, amusement, or plaything. **Desolate**—waste, uninhabited. **Cordial**—warn, giving fresh life and strength. **Endearing**—lovable, causing love. **Now and then**—occasionally, (کبھی کبھار). **Wish**—or *good wishes* denotes expression of desire for a person's welfare.

Explanation

Alexander Selkirk now addresses the very winds which had made him a plaything. He asks them to bring to the shores of that uninhabited and waste island some delightful and heartening piece of news about my homeland which, he is afraid, he shall never again have the opportunity to visit. He requests the winds to let him know if his friends at least occasionally think of him and express a desire for his welfare. He believes he shall no more be able to see a friend. Nevertheless he implores the winds to reassure him that still there are some people who continue to be his friends despite this long and endless parting. He may never be able to meet them, but the very thought of their existence would bring him comfort and solace.

Gist

Stanza 5. *Imagination swiftly conveys him to his homeland, but soon enough he wakes to the painful reality.*

Notes

Fleet—swift, (تیز رو). **Glance...mind**—he means flight of fancy. **Tempest**—violent storm. **Lags behind**—move too slowly, fail to keep up with. **Swift...light**—rays of light which travel at a great speed. **My...land**—The land of my birth. **Seem**—have the sensation of being. **Recollection at hand**—remembrance of things close to me. **Hurries me back**—sends me back hurriedly.

Explanation

When...despair– as soon as I think of the land of my birth, my imagination transports me to that place and immediately I have the sensation of being there. But there is always an unfortunate sequel to this flight of fancy. I suddenly wake up to the gross reality of my surroundings. This realization swiftly takes me back to the sorrowful state of despair in which I had formerly been.

Gist

Stanza 6. *Finally, Alexander Selkirk welcomes night for the rest it brings.*

Notes

Seafowl—any type of bird which lives near the sea and procure its food from it. **Lair**—the den of a wild animal (بھٹ کچھار). **Season of rest**—hour of rest. **Cabin**—a small, roughly built house especially of wood. **Repair**—it also means to go to a place. **Encouraging thought**—he means that which is a heartening idea. **Affliction**—suffering, severe pain. **Greece**—The quality of being pleasing, attractive and charming. **Reconciles**—makes content with, makes resigned to. **Lot**—fate, (قسمت).

Explanation

But...repair—after day long complaint of his loneliness and expression of homesickness, Alexander Selkirk feels a bit relieved with the approach of the evening. He observes that the seafowl has gone to its nest for the night. So has the beast laid itself down to rest in its den. He also feels the need to go to his hut for a good night sleep.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Explain with reference to the context :

(*i*) *How fleet is a glance of the mind !*
Compared with the speed of its flight
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift winged arrows of light.

(ii) There is mercy in every place
And mercy, encouraging thought !
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

(*i*) These verses are taken from Cowper's poem, *The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk*. The stranded sailor has been complaining of his solitude in an uninhabited island. Nevertheless, he finds that his imagination can mentally transport him to his homeland in no time. Flight of fancy, or 'glance of mind' as he puts it, is extremely swift, and even the severest gale fails to keep pace with it. Not only that. Even the rays of light which have got such wings that they travel with the speed of lightning are too slow when compared with the flight of fancy.

(*ii*) These are the concluding verses of Cowper's poem, *The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk*. After bewailing his fate in the preceding stanzas, Alexander Selkirk feels his sorrows assuaged with the approach of the night. Sleep, he comes to realize is the grace of God. This divine mercy is met with everywhere and in all circumstances. It is indeed a heartening idea that one is protected by divine mercy. It lends a pleasing, attractive and charming quality even to suffering and misery and makes a man resigned to what the fate has in store for him.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *Is Alexander Selkirk just a fictitious character or was he a real man ? What do you know of him ?*

Ans. See the Introduction to the Poem.

Q. II. *Write out a Summary of the* **The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk.**

Ans. Look up the Summary.

Q. III. *Critically Appreciate* **The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk.**

Ans. Rewrite the Critical Appreciation.

63. ON ANOTHER'S SORROW

BY

WILLIAM BLACK

I. THE POET

William Black (1757—1828) was a famous mystic poet. He was an artist of no mean repute and the collections of his poems were illustrated with his own engraving. He is a pre-Romantic poet with no less revolutionary idea than those of Wordsworth. However, he lacked the quality of leadership to usher in a new movement. He uses very simple language and gives graphic descriptions. But the mystic quality of his poetry progressively makes his later works obscure.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

This is one of Blake's earlier poems.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

God shares the grief of His creatures and brings them joy and happiness.

IV. SUBSTANCE

If parents cannot be indifferent to the sorrows of their children and cannot help feeling sorry for them, how can God remain indifferent to the sufferings of His creatures? Indeed He sits by us and moans till our grief is fled and gone.

V. SUMMARY

The poet says it is impossible for us to see anyone's sorrow without sympathizing with him and trying to bring him some relief. Similarly it is impossible for parents not to be filled with sorrow on seeing their children weep and hearing them groan. Then it is equally impossible that God Who smiles on all His creatures should not sit beside the nest of the sorrowful wren and pour pity in its breast, or be near the crying infant's cradle and weep tear on his tear. In fact God assumes the aspect of the suffering creature and shares with him his grief. He wants the people

to realize that their Creator is near them whenever they weep a tear.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The mystic poet Blake has a word of hope for us. By cogent and convincing reasoning he assures us that God shares with us all our sorrows. This is how his argument runs : If man cannot help sympathizing with man, why should God, Who is so merciful, not sympathize with all His creatures ? This heartening message is couched in a very simple and affective lauguage, and its style is free from the obscurities of the later period of Blake's poetry.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Can I see another person's agony without sharing it with him ? Can I see another person's affliction without making a bid to alleviate his suffering ?

Stanza 2. Can I see a person shed a tear without partaking of his grief ? Can a father see his child weep without being filled with sorrow ?

Stanza 3. Can a mother bear her baby groan with fear and still remain indifferent to him ? No, no ! it can never be like that. Never, never can it be like that ! "

Stanza 4—5. If it cannot be like that, then is it possible that God Who looks at all of His creatures with sympathy, should hear the petty sorrows, and the grief and anxiety of the little song-bird wren, and not agree to sit beside its nest and fill its heart with His grace ? Again, is it possible that He should hear the anguish suffered by babies, and not condescend to sit near their cradle shedding tears along with the weeping baby ?

Stanza 6. Shall not God sit the whole night and day near the sufferers and wipe their eyes while they weep over their misfortunes ? O, no ! it can never be like that. Never, never can it be like that !

Stanza 7. God vouchsafes happiness to all and sundry. He assumes each sufferer's shape in order to sympathize

with him. He becomes a small baby to share his sorrow. He becomes an aggrieved person to share his grief.

Stanza 8. Don't you be under the impression that your Creator can be away from you while you heave a sigh. Don't you think that your Creator can be away from you while you lament your misfortune.

Stanza 9. God bestows on us His happiness so that He may bring our grief to an end. He keeps us company and moans along with us till such a time that our grief is fled and gone.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Stanzas 1 – 3. *It is impossible to see another person's sorrow without oneself being sorrowful.*

Notes

Another'—it is a misprint. Please read *another's*. **Woe**—bitter grief, affliction. **And not be**—without being. **Grief**—deep and violent sorrow. **Kind** – sympathetic. **Relief**—alleviation of pain, distress or anxiety. **Groan**—make deep sound expressing pain, (کراهنا). Please note that the word *groan* should be followed by a comma.

Explanation

Can I see another's woe...relief—Blake poses a question to himself : "Is it possible for me to see another person's suffering and be so callous as not to feel sorry for him ? Is it possible for me to see any person afflicted with deep and violent sorrow and remain so indifferent as to refrain from trying to alleviate his distress ?" **Can a father ...fear**—is it possible that a father may not be filled with sorrow on seeing his child weep ? Is it possible that a mother may see her little child struck with fear and hear him make deep sounds expressive of pain without doing anything to help or console him ?"

Gist

Stanza 4—6. *Similarly, it is impossible that God should not sympathize with His suffering creatures.*

Notes

He...all—he means God who looks at all of His creatures with sympathy. **Wren**—a small song-bird having short wings and a short, erect tail. **Wren...small**—wren having its little sorrows. **Bear**—suffer. **And**—he means despite seeing and hearing all this. **Pouring**—giving freely, causing to flow freely in a stream. **Sit...near**—sit near the cradle (گہوارہ - پالنا). **Wiping away**—drying and cleaning by rubbing with cloth.

Explanation

And not sit the cradle...away—when the infant lying in the cradle cries and sheds tears, will not God sit near him and shed tears in order to sympathize with him in this trouble? Will He not sympathize even with elderly persons in their misfortunes? Will He not draw close to them and continue to wipe there eyes while they weep over their sad fate?

Gist

Stanza 7—9. *God sympathizes with His suffering creatures and gives them joy to destroy their grief.*

Notes

Think not—do not think that. **Thou canst**—you can. **Sigh a sigh**—heave a sigh. **Thy Maker**—God who created you near, close by. **Weep a tear**—shed a tear, lament. **That**—so that, in order that. **Fled**—it is the past tense of *flee* (فرار ہونا) and not of *fly* (اڑنا). **Gone**—disappeared. **Doth**—does. **Moan**—make a low, long sound expressing pain or sorrow, (آہ و زاری کرنا - نوحہ کرنا).

Explanation

He doth...too—God brings joy to every creature. In order to sympathize with the sufferers He becomes just like one of them. For instance He assumes the appearance of a small child to console a crying baby, and that of a miserable person to assuage his agony. And the important

point about it is that He not only assumes that aspect but actually shares his feelings.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Explain with reference to the context :

O ! He gives to us His joy :
That our grief He may destroy ;
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan

This is the concluding stanza of Blake's poem, *On Another's Sorrow.* The theme of the poem is that God sympathizes with all suffering creatures. Blake ends up by pointing out that in order to destroy our grief, God gives us pleasure and delight. He never leaves us alone in our agony. Rather He keeps us company all through our grief by moaning at it along us. Thus He is best and the most sincere friend of His with creatures.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *Summarize the thoughts expressed by Blake in his poem,* **On Another's Sorrow.**

Ans. See the Summary.

Q. II. *How do you like Blake's style ? Critically appreciate* **On Another's Sorrow.**

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

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64. THE DIVINE IMAGE

BY

WILLIAM BLAKE

I. THE POET

Please look up the preceding poem (No. 63) for a note on the life and letters of William Blake.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

It is again one of the earlier poems of Blake. The title, *Divine Image,* signifies the image of God. The poet justifies it by his thesis that man shares with God the attributes of Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

We must love all human beings, irrespective of their race and creed.

IV. SUBSTANCE

Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love are attributes both divine and human. Indeed they make themselves manifest in human form. We actually pray to the human form divine when we pray for these. Indeed God dwells in the very place where these attributes might be lodged.

V. SUMMARY

All of us pray to Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love in our distress. These are the attributes both of our Creator, God, and of His creature and ward, man. These attributes reveal themselves in the human form. Thus in distress whoever prays for Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love, prays to the godly figure of mankind. Finally, since God dwells wherever these attributes are found, so we must love man irrespective of his race or creed, because these attributes are lodged in him.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Blake has preached man's love for man in a very impressive manner. His reasoning, though subtle, is highly convincing. Nevertheless, his approach is sentimental, and we concur with his conclusions simply because we are swayed by the sentiments of Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love which he invokes. Blake's style is simple and vigorous.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. In extreme pain and sorrow we always pray to Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love. They are indeed pleasing moral excellences. It is to them that we return our thanks when our tribulations come to an end.

Stanza 2. The reason for this prayer and gratitude is that these attributes are shared both by our dear Creator, God, and by His creature and ward, man.

Stanza 3. These attributes make themselves manifest in the human form. Mercy has the same sentiments and Pity the same appearance as a man. Love, indeed, is the godly figure of man. Peace is dressed like a human being.

Stanza 4. Thus it is evident that every man, to whatever part of the world he may belong, prays to the godly figure of man when in his intense grief he prays to Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love.

Stanza 5. Again, it is quite evident that we must love every man, be he an idolater or a Muslim or a Jew for God dwells in all of them. In fact, God dwells wherever Mercy, Love and Pity are lodged.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Stanzas 1—2. *People pray to Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love because these are both human and divine attributes.*

Notes

Mercy—kindness or gentleness shown by one person to another who is in his power, (رحم). **Pity**—sympathy and tenderness, sorrow for the sufferings or misfortunes of others, (ترس، ہمدردی). To discriminate between the words, it should be borne in mind that we show mercy to the offenders and pity the *sufferers*. Again, a judge might have *mercy* upon the criminal whereas the crowd might only *pity* him. **Distress**—extreme discomfort, great pain or sorrow. **Virtue**—goodness, moral excellence, (نیکی). **Virtues of delight**—pleasing and delightful excellences. **For**—because, the reason for it is that. **Our Father**—our Creator. **His child**—God's creature. **Care**—charge, ward.

Explanation

And.. thankfulness—when people's prayer is granted and their sorrow is alleviated, they in turn thank the delightful moral excellences of Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love. **For...care**—The reason for his thankfulness is that these moral excellences are the attributes not only of God who is our Creator, but also of man who has been created by God and is His ward.

Gist

Stanzas 3—5. *Since these are also human attributes, we must love the human form irrespective of what race or creed it belongs to.*

Notes

Has...heart—shares human feelings. **A human face**—looks like a human being. **Human form divine**—has the figure of a human being which is as perfect as that of a god. **Human dress**—move about dressed like human being. **Form**—figure, (صورت). **Clime**—it is a poetical word meaning region or tract, especially as having a particular climate. It is the same word as the Urdu (اقلیم). **Heathen**—one who does not accept the God of Hebrews; the sense has however been restricted to include only those who are idolaters (بت پرست) and are neither Jews nor Christians, nor Muslims. **Turk**—a member of the Ottoman (عثمانی) race, hence a Muslim. **Jew**—a person of the Hebrew race, (اسرائیلی، یہودی).

Explanation

And all...to—since Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love are also human attributes and make themselves in the human form, so it is incumbent on us to love the human form irrespective of what race its owner might belong to or creed he might follow. The poet, who is primarily addressing a Christian people, says that his co-religionists should respect the human form not only when it is that of a Christian, but even when it is that of non-Christian, *i.e.*,

idolaters, Muslims or Jews. The reason for this respect, according to him, is not far to seek. Mercy, Love and Pity dwell in the human form, and since God also dwells on the place where these qualities are lodged, it is quite clear that God dwells in the human form. So we only love God when we love mankind.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Stanza 5 is important. Detailed explanation will be found in the preceding section.

X QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *Summarize* **The Divine Image.**

Ans. See the Summary.

Q. II. *Write a critical appreciation of* **The Divine Image.**

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

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65. THE TABLES TURNED

BY

WILLIAM WORDSWOTH

I. THE POET

Please look up the notes to Poem 2 for the life sketch of Wordsworth and the criticism of his poetry.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

The turning of the tables means the changing of a losing game into a winning one. It signifies a radical change reverses the whole set-up. Hence the title, *The Tables Turned*, means a reversal of the old order by the new ideas introduced by Romanticism.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

For inspiration and guidance, man must return to nature and not to books.

IV. SUBSTANCE

Wordsworth, who heralded the Romantic revolt in English poetry, says that the pages of books are merely

barren leaves. We must go to nature with a watchful and receptive mind because just one impulse from nature may teach man more about good and evil than all the sages can.

V. SUMMARY

Wordsworth advises his friend who is still clinging to the old set-up of things, to quit the toll and trouble of poring over books. He points out that it is nothing but endless strife in them. He invites him to come out of his study, look at the beauties of nature, and accept it as his teacher. A single inspiration from it can teach us more about good and evil than all the wise men can through book-lore. Moreover, the human intellect deforms the beauties of nature and murders the very thing which is under study. But nature instructs in a very sweet and delightful manner. Books on science and art are no more than barren leaves incapable of producing wisdom. Only a watchful and receptive heart holding communion with nature can learn wisdom.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Wordsworth was the standard-bearer of the Romantic revolt in English poetry. He pleaded for a return to nature. In this poem he says that we should close the barren leaves of books and go to nature for guidance and inspiration. "Let nature be your teacher," is his word of advice. He deprecates our meddling intellect which murders to dissect. The poem is written in a very simple style and gives some beautiful pictures of nature.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Get up, my studious friend, and put aside your books. If you do not do so your health will break down and you will sag like an old man. Get up, my friend, and rub your eyes in order to refresh them after this wearisome study. After all, what is the use of all this diligence and what do you expect to gain from this inconvenience ?

Stanza 2. The setting sun had spread a richly-coloured refrehing radiance over the hilltop and a sweet yellow light over the long, green fields.

Stanza 3. Wading through books is a cheerless and unending struggle. Give up this unamusing pursuit and listen to the melodious notes of the linnet in the forest. How sweet is nature's music ! I swear by life that more wisdom is contained in these numbers than can be found in all the books you are studying.

Stanza 4. And listen, how merrily the thrush warbles ! He is a sermonizer of mean rank. Then instead of being buried in books, come out into the open where you can see all objects shedding their light. Come out and let nature be your teacher.

Stanza 5. Nature has for immediate payment a world of wealth in its repertory with which it can bless the thoughts of our mind and the feelings of our heart. It has a store of unlaboured wisdom which is infused in a healthful way, and of truth which is inspired in a cheerful manner.

Stanza 6. In fact even a single inspiration from the forest in the days of spring can teach a person more about man and morality than the teachings of all the men credited with profound wisdom.

Stanza 7. Moreover, nature imparts knowledge in a very sweet manner. On the other hand human intellect, which unduly busies itself with everything, imparts it in a very tasteless and even brutal fashion, deforming beautiful things and at times even murdering the very objects of its study.

Stanza 8. We have enough of science and art. These are but unproductive leaves of the tree of knowledge, Then come out of your study, my friend, and bring along with you a heart which can observe nature at first hand and be enriched by what it receives from it during this contact.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Explanation**

Up ! up ! My friend, and quit your books
Or surely you'll grow double

Up ! up ! My friend and clear your looks
Why all this toil and trouble

Wordsworth is one of the major poets of Nature. In this poem he pleads for a point of view which is contrary to one the generally held by the people all over the world. He says that the Nature is the best guide and preceptor and therefore he exhorts all people to leave the book and the study and go to Nature and acquire first hand knowledge of life and its problems. He says, "O my friend get up, leave the books and the study, otherwise too much application to books will ruin your health and you will grow old before time and be bent and bowed. Too much study of books will impair your eye-sight. Get up from your books which you wrongly think to be a source of knowledge. Go to Nature, your health and eye-sight will improve, you will get first hand knowledge of life and secrets and mysteries of creation and you will be saved from the labour of study.

Notes

Up—get up. **Quit**—give up, leave off. **Grow double**—sag, be doubled up, bend in the middle, (کبڑا ہو جانا). **Toil**—labour, hardwork.

Stanza 2. **Explanation**

The sun above the mountain's head
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread
His first evening yellow.

Wordsworth is not only the high priest of Nature, he is also the master of the art of describing the scenes of nature so vividly that they appear extremely real and true. These lines show Wordsworth at his best as the poet of description. He says, "O ! my friend, do get up, leave the study of books and go to Nature. It is the time of late afternoon. The sun is setting behind the mountains in the west and the ripe yellow light of the evening sun is spreading all over the world. As far as the eye can see, on every side, there are green fields spreading up to the horizon. Since evening is fast approaching the light of the sun has

taken a yellow colour and is no longer the dazzling bright light as it was at noon. The coming of the evening had reduced the lustre of the rays of the sun and this dim yellow light was giving the green fields a strange charm and beauty of their own.

Notes

Above......head—on the hilltop. **Freshening**—refreshing. **Lustre**—radiance. **Yellow**—rich in colour.

Stanza 3. **Explanation**

Books ! 'tis dull and endless strife
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music ! On my life
There is more of wisdom in it

The poet says that books constitute dull reading and have conflicting ideas about different things and problems. Better and more homogenous lesson can be learned from the song of the linnet-bird in the forest. The music of the song of this bird is attractive and teaches more wisdom than could be acquired from the study of books. This is a fact that the poet had full faith in Nature and was willing to swear upon his life about authenticity of this belief.

Notes

Dull—colourless, cheerless, unmusing, lacking liveliness, (بے کیف). **Strife**—struggle, quarrel. Please note that it is a literary and not a common word. **Woodland**—country abounding in forest and groves. **Linnet**—a species of song birds. **On my life**—I swear by my very life, I tell you on oath.

Stanza 4. **Explanation**

And hark ! how blithe the throstle sings
He too is no mean preacher.
Come forth into the light of things.
Let Nature be your teacher.

The poet invites his readers to pay full attention to the song of the throstle because this song had in it the

music of life and gave to the person who attended to it full knowledge about the realities of life. The reader is invited to come into intimate contact with the realities of life and permit Nature to be his guide and teacher because the knowledge he would get from this source would be more useful and realistic.

Notes

Hark—listen. **Blithe**—cheerfully, merrily (خوش خوش). **Throstle**—it is a poetical word for the common English song-bird *thrush*. **Into......things**—into the open, in contact with nature.

Stanza 5. **Explanation**

She has a world of ready wealth
Our minds and hearts to bless
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health
Truth breathed by cheerfulness

The poet advises the reader to go to Nature and he would surely be able to find there a profusion of wealth of knowledge. This knowledge will be ultimately associated with the realities of life and would be a source of permanent blessing for the rotary of nature. It will yield wisdom and knowledge unsophisticated and without the alloy and adulteration of man-made laws and social laws. This knowledge will be different from the knowledge got from books, in so far that the study of books demands labour and toil and often becomes exacting and tedium. The knowledge got from contact with Nature will be healthy knowlenge and will bring cheerfulness and health in its wake.

Notes

Ready wealth—payment on the spot. **Minds and hearts**—thoughts of the mind and emotions of the heart. **Bless**—make happy. **Spontaneous**—unconstrained, not laboured, (غیر ساختہ) **Breathed**—infused, exhaled.

Stanza 6. **Explanation**

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,

Of moral evil and good,
Than all the sages can.

In these lines Wordsworth expresses his belief that the influence of Nature, provided we come into intimate contact with it, is deeper and more enduring than the knowledge and wisdom acquired after a close study of all the books written by the great thinkers and philosphers of the world. The poet says, "One strong urge, affecting the heart and the soul that comes from the green forest can teach us more about the good and bad value of life that could be learnt from all the books written by all the sages of the world." The poet means to say that 'Nature' is a universal teacher and through experience can teach us more about the realities of life than what we can learn from books which are compendium of the knowledge of great philosphers and thinkers.

Notes

Impulse—mental incitement, hence inspiration. **Vernal**—of or in the spring season. **Vernal wood**—forest in the spring season. **Sages**—persons credited with profound learning. **All the sages**—Wordsworth might have meant either all the wise men of the world, or merely *the seven sages* who were the seven learned men of ancient Greece each of whom is the author of notable maxims.

Stanza 7. **Explanation**

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings ;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things
We murder to dissect.

The poet says, "If our approach to Nature is correct we can get a good deal of useful knowledge from it. The knowledge which 'Nature' brings to us is a first hand knowledge ; but what we generally do is that we interfere unnecessarily with the smooth-working of Nature and try to analyse and thus find out the secrets of hidden Nature. Thus we adopt an attitude of un-necessary interference in the working of the laws of Nature and are thus denied the

benifits of which Nature like a kind and benevolent Mother would have showered upon him. Our narrow-mindedness distorts the facts of Nature and the beauty, which is present in Nature everywhere, becomes disfigured. The scientific approach to Nature destroys the beauty of Nature. When we take the beautiful flower into the laboratory and dissect it, we know the properties of that flower ; but its beauty goes away once and for all. Wordsworth means to say that the beauty of Nature should be taken as it is and we must keep ourselves open to the influences of benign Nature.

Notes

Lore—learning, knowledge. It is an archaic word. **Brings**—teaches. **Meddling**—busying oneself unduly. **Intellect**—faculty of knowing and reasoning. **Mis-shapes**—deforms. **Beauteous**—poetical word for *beautiful*. **Dissect**—cut an organism part from part for detailed examination.

Stanza 8. **Explanation**

Enough of science and of Arts ;
Close up those barren leaves ;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and recieves

In this stanza Wordsworth condemns the study of science and art because these take man away farther and farther from the natural ways of leading a happy life. He says, "We have devoted enough time and energy to the study of the sciences and the Arts ; but these have all proved of no use in either ameliorating the condition of the poor or in helping them to lead a happier or more blessed life. Let us now give up the useless study of these and once again go back to Nature. We should begin a close study of Nature with a heart that is observant and can get impressions from Nature." These lines are a trunchant criticism of the Nineteenth Century race for scientific research. Wordsworth says that too much attention to science and art might make a country and its people richer and more powerful, but mere materialistic advance does not necessarily mean advancement of that nation in the

spirtual field. It is communion with Nature which alone can make us happy and blessed.

Notes

Barren—sterile, unproductive. **Leaves**—leaves of books, sheets of paper, **Watches**—observes nature. **Receives**—is impregnated with, new ideas.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATION WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Stanzas **3**, **7** and **8** are important. For their detailed explanation the student is referred to the relevant portions of the preceding section.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. *What does the title of Wordsworths poem,* **The Tables Turned**, *mean? What is his message, and how far does he succeed in delivering it?*

Ans. See the Introduction to the Poem and the Critical Appreciation.

Q. II. *Write out a summary of* **The Tables Turned**.

Ans. Look up the summary.

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66. LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

BY

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I. THE POET

A note on the life and letters of Wordsworth is appended to the note to Poem 2.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

Wordsworth compares man with nature in order to bring out the former's deplorable degeneration.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

Nature planned harmony everywhere, but it is lamentable that man has not been able to create anything but discord.

IV. SUBSTANCE

There is a delightful undercurrent of harmony running through all the objects. They enjoy one another's presence and derive mutual benefits to their collective good. There is a thrill of pleasure in seeing them, but pleasant thoughts lead to sad reflections and it grieves one's heart to think what man has made of man.

V. SUMMARY

I sat in a grove in the early days of spring, says the poet, hearing thousand sweetly blended warblings of birds and was transported with joy. In that hour nature linked her fair works to my soul and I was led to contemplate the sad plight of human beings. It pained my heart to think what man has made of man. Here was nature with periwinkle trailing its wreaths through primrose tufts in the green arbour which enjoyed the air it breathed. The birds hopped and played around me in such a manner that even their least motion seemed to send a thrill of pleasure in their heart. The budding sprouts spread out like a fan to catch the breeze. All of these things were so innocently delightful that I could not help thinking that nature's sacred plan was to fill the atmosphere with joy and harmony. But it was this very realization which brought into relief human discord and I was constrained to ask myself whether I was not justified in lamenting over what man has made of man.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The *Lines Written in Early Spring* is an exquisite nature lyric with original similes, beautiful imagery and melodious verses. Wordsworth composed it while he was sitting on the bank of a stream in the Lake District. It is however, important to note that he is not mere painter of word-pictures. He is a moralist and lets slip no opportunity to preach. He laments the ways of man which thwart the holy plan of nature. He is pained to find so much discord and dissension among mankind. These "sad thoughts" have been well thrown into relief by placing them in juxtaposition with the "pleasant thoughts" of nature's pleasant harmony.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. While reclining against a tree in a picturesque grove in the early days of spring, I heard diverse musical notes of nature which had mingled harmoniously. These sweet sounds put me in a mood in which joyous thoughts lead to sad reflections.

Stanza 2. The universal soul of mankind pervading my body was put by nature in communion with her fair works. In this state I compared humanity with the rest of the universe and was pained to note the vast difference between the two.

Stanza 3. The periwinkle was dragging its wreaths in the verdant arbour through primrose clusters. Both were enjoying the sweet air they breathed, and I believe every flower enjoys like that.

Stanza 4. The little birds sprang and leapt about me playfully. I cannot exactly gauge their sentiments, but I felt that even their least motion sent a thrill of pleasure down the body.

Stanza 5. The sprouting shoot of plants spread out like a fan with a view to catching the pleasant, soft breeze. However to the contrary I might try to think, it is a fact that I felt an air of pleasure in that charming scene.

Stanza 6. If this belief about holy harmony and sacred accord in nature was inspired by Heaven during this communion, am I not justified in expressing grief over the discord and dissension that determines man's relations with man ?

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Explanation**

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to mind.

Wordsworth loved Nature with an affection which was both deep and sincere. He often went out on long walks

in the fields and the woods. In this poem he says, "I was in a deep mood of contemplation as I sat perfectly at ease in that cluster of trees and heard the mixed sound produced by the chirping of birds and insects in the trees. In this sweet mood of thoughtfulness I had many pleasant thoughts which stirred up associations of ideas about my past life. I am reminded of my youth when Nature was to me a source of innocent pleasures and joys. Thus while in communion with Nature in that solitary wood, I am filled with ideas which are partly joyful and partly sad.

Notes

Blended—mixed, mingled. **Notes**—musical sounds. **Grove**—a group of trees, a small wood, (پیڑوں کا جھنڈ). **Reclined**—rested in recumbent position. **Sweet**—pleasant. **Mood**—frame of mind. **Thoughts**—reflections.

Stanza 2. **Explanation**

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

"In that view of contemplation my soul was linked with all the beauty that was present in Nature," he says. Further he tells the reader that the formation of such association between man and Nature constitutes the bond through which it is possible for man to understand the mysteries of life and Nature. Wordsworth believed that communion between the human soul and Nature comprises a divine bond which can be formed only when one comes into direct contact with Nature. He says, "At that time I felt very sad when I thought how man had suffered a deterioration on account of his being subjected to exploitation by man-made social laws. In Nature there prevailed a perfect peace while man was at war with himself and with his environments. This conflict was the source of most of the sufferings that caused man to hate life. If we were to go back to Nature we would find perfect tranquility.

Notes

Fair work—beautiful creations. **Link**—join, splice, connect, hence to put in converse with. **Human...ran**—that part of the universal human soul which is embodied in me. **And...think**—it pained me very much to think. **What...man**—The treatment that man has meted out to man.

Stanza 3. **Explanation**

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower
The peri-winkle trailed its wreathes,
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air that it breathes.

These lines convey to the reader a picture of the scene in the forest in which sat Wordsworth at that time. Here and there grew scattered tufts of prim-rose flowers and through these spread the creepers of peri-winkle. The poet felt at that time that there pulsated life through all this phenomenon of Nature. Every flower appeared to breathe the gentle air and enjoyed it to the full. He means to say that the trees, flowers, creepers and grass all appeared alive and happy at that time.

Notes

Primrose—a pale yellow spring flower. **Tufts**—bunches of flowers. **Bower**—arbour, (کنج). **Periwinkle**—evergreen trailing plant with blue flowers. Please note that a *trailing plant* is one which hangs or spreads downward, as opposed to a *climbing* or *creeping plant* which moves upward. **Trailed**—spread downward. **Wreathes**—he means sprouts looking like *wreaths* or floral rings or crowns.

Stanza 4. **Explanation**

The birds around me hopped and played
Their thoughts I cannot measure :—
But the least motion they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

Wordsworth says, "As I sat in that garden and the birds jumped and played aroun l me and I am unable to gauge fully the joy and happiness which was at that time surging through the hearts of the birds and creatures of the forest. To me all their movements gave intense joy and pleasure. The happiness of the wild beasts was transferred to my heart and I felt equally happy with them.

Notes

Hopped—sprang with both feet, (پھد کتے تھے). **Measure**—gauge. **Seemed**—had the air, or appearance, or sensation of being **Thrill**—a wave of sensation, a nervous tremor caused by intense emotion.

Stanza 5. **Explanation**

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air .
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there

The poet says, "The fresh branches of the trees spread out their leaves to catch the gently blowing air and the immediate idea that came to me at that time was that the branches and leaves of trees felt great pleasure in that environment and the perfect peace that prevailed in that garden." The poet means to say that the peace and quiet in Nature was an eternal source of pleasure for all the objects of Nature.

Notes

Budding—sprouting. **Twigs**—shoots of trees or plants. **Spread**...**fan**—spread out like a fan. **Breezy**—pleasantly windy. **I must think**—I cannot refrain from thinking. **Do**...**can**—however much I may try to think to the contrary.

Stanza 6. **Explanation**

If this belief from heaven be sent
If such be Nature's plan

Have I not reason to lament
What man has made the man ?

Wordsworth says, "If I am right in presuming that Nature is always favourably inclined towards man and always lends him a helping hand in all his undertakings and that according to the plan taken in hand by Nature man is expected to live in amicable intercourse with all forms of creation, then I am right if I feel extreme sorrow over the laws of man made society which makes man suffer. Nature is kind to us and intends us to live with each other in love and collaboration while man made social laws cause friction and conflict I am therefore justified in lamenting over what man has made of man.

Notes

From ..sent—be based on divine inspiration. **Holy plan**—sacred arrangement. **Have reason**—am I got justified ? **Lament**—bemoan, express grief at.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Detailed explanations have been given in the preceding section. Stanzas **1** and **3** are particularly important.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *Summarize the* **Lines Written in Early Spring**.

Ans. See the Summary.

Q. II. *Critically Appreciate Wordsworth's* **Lines Written in Early Spring**.

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

67. TO A WATERFOWL

BY

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

I. THE POET

William Cullen Bryant (1794—1878) was an American poet. He was born in Messachusetts. He started his life as a poor country lawyer but later became a pioneer in the prairies of Illinois Finally he became a journalist in New York and raised *The Evening Post* to a great position in America. The first collection of his poem appeared in 1821 and further collections of various subsequent dates. His poetry reveals a ve y elementary philosophy. It is based on the Old Testament, a love of freedom, and a strong simple sense of man's relation to nature.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

Waterfowl is a general term describing any bird wading or swimming in water, or one just haunting and living near it. It is aiso termed a water-bird. Bryant compares the passage of his own life with a waterfowl's flight.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

The divine power which guides the waterfowl in its flight through the uncharted sky, shall certainly lead man in the direction in the course of his life's lonely journey.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The waterfowl flying in the uncharted expanse of the heavens manages to find its way back to the nest. In this it is guided by the protective power of the Providence. Its toil shall soon end. It shall be back among its fellow birds, scream with emotion and come to rest in its nest. This has a deep lesson for man. His steps shall likewise be guided in the right direction by this same protective Power.

V. SUMMARY

The poet espies a waterfowl flying along in the wide, uncharted expanse of the sky late in the afternoon, At a safe distance from the fowler's eye, it floats along like

a darkly painted figure in the crimson sky. He asks the bird where it is heading for and where it intends to get down. Soon he realizes that there is Power whose care and protection teach the bird its way along that pathless coast. The bird must be tired with its daylong flight, but it continues to fly. No doubt its toil be over in the end and it shall come down on the earth to rest in the nest, but now it has flown so far away as to get out of sight. It has, however, taught an unforgettable lesson to the poet. He is confirmed in the belief that God, Who guides the waterfowl in its flight through the boundless sky shall certainly guide the poet in the course of his life's journey.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Bryant, who was under a deep influence of the Bible, draws a moral lesson of great import from the flight of a waterfowl. He sets the scene against the beautiful backgrounds of the glowing sky and the falling dew. His descriptions are not detailed but the large brush with which he dabs the paint, makes the atmosphere charmingly picturesque. This background serves to throw into relief the lesson he has already learnt and which now he wants to teach others. His diadactic outlook which draws lessons from contact with nature bears some parallel to Wordsworth's poetry, although the whole wide expanse of Atlantic separated the two poets from each other. Bryant appears to have greatly been influenced by his elder English contemporary.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. O waterfowl, to what place are you flying all alone in the middle of the sky towards the evening when the sky is flushed by the setting sun and dew is falling on the ground ?

Stanza 2. Your are at such a great height as to be out of the harm's way and the fowler's eye might he pursuing you only in vain. You float along like a darkly painted figure on the red sky.

Stanza 3. What sort of landing ground are you looking for ? Do you want the marshy bank of a lake abounding in weeds ? Would you choose the bank of a wide river ?

Do you prefer the shore against which large, surging waves of a stormy sea ?

Stanza 4. There is a protective Power who is so watchful as to teach you the way along the sea-shore where no path can be descried. You roam about all alone in the unbounded and uninhabited expanse of the atmosphere, but the divine protective Power has taught you so well that you never lose your way.

Stanza 5. You have been flying at a very high altitude where the atmosphere was very cold and rarefied. Though you must have grown tired after your daylong flight, still it is strange that even at the approach of the dark night you do not come dowards the land whose view should be welcome to you after this toil.

Stanza 6. Nevertheless, this long and arduous flight shall finally come to an end. You shall soon find yourself back in a cozy home. There you will have rest along with others of your species. You will give long, sharp cries of emotion on meeting or finding good company. Your nest will then be protected at night by the bending of reeds over it.

Stanza 7. You have disappeared, O waterfowl. The centre of the sky has engulfed your figure and hidden it from my view. Nevertheless, the lesson you have taught me has made an indelible impression on my heart. Indeed it shall never be forgotten.

Stanza 8. God guides you as you fly with confidence from one area to another through the unlimited expanse of the sky. I am sure He will not fail me even as He has guided you. He shall certainly guide me in the right direction as I move along the long path of life's journey where I have no option but to walk alone.

NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Stanzas 1—3. *The poet inquires of a waterfowl flying alone whither does it pursue its lonely path.*

Notes

Whither—where, to what place. **Midst**—amid, amidst. **Dew**—(شبنم). **Glow**—show strong colours, are red or bright in colour. **The heavens**—sky Note that this word preceded by the definite article *the* and used in the plural is, in poetry, synonymous with the *the sky*. **Last......day**—he means the evening. **Rosy**—flushed, red. **Depths**—used in the plural, this word denotes the central part. **Dost...... pursue** - you pursue. **Solitary** - lonely.

Vainly—in vain, (بے فائدہ). **Fowler**—a person who shoots or traps wild birds for sport or food, (چڑیمار). **Mark**—note, keep an eye on. **To......wrong**—in order to do you some harm. **As**—while. **Darkly painted**—looking dark. **Crimson**—deep red, (قرمزی).

Seek'st thou—do you seek? **Plashy**—full of muddy pools, marshy, (دلدلی). **Brink**-shore, bank, (کنارہ). **Weedy**—full of wild, unwanted plants known as *weeds*. **Marge**—poetical form of the word *margin* which signifies a border. **Rocking**—swaying, swinging. **Billows**—large waves. **Tise**—it is a woeful misprint for *rise*. **Sink**—ebb. **Chafed**—excited, impatient, irritated, enraged. **Chafed ocean-side**—shores of the stormy sea.

Explanation

Whither......along—The poet addresses a waterfowl as it flies in the sky. It is the morning time when dew is falling and the aurora has flushed and brightened the sky. The evening is fast approaching when he espies the seafowl flying alone in the rosy centre of the sky. He asks the bird towards which is it heading on this lovely celestial path. The seafowl looks as if a darkly painted figure were floating along the deep red sky. It is flying so high that it is out of the harm's way. The eyes of a fowler may follow its flight in vain, if they pursue it with the idea of looking for a suitably low altitude to shoot it down.

Seek'st...ocean-side—The poet inquires of the fowl if it is looking for the marshy bank the lake overgrown with

weeds wherein it may hide for the night, or does it look for the bank of the wide river where it may roost ? As the flight of the bird does not appear to near its end, the poet further questions it to know if for the night's rest it shall choose the shore of the stormy sea whose large waves surge high and low He wants to know which of these places the seafowl shall prefer.

Gist

Stanzas 4—6. *There is a Power above whose care guides the waterfowl along that pathless coast, bringing it to rest in the end.*

Notes

Power—he means divine power or God. **Teaches thy way**—teaches the seafowl the way it is to adopt. **Pathless coast**—sea shore on which no paths have been marked out. **Desert**—barren, uninhabited. **Illimitable**—unlimited, boundless. **Lone...lost**—wandering alone without getting lost anywhere.

Fanned—set the air in motion as if with a fan. **Far height**—distant height. **Thin**—rarefied. **Atmosphere**—The air surrounding the earth. **Stoop**—bend the body forward and downward. **Weary**—O tired bird ! **Welcome land**—land whose sight he welcomes because he had so long been waiting for it.

Toil—hard work labour. **Soon shalt thou**—you shall soon. **Scream**—give a long, sharp cry because of emotion. **Thy fellows**—other waterfowls **Reeds**—a mass of firm-stemmed grasses growing together. **O'ev**—over. **Sheltered**—protected.

Explanation

All day...nest—The poet now pays a tribute to the waterfowl's steadfastness and persistence. The bird, he says, has been soaring at that distant height all the day long. It reached a height where the air was extremely rarefied and cold. There it continued to set the air in motion by constantly flapping its wings. But he wonders why the tired bird does not come down to the land for the

night. It would soon grow dark, the poet points out, and the land where it is to rest must be welcome to it after the daylong weariness. Nevertheless, he is sure, the waterfowl's arduous journey and toilsome flight would come to end at night which is near at hand. You will presently come down for rest among other waterfowls and give long, sharp cries because of emotion. Soon enough you will find yourself in your nest, and the reeds will bend over it to afford it protection. The poet thus suggests that however much the waterfowl may soar and, however high it may fly, sooner or later it shall come down to the land in order to roost. In his uncharted path a bird is always guided by the beneficent care of God.

Gist

Stanzas 7—8. *The waterfowl flies out of sight after giving the poet the assurance that even his steps will be led aright by God.*

Notes

Thou'rt—thou art, you have. **Abyss**—bottomless charm, hence the depths or the centre. **Hath**—has. **Swallowed up**—engulfed, concealed from sight. **Form**—figure. **Deeply hath sunk**—has left a deep, indelible impression of. **Depart**—he means be forgotten, go out of mind. **He**—God.

Zone—one of the five regions into which the earth is divided by imaginary lines running parallel to the equator, any area with particular features. **Boundless**—unlimited (لا محدود). **Certain flight**—of whose flight we are aware. **Tread**—walk upon. **Aright**—rightly, in the right direction.

Explanation

Thou'rt...depart—you have gone out of sight and the uncharted expanse of the sky has engulfed you, says the poet of the flying waterfowl the course of whose flight he had been observing for some time past. But this observation has not at all been fruitless. On the contrary, it has left a deep and indelible impression on his heart in the form of

an important moral. It is this moral, "this deeply sunk lesson" which he sets out in the following stanza . . .

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Explain with reference to the context:

(*i*) *There is a Power whose care*
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

(*ii*) *He who, from zone to zone,*
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

(*i*) This stanza is taken from the American poet, William Cullen Bryant's poem, *To a Waterfowl*. Bryant is amazed at the manner in which the bird manages to find his way in the uncharted expanse. But soon his amazement changes into the recognition and realization of that divine power whose care and protection guides the waterfowl in its flight high up in the atmosphere. The bird sees no landmarks down on land with whose help he may steer its course. It is indeed flying over a pathless coast from where it can have no guidance. Moreover the atmosphere, through which it is floating, is boundless and uninhabited. Again, it is flying alone. Nevertheless, if it does not get lost despite all these handicaps, it goes to show that it is guided by the protective power of God.

(*ii*) This is the concluding stanza of the nineteenth century American poet, William Cullen Bryant's poem, *To a Waterfowl* Bryant says he has learnt an unforgettable lesson from the waterfowl's flight in the uncharted atmosphere over the pathless coast. The lesson is that the divine power protects and guides all creatures. This is indeed a very reassuring messsage. Bryant has seen how God guides the waterfowl as it flies with great confidence from place to place in the unlimited expanse of the sky.

This experience confirms him in the belief that God who can guide a bird like that, shall certainly lead his steps in the right direction during the long and sinuous course of his life upon which he walks alone.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. *Summarise Bryant's poem,* **To a Waterfowl.**

Ans. See the Summary.

Q. II. *What is the central idea of Bryant's poem.* **To a Waterfowl?** *How far has the poet succeeded in driving it home?*

Ans. Look up the Central Idea and the Critical Appreciation.

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68. THE POETRY OF EARTH IS NEVER DEAD

BY

JOHN KEATS

I. THE POET

John Keats—(1795—1821) is youngest of the younger Roman icists. After some schooling, he was apprenticed to a London surgeon at the age of fifteen. Soon he found poetry to be more congenial to his nature than surgery and began to dream of the golden days when the world was younger than during his times. In the opening verse of *Endimion,* the love story of a Greek shephered prince, he proclaimed his cult of beauty in the following words :

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,"

Two years later came the last publication. It was a collection of poems in one of which he vehemently restated his cult in the following terms :

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

This passionate love for beauty is the key note of his poetry and it is this very element which has given a lasting charm to his poetry. Keats had only a year more to live before he died of consumption at the age of twenty-five. He was in Italy at that time hoping against hope to survive the fell disease. Though unsuccessful in the bid to save his life, he has left a lot which has immortalized him as a poet.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

Poetry (شعر) signifies the language of the imagination or emotions rhythmically expressed. However, it is also used in a wider sense to denote whatever appeals to the finer emotions or the sense of ideal beauty. In the phrase, *the poetry of the earth*, the word poetry is used in this latter sense, and the phrase signifies the rhythmic expression of the romantic element in the earthly life. This expression is in the form of the shrill notes which are alternately short (*staccato*) and long (*sestenuto*).

III. CENTRAL IDEA

The earth is never devoid of poetry. Its romantic elements find artistic expression even in the dullest moments.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The poetry of the earth is never dead. Its rhythmic notes may be heard in the burning summer sun and on the lovely winter evening. It is the grasshopper in the summer and the cricket in the winter which fill the atmosphere with their shrill music.

V. SUMMARY

The rhythmic expression of the romantic element in mundane life can be heard even in the dullest parts of the year. In the hot summer months when all the birds are almost fainting and have retired to the cool shades of the trees, one may hear the grasshopper chirp in the hedges growing round meadows. When tired of hopping it goes to lie down under some weed but it goes on chirping all the same. Similarly, on bleak and lonely winter evenings the cricket chirps near the stove. It creates such an atmos-

phere that people sitting near the stove are put in mind of the grasshopper's shrill note and seem to forget that winter frost has totally changed the outside scene.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Sensuousness, which is the chief quality of Keats's poetry, is fully evident in his short piece, *The Poetry of Earth is Never Dead*. He feasts the sense of hearing on sharp, shrill notes of the cricket and the grasshopper. It is perhaps for the first time that we become conscious of the exquisite music of these little insects which otherwise we casually pass by. His imagery is no less beautiful. Even though taking of the hot sun, he pictures to our mind birds almost fainting with heat and hiding themselves, in cooling trees. Speaking of another season, he pleasingly suggests the ever-increasing warmth of the stove in a room surrounded with frost on the outside. It must indeed be a lovely, soporofic atmosphere where people cosily sit in low armchairs half lost in drowsiness. It is this varied and charming appeal to the senses which makes it such a lovely piece of poetry.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Lines 1—8. The rhythmic expression of the romantic element in the earthly life can be heard at all times of the year. In the summer season the sun grows so hot that the birds are on the verge of fainting and retire to the cool shade of trees in order to escape from this heat. Even at such a time the voice of the grasshopper can be heard as the insect hops and jumps from hedge to hedge round the meadow whose grass was cut recently. The grasshopper is the first to enjoy the pleasures of the summer season. It continues to partake of this pleasure endlessly. When finally it feels weary with the fun of frisking about, it rests comfortably under green grass.

Lines 9—14. The rhythmic expression of the romantic element in the earthly life never comes to an end. It is the same in bleak winter as in hot summer. On winter evenings when the whole atmosphere presents a deserted look and frost has cast a spell of silence, one may hear the cricket chirp inside the room. Its song is heard from a

place constantly increasing in warmth. The cricket chirps in such a manner that to a person who might be half-asleep and lying in a sort of stupor, the song of this insect sounds like the chirping of a grasshopper hopping among some grass covered hills in the summer season.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Lines 1—8. *The poetry of earth is never dead. You can hear the grasshopper sing even in the hot summer sun.*

Notes

Poetry—(*i*) Primarily this word denotes the expression of lofty thought or deep emotion in metrical form. (*ii*) In extended, metaphorical sense it is taken to mean an effect similar to that produced by poetry. It is this latter sense which is intended here. **Dead**—not existing. **Are faint**—have fainted, have swooned. **With...sun**—owing to the scorching heat of the summer season. **Cooling**—he means shady. **Will run**—will be heard. **Hedge**—a row of bushes or low trees usually planted to form a boundary, (جھاڑیوں کی باڑ). **About**—near. **New-mown**—where grass has only recently been cut. **Mead**—meadow, a piece of grassland, especially one kept for hay, (چراہ گاہ، مرغزار). **That grasshopper's**—that is the voice of the grasshopper. **A grasshopper**—is a jumping chirping, insect which lives in grass or shrubs (ٹڈا). **He...luxury**—he is the first to enjoy a luxurious life in the summer season. **Luxury**—(pronounced *lak-sharee*) the state of life in which one is able to enjoy beautiful and expensive things, and excellent food, clothes and furniture, etc, (عیش و عشرت، تعیش). **Has...with**—has never come to the end of, has continued to enjoy. **Tired...fun**—become weary by having excess of fun. **Pleasant**—that which affords pleasure. **Weed**—wild herb springing in a place where it is not wanted.

Explanation

When...luxury—Keats believes the world is always full of deep emotions like those emanating from poetry. The

hot summer months are perhaps regarded as the most unromantic period of the year. Nevertheless, even in their parching heat exquisite songs might be heard everywhere. No doubt this is the season during which all song birds are on the verge of fainting owing to excessive heat, and we find them hidden in shady trees, still there is one voice which can be heard at all places where there is a bush or a low tree In the hedges lying round newly-cut grass-lands we find the grasshoppers enjoying the luxury of the summer season.

He has . weed—while birds and other insects are almost fainting with heat, the grasshopper continues to enjoy the happ ness which hot summer has brought him. He has a frolicking time. When he has had his fun and feels weary with frisking about for quite a long time, he lies himself down to rest under some wild herb. But he never stops chirping, for his shrill voice still rings through the atmosphere.

Gist

Lines 9—14. *The poetry of the earth does not cease even in the bleak winter months. It is the cricket's song which you will hear in that season.*

Notes

Is...never—never ceases, never comes to an end, never stops. **Lone**—lonely, solitary. **Frost**—frozen dew or vapour. **Wrought**—it is the archaic past tense of *work* and is very sparingly used these days. It means worked, produced or created. **Stove**—a heating apparatus, bake-house, (چولہا). **Shrills**—produces a piercing and high-pitched sound, utters shrilly. **Cricket**—a jumping chirping insect, like a grasshopper but smaller in size. It lives not in the grass but in warm places inside the house, (جھینگر). **In... ever**—in ever-increasing warmth. **Drowsiness**—the state of being half-asleep, (اونگھ غنودگی). **And...lost**—to an almost drowsy person it appears as if. **Grasshopper's**—grasshopper is. Note that in line 5, the apostrophe indicates the genitive case, *i.e.*, denotes possession ; but in this concluding lines it points out the omission of "*i*" from *is* meaning

thereby that the combined word stands for *grasshopper is.*
Grassy hills—hills covered with grass.

Explanation

On a lone...hills—Keats now tells of lone winter evenings when it is too cold for any living thing to move about in the open. The world is not devoid of poetic qualities even when the spell of silence has been cast over the fields by the frost. On such bleak winter evenings when all places are deserted, the cricket is busy with his song inside the house. He sits somewhere near the bake-house whose warmth is constantly increasing. There it chirps merrily in such a way that half-asleep persons sitting snugly close to the bake-house believe his sound to be that of a grasshopper chirping on some grass-covered hill far away. Thus even inside the room one feels as if one were surrounded with the gay country atmosphere.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATION WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Lines 1—8 are important. Detailed explanations will be found in the preceding section

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *What does Keats mean by the poetry of the earth? What is the part played by the grasshopper and the cricket in its production?*

Ans. See the Introduction to the Poem and the Summary.

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69. WHEN ON MY DAY OF LIFE

BY

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

I. THE POET

Please look up the notes to Poem 12 for the life-sketch of the nineteenth century American poet, Whittier, and a criticism of his poetry.

II. INTRODUCTION

Whittier compares life to the day, and death to the

night. The title of the poem forms a part of the opening verse.

"When on my day of life the night is falling." It thus signifies to the hour of his death which is not only inevitable but is also fast approaching.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

The Heaven constitutes not any pecuniary rewards, but simply the river of divine peace where temptations to sin and a life of constant struggle come to an end.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The poet prays to God not to leave his soul alone when hour of his death approaches and everything by which he had in store during the tenure of his earthly life quits him. He says he has none but God to give him solace and support. He aspires to get a suitable place in the Heaven. He does not seek any gates of pearl but wishes for peace and tranquillity instead.

V. SUMMARY

Whittier thinks of the hour of his death when the bright day of his life would be engulfed in darkness and obscurity and distant voices would call him to tread unknown paths. The body has been the earthly home of his soul. Since God has always brought happiness to his body, there is no reason why after its collapse He would leave the soul in a lonely and helpless state. He pleads for God's help when everything else he valued during his mundane life quits him. He would be left with none except God. He wishes solace and support from the Holy Ghost. He does not crave for the riches which constitute the Heaven for the common people. Instead he yearns for the forgiveness of his sins. He would love to be transported to some suitable place in the Heaven—some sheltering shade near the ever-flowing river of God's peace where there would be no more chances of sin and struggle for him. There under the curative tree of God he would enjoy the life for which he has been yearning all along.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

In his simple-worded prayer at the approach of death, Whittier exquisitely sets out his ideas of the Heaven, in contradistinction from the man-in-the street's notions of it. He does not regard the place as having a "gate of pearl" and a "street of shining gold" but as a verdant expanse through which the river of divine peace flows constantly. To gain admittance into the place he seeks not a reward for his virtues as weighed against his voices, but simply a forgiveness through God's abounding grace without any reckoning whatsoever. He wants an end of the chances of sin and struggle. He wishes to sit in the sheltering shade of God's healing trees and there learn the divine song. This is the best type of the life hereafter which he can conjecture and this is what he prays for. Indeed it is a very elevating idea. As such it has lent grandeur and sublimity to what otherwise would have been simply a verified prayer.

VII PARAPHRASE

Stanzas 1—2. When the dark night of death is closing in on all sides of the bright day of my earthly life ; when winds are blowing on my life from the areas of darkness ; when I hear from obscure places lying far off, voices urging my feet to walk along unknown paths : at that time I humbly pray to You not to leave my soul in a lonely state. My body has been the soul of my home during my earthly existence. O God ! it was You Who provided every comfort to it. Now that the walls of the body are about to collapse, I implore You not to quit the soul which has dwelt in that home. O God ! You are all love and nothing else. You are the Helper Who is always there at hand. I beseech You to be the source of my strength and my support even now.

Stanza 3. I pray to You to be close to me when everything else which I have valued in this world is moving away from me. These things were the earth, the sky, the reminiscences of home-life, the period of my life both happy and unhappy, the friendly faces of my benefactors

who did so much for my intellectual and moral advancement, and finally, the love which reciprocated my feelings.

Stanza 4. O God, You are my Heavenly Father. I have none except You to save me. Ask the Holy Ghost, the third person of the Trinity, to bear me company at the hour of my death, and bring me solace and support. I know fully well that I do not deserve in the Heaven any portals of pearl, or symbols of victory like the branches of palm, or streets paved with glittering gold.

Stanza 5. I would deem it as quite enough for me if I am forgiven through Your plentiful mercy, without any reckoning of my virtues and vices, and am signalled by the hands of God's Providence, already so well-known to me in the world, to move me to some place suitable for me.

Stanza 6. In order to gain admittance to some one of your Heavenly palaces, I do not mind if I have to pass even through a small, lowly door. All I want is a protective shade under which I may escape from the life of sin and constant struggle which I have been leading in the world. I only wish to be close to the river of divine peace which perennially flow through the vast, verdant fields of the Heaven.

Stanza 7. I would sit on the bank of the river listening to the gentle music with which the air around me would be reverberating. I would be only too glad to learn this fresh divine song. There I would lie under the shade of the trees of Paradise which would cure all the wounds sustained by me in the course of my earthly existence. In this way I would find the ideal life which I have always earnestly desired.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Stanzas 1—3. *The poet prays to God to comfort his soul and be near him when the hour af his death approaches.*

Notes

Day...night—The poet compares life to a day and death to a night. **Wind**—please note that in poetry this word is

almost invariably pronounced *wynd* as distinct from the usual prose pronunciation *wind*. **From**—which have blown from the direction of. **Unsunned**—not exposed to sun, hence dark. **Spaces**—areas. **Far voices**—coming from the distance. **Calling**—speaking loudly in order to make me hear. **Path**—a line along which anything moves or should go.

Home of life—body. **Pleasant**—delightful, pleasing. **Tenant**—(کرایہ دار) a person who pays rent for the use of a land or building. But here it is metaphorically used to denote the *soul* which lives in the *human body* which he calls 'my home of life.' **Decay**—rot, decompose. By the phrase *when its walls decay* he means 'when I die.' **Love divine**—Godly love. He means God Who is all love and nothing else. **Stay**—support. It is actually an obliquely stretched rope or wire supporting a mast or post.

Drifting—being carried along by air or water. **Home's pictures**—reminiscences of my home life. **Day...shine**—both the happy and unhappy period of my life. **Kindly**—friendly, sympathetic. **Uplifting**—improvement in condition of being, thinking or living ; moral, intellectual or social improvement. Hence *to my uplifting* means that which shed an influence conductive to my moral or intellectual advancement. **Answers**—reciprocates.

Explanation

When...falling—when the darkness of death closes in on all sides of the bright day of my life, and I am about to die. **Leave...decay**—The poet prays to God not to desert his soul when his body is about to perish. He compares the soul to a tenant living temporarily in the building known as the human body. **Be near me...mine**—Whittier prays to God to be close to him when everything else quits him. In the following three lines he recounts the things by which he set store during his life time These are : (1) The earth with all its beauties ; (2) the sky with its grandeur : (3) the lovely reminiscences of his home-life ; (4) both the happy and the unhappy period of his life , (5) the faces of sympathetic, friendly persons who worked for his intellectual, moral and social advancement;

and (6) the love which reciprocated his own. He prays that God may not leave him alone and helpless even when all of these things quit him.

Gist

Stanzas 4—7. *He prays to God to grant him in Heaven not the streets of shining gold, but the river of His peace where he may find the life for which be longs.*

Notes

But—only, none other than, none-except. **Thy spirit**—The spirit of God, *i.e.*, the Holy Ghost, (روح القدس). Please bear in mind that according to Christianity the Divine Being comprises the Union of the Father (*God*), the son (*Jesus*) and the Holy Ghost (the spirit residing in God). Together the three are known as *The Trinity*. The Holy Ghost is supposed to call man to a holy, religious life. The world Ghost is pronounced simply as *goast*. It may be noted that sounds of consonants mixed with the aspirant (*h*), like (ہائے مخلوط) or کھ، گھ، جھ، بھ etc., are unknown to English. When the letter *h* in a word follows a consonant in the same syllable it is either dropped as in *Ghost* or read before that consonant as in *when*, *where* (pronounced *hwen*, *hwere*), etc. When, however, the *h* lies is in a different form the one in which the preceding consonant occurs, as for instant in *adhere* (pronounced *ad-here*) the problem of mingling the two sounds does not at all arise.

Uphold—support, keeps from fall, encourage. **Gate... gold**—the poet recounts the thing which combine to form the Heaven, according to the notions of the multitude. **Merit**—deserve.

Suffice—it would suffice, it would be enough. **Good and ill**—virtues and vices. **Unreckoned**—not taken into account on the Day of Judgment. **Through**—owing to. **Abounding**—plentiful. **Grace**—divine mercy. **Thy...grace**—The plentiful mercy of God. **Hands familiar**—The wellknown hands of the Providence. **Beckoned**—called by a signal of the hands or the head to draw near. **Unto**—to, towards. **Fitting**—suitable.

Humble—modest, low. **Mansion**—a largely and stately house, (محل). **Sheltering shade**—shade providing shelter from the scorching heat of the Hell. **Striving**—struggle. **Flows**—The subject of this verb, *river*, occurs in the next line. **Green**—verdant. **Expansions**—expanses, wide areas.

Stealing—moving mildly, quietly and secretly. **Fain**—gladly. **Fain...learn**—would learn gladly. **Healing**—curing human wounds. **Long**—earnestly desire, wish for a thing very much.

Explanation

I have...uphold—praying to God, the poet says, "You are my heavenly Father. I have none except You to succour me. Let the Holy Ghost do me the favour of coming to me in order to bring me support and solace."

No gate...place—The poet says to God that he does not wish for what the common run of people hope and pray to get in the Heaven. He does not aspire to enter the Heaven through portals of pearl. He knows he shall win no laurels, nor does he regard himself as deserving any distinction in the form of a branch of palm. He does not even hope to walk along streets painted with brilliant gold. He seeks none of these things. His wishes to lie in an altogether different direction. He would regard it as quite sufficient if the plentiful mercy of God forgives him, without taking any of his virtues and vices into account. I further wish that the hands of the Providence, which are well-known to me because they have guided and supported me throughout my wordly existence, should signal me to take up my suitable place in the Heaven. In short, rather than pray for an extraordinary reward, he simply craves the forgiveness of his sins and a suitable place in the Heaven.

There...long—Whittier is not hankering after the Heaven of the common people's notions which is made of the portals of pearl and streets of glittering gold. Instead he regards the Heaven as the peace of God continuously flowing like a river. He believes it to be a place where

music would be flowing round him mildly and he would gladly seize the opportunity of learning the fresh divine song. He pictures himself as sitting there under divine trees which serve to heal the wounds sustained by Godly people during their worldly existence. Under the shade of that tree which grows on the bank of divine peace, he would get the spiritual life which he earnestly desires.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Explain the following passages with reference to their context :

(*i*) *When on my day of life the night is falling,*
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,
Thou who has made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay :

(*ii*) *Some humble door among Thy many mansions,*
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

(*i*) This is an extract from the American poet Whittier's poem, *When on My Day of Life*. Whittier speaks of his impending death and makes an earnest prayer in regard to the life Hereafter. In this passage he prays to God not to leave his soul in a lonely and helpless state. He compares life to the day and death to the night. When the night of death is about to beset the day of his life and winds have blown from the areas of darkness, he would hear voices from distant and obscure places urge his feet to walk along unknown paths. This, in short, is the time he would be about to die. He prays that at this hour God may not leave his soul—the dweller in his body—alone. In support of his prayer he adduces a cogent argument. When God has made the earthly home of his soul—the body—so happy, there is no reason why He should leave

the soul itself in the lurch after its earthly home has collapsed owing to death.

(*ii*) This passage is culled from the American poet Whittier's poem, ***When in My Day of Life.*** Whittier sets out in these lines his ideas of the Heaven after he had given the people's notions of it in an earlier stanza (No. 4 above). Portals of pearl, streets of the glittering gold and branches of palm awarded in recognition of success constitute the Heaven of the commonalty. But Whittier is not after pelf and pecuniary gains. Instead wishes for the perennial stream of divine peace. Having craved for forgiveness of sins, he wishes for gaining admittance into one of the numerous palaces of God, no matter if he enters it even through the lowest of doors. In fact he seeks entry into such a place as would have no more temptations leading to a sinful life of constant struggle. He seeks a shade which would protect him against the consuming heat of sin and struggle and yearns for some quiet corner on the banks of the river of divine peace—the river which continually flows through the verdant expanses of the Heaven. It is this atmosphere of peace and tranquillity which constitutes the Heaven in his eyes.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *Summarise the ideas expressed by Whittier in his poem,* **When on My Day of Life.**

Ans. See the Summary.

Q. II. *Critically Appreciate Whittier's* **When on My Day of Life.**

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

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70. LORD OF ALL BEING

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I THE POET

For a note on the life and letters of Holmes, the student is referred to Poem 52.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

The 'Lord of All Being' means the Supreme ruler and absolute master of all existing things. More than a prayer, this poem is a plea for the purity of human heart in order to merge it into the holy light.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

The consummation of human life is a burning passion for God which so purifies man as to make him one with the heavenly flame.

IV. SUBSTANCE

God is the centre and soul of the universe. He is also as near to the loving human heart as anything can be imagined to be. He makes Himself manifest even in human sentiment. Man must pray for the grant of divine truth and consuming passion for union with God.

V. SUMMARY

Although the throne of God is very far away, yet it is His Splendour which is visible in the brilliance of the sun and the stars. He is the centre and soul of every planet. He is also very close to the loving human heart. He is the sun of our life, lighting up our dark paths. He is the star of our hope filling the wakeful hours of our disturbed sleep with joy. Everything in the sentimental life of man, except the clouds of skin, is the reflection of God. Truth is nothing but His light, and love nothing except His warmth. Man can lay claim to no brilliance before His throne. The poet prays to God for the grant of truth to make mankind free, and hearts that will be consumed by His passion, till their purification and union with God leaves only the divine flame and nothing else.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The glory of God has influenced mystics of all nations in such a way as to create in them an earnest desire for seeking permanent union with God. Though unusual with him, Holmes strikes the same note in this poem. The motif of the *Lord of All Being* is this very pantheism which seeks its climax in being consumed by a kindly passion for merger with God. He sees the whole universe right from the blazing sun to the burning heart, as a manifestation of God's attributes. Before God's brilliant throne, man lays no claim to any laustre of his own. He only prays for a still greater intensity of love for God so that he is consumed by it and there remains nothing except the heavenly flame. This is pantheism in one of its sublime moments, indeed.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. O God, You are the supreme ruler and absolute master of all existing things. Though Your throne is in a far off place in the Heaven, yet it is Your magnificence and splendour which takes on the appearance of the sun and the stars. You are the pivotal point and the motive force of every planet. Nevertheless, it is surprising how close you are to the human heart which is kindled with love.

Stanza 2. You are like the sun which makes our life possible. Your animating rays light us on the otherwise dark course of our life. You are like a star whose mellow light fills with joy the wakeful periods of our sleep at night.

Stanza 3. The darkest and saddest hours of our life are those when You cease to look smilingly at us. On the contrary the brightest and happiest hours of our life commence when You start radiating Your mercy. The colourful spectrum is nothing but a symbol of Your mercy. Every existing thing including the sentimental life of man is a manifestation of Your attributes. The only exception are the clouds of sins which have indeed originated with man.

Stanza 4. O God, You are the supreme ruler and absolute master of all things here on earth or up in the Heaven. Truth is nothing but Your light, and love is nothing but Your warmth. When we stand before Your throne which always shines like a bright flame, we lay no claim to any brilliance of our own.

Stanza 5. O God, grant us divine truth so that we are enabled to break off all our trammels and are emancipated. Also give us loving heart which will burn with a consuming passion. Grant us the divine truth and love for You till such a time that all human hearts, which are indeed living places of sacrifice to You, can rightly say that the same holy light, the same heavenly flame, burns in all of them.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Stanzas 1—2. *God, who is the prime mover of every planet, is also quite close to every loving heart.*

Notes

Lord—supreme ruler, absolute master. **Being**—existence, (هستی). Hence everything which *is*. **Throned a far**—sitting on a far off throne. **Glory**—praise, or honour accorded to a being by common consent ; magnificence, grandeur. **Flames**—sends out flames, shines gleams. **Soul**—the life-giving element, the animating spirit, that which moves. **Sphere** (کرہ) a body shaped like a perfectly round ball hence a star (ستارہ) or a planet (سیارہ). In Ptolemaic system of astronomy, however, it denoted the orbit (فلک، آسمان) through which a planet revolves. So whereas according to the former interpretation the *centre and soul of every sphere* would mean the *pivotal point and the prime mover of a planet*, the latter interpretation would give the line the meaning of *the planets forming the centre of* the various orbits. **Yet**—despite that, in spite of all that.

Sun...life—The sun whose warmth not only makes our

life possible but also sustains it. **Quickening**—causing to become more lively and vigorous, giving life to; animating, stimulating, kindling, inspring, (جاں بخش' روح افزا). **Sheds**—pours forth, spreads in every direction. **Our path**—the course of our life. **Glow**—ardour, warmth of colour. **Softened**—mild, gentle, mellow. **Cheers**—fills with hope or joy. **Watches**—it also denotes periods of wakefulness at night.

Explanation

Sun...night—Holmes compares God first to the sun, then to a star. In the first capacity, that of the sun, He makes life possible and sustains it. Moreover, its animating rays light up the dark course of our bleak life with colourful brilliance and cheerful warmth. Thus He is the sun of our life. In the second capacity, that of a star, He fills the wakeful periods of our disturbed sleep at night with hope and joy. Thus He is to us like a star shedding the mellow light of hope.

Gist

Stanza 3. *Everything is a reflection of God, save the clouds of sin.*

Notes

Middnight—he means the darkest or saddest hour. **Withdrawn**—removed, taken away. **Noontide**—noon. He means the brightest or happiest hour. **Gracious**—merciful. **Dawn**—The first appearance of light in the sky. **Rainbow arch**—Spectrum (قوسِ قزح). **Arch**—is pronounced with a (چ) and not a (ک) sound.

Explanation

The poet says every existing thing is a mainfestation of some aspect of God's attributes. The darkest and saddest hours of our life which could be compared to midnight, are the time when He discontinues His smile from us. Similarly the brightest and happiest hours of our life which could be compared to noon, are the merciful appearance of even the first rays of divine light. The exquisite

spectrum visible on the horizon after rainfall is in reality a symbol of divine mercy. Everything that exists is thus a reflection of God. The only exception are the gloomy, glowering clouds of sin. Indeed these clouds are mankind's only original contribution to the sum-total of existing things.

Gist

Stanzas 4—5. *He prays to God to grant His truth to mankind in order that it may become free.*

Notes

Below—on the earth. **Above**—in the Heaven. **Ever-blazing**—whose brilliant surface never gets tarnished. **Ask**—to claim, to seek to obtain. **Lustre**—brilliance, splendour. **Kindling**—roused to passion. **Altars**—raised places on which offerings are made to the deity, (قربانگاهیں). **Living altars**—signifies human hearts because he who loves God sacrifices everything else at this altar.

Explanation

Lord of all life...own—God is the supreme master of all living things, whether on the earth or in the Heaven. The abstract notion of truth is nothing but the lustre shed by God. Likewise, the abstract notion of love is nothing but the glow of God. His throne is always shining brightly, emitting both light and heat. Man is only, His humble creature. He lays no preposterous claim to any brilliance of his own when he stands before the throne of God.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Explain the following with reference to the context :

(*i*) *Lord of all being, throned a far,*
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !

(*ii*) *Grant us Thy truth to make us free,*
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,

Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

(*i*) This is the opening stanza of *Lord of All Being,* a poem by the famous American man of letters, Oliver Wendell Holmes. He says God is the supreme ruler and absolute master of all existing things, whether animate or inanimate. The sun and the stars are nothing but the manifestations of his magnificence. Indeed it is only the glory of God sitting on a throne very far away which sheds lustre in the form of the blazing sun or the brilliant stars. He is the pivotal point and the prime mover of every planet. Though His throne is so far away, and though it is only He who lends life and vigour to every planet, yet He is not away from man. In fact He is extremely close to every heart which can approach Him with love.

(*ii*) This is the concluding stanza of Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem, *Lord of All Being*. The poet has already established his argument that God is the soul of the universe. He reveals Himself in things as far apart as the brilliance of the sun and the love of the human heart. Now the poet prays to God to grant mankind the divine truth which will help him break all the shackles on his feet impeding his progress. In addition to that he asks for the rousing of hearts to passion so that they may know how to burn in his love. This divine truth and the burning love for God should be so vigorous and intense that in all human hearts there should be nothing but a truly divine fire—the fire of the Lord of all being consuming everything including the entity of the human ego. This state of existence in which man would become extinct, this single heavenly flame, this single holy light shall indeed be culmination of God's influence over man.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *Write out a summary of the* **Lord of All Being**.

Ans. See the Summary.

Q. II. *Give a critical appreciation of the* **Lord of All Being**.

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

71. NO COWARD SOUL IS MINE

BY

EMILY BRONTË

I. THE POETESS

The Emily Bronte (1818–1848) is the author of the wellknown novel *Wuthering Heights*. She was the younger sister of *Charlotte Bronte* who attained greater literary heights than even Emily. Along with their third sister, Anne Brontë, Charlotte and Emily brought out in 1846 a collection of their poems entitled *Poems by Currer Ellis and Acton Bell*, Ellis Bell being the pen-name of Emily and Currer and Acton those of Charlotte and Anne respectively. Emily had a remarkable force and distinction. Her verse has the touch of true poetic genius and is full of deep emotion.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

Last Lines is the title under which this poem is more generally known. The title given in the anthology, *No Coward Soul is Mine*, is in actual fact only the opening line of this poem, and means that her soul is not cowardly.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

Death cannot annihilate anything because God, Who is everlasting, is the life and sustenance of all that exists.

IV SUBSTANCE

Life is immortal. It derives its strength from God who is everlasting and whose glories shine in the Heaven. The spirit of God creates, rears, sustains, changes and dissolves things, but they would never be annihilated because everything would ultimately exist in God. Death can never destroy that whose life and sustenance is God.

V. SUMMARY

Mine is not a cowardly soul, says Emily Brontë. It does not shake in its shoes on seeing the stormy ocean of life. She says her faith shines as she sees the glories of God. This reassurance makes her strong against fear. In her bosom lies God Who is all-powerful. From Him does she derive her strength. The conflict of the numerous religious

creeds is unable to rouse any doubts in her mind and shake her firm faith in the infinitude and immortality of God. The spirit of God creates, fosters and pervades everything making it indestructible thereby. Even if God alone were left, everything would exist in Him. There is not a single atom which the might of death could render void. God is the life and sustenance of everything, and that which is coexistent with God can never be destroyed even by death.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The Brontë sisters have won fame in the field of prose fiction, not in that of poetry. Nevertheless, their verse does not lack charm and originality. Emily excelled her sisters, Charlotte and Anne, in this field, and the poem. *No Coward Soul Is Mine* is by consensus of critical opinion, decidedly the best piece she ever composed in verse. It is mystic in content though it describes no intricate experience. In a simple and vigorous style she states her belief in the immortality of all forms of life. Like a confirmed pantheist she tells us that it is God who is the life and sustenance of all existing things. Since God is everlasting, none of the existing things, which are all co-eval with Him, will come to utter destruction. This is a philosophy of life which engenders confidence in God, and exalts man's status in his own eyes. Emily's style is a bit too pithy, which may account for any obscurity in the poem. But her reassuring philosophy more than atones for this defect.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. My soul is not a coward. It never trembles with fear on seeing the stormy ocean of the world. When I see the glories of the Heaven shedding their splendid rediance, my faith in Him shines with an equally brilliant lustre.

Stanza 2. O God! You are all-powerful and ever present. I am confident that You dwell in my bosom. The life which is there in me, and I who am everlasting life—both of us derive strength from You.

Stanzas 3 – 4. There are innumerable religious creeds each of which holds a sway on various sections of mankind.

But even the obvious conflict that exists between them is powerless to rouse any doubts in my mind and shake my faith which so tenaciously clings to Your infinitude and is firmly fastened with an anchor which is chained to the rock of Your eternal existence In fact these conflicting creeds are doomed to an indescribable failure in their bid to give rise to scepticism in my mind. In this respect they are as worthless as shrivelled and unwanted herbs—as meaningless as the useless bubbles of the surf on the unbounded ocean.

Stanza 5. O God! Your spirit breathes life into the infinitude with a love which extends to every existing thing and is not restricted in any way. It permeates everything, sits over it in order to multiply its number, transmutes it from one form to another, provides nourishment to it, resolves it into component parts, creates fresh objects, fosters and brings it up making itself manifest in all these diverse ways.

Stanza 6. Even if the earth and the mankind inhabiting it were to disappear; even though the centre of all solar systems were to come to an end as were this known universe and the like of it that might be existing unknown to us; yes, if You alone were to survive, still everything that had existed separately, would continue to exist in You.

Stanza 7. Death never shall have an opportunity to spell disaster. Its might cannot reduce even a single atom to nothingness. O God, since You are the life and sustenance of everything that exists, and since You are indestructible, so it is established beyond a shadow of doubt that nothing can ever be destroyed.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Stanzas 1—2. *Emily Brontë says her soul is not cowardly. She derives power from God and her faith arms her from fear.*

Notes

Coward—dastard, (بزدل). **No...mine**—mine is not a

cowardly soul. **Storm troubled**—stormy. **Sphere**—globe or orbit. **Shines equal**—shines no less brilliantly. **Arming ...fear**—equipping me for fight against fear. **Within my breast**—whose place is in my heart. **Almighty**—God who is all powerful. **Deity**—God. Please note that *the Almighty* and *the Deity*—when denoting God should normally be preceded by the definite article (*the*). **That rest**—which sojourns in my body. **Undying life**—I who am immortal and eternal. **Have...the**—my life and I derive our power from God.

Explanation

No Coward...fear—my soul, says Emily Brontë, is in no wise dastardly. It does not shake in its shoes on seeing the earthly sphere, which is my home, hit by severe storms. When I see the splendour and effulgence of heavenly magnificence, my faith in God shines with equal brilliance, and is so strengthened as to equip me with arms for a fight to curb fear and doubts. **O God...Thee**—Addressing God, she says : "O God, You are all-powerful and are simultaneously present everywhere. I feel the forceful effect of your presence in my heart of hearts. The life vouchsafed to me by You rests here within my body. Indeed I am en eternal life, an immortal being. Both this life and I are invulnerable because we derive our strength directly from you." Emily Brontë thereby wants to emphasize that she need not entertain fear on any account since she derives strength from God who is always present and is more powerful than all else taken together.

Gist

Stanzas 3—4. *Even the conflicting creeds cannot create any doubts in her mind which has firm belief in God.*

Notes

Vain—doomed to failure. The reason for this vanity and ineffectiveness is stated in the following stanza beginning with *To waken.* She means that they are doomed to fail in their attempt to rouse doubts. **Creeds**—system of beliefs, (مذاهب - عقیدے). **Thousaud creeds**—innumerable religions. **Move**—sway, exercise control over. **Unuttur-**

ably—indescribably, inexpressibly, inspeakably, (تا گفتہ بہ حد تک). **Worthless**—having little or no value. **Withered**—shrivelled, having lost freshness. **Weed**—wild herbs growing in unwanted places. **Withered weeds**—therefore suggests things which have not only lost vigour but are actually unwanted. **Idlest** utterly useless. **Froth**—foam, surf, collection of small bubbles, (جھاگ). **Amid**—in the midst of. **Boundless**—unbounded, (بے کنار). **Main**—in poetry this word is used to mean the sea or a wide expanse of it.

Waken—rouse, breed, create, give rise to. **One**—a person. **Fast**—tenaciously. **Infinity**—The state of being infinite or endless. **Anchor'd**—made fast with an anchor, (لنگر انداز). **Steadfast**—firm, immovable. **Immortality**—The state of being immortal ; life that never ends.

Explanation

There are innumerable religious systems each of which commands some following and holds a sway over the hearts of certain people. Their diversity naturally gives rise to a conflict because each claims a monopoly of truth. The conflict is likely to rouse doubts in the minds of thoughtful people. But Emily Brontë says this conflict is doomed to failure if it makes a bid to create any doubts in my mind. Its effort, she adds, would be so useless as not to be even worth mentioning. Its worthlessness might be compared to that of dried up and unwanted herbs, or to that of useless surf gathering over the waves of the unbounded ocean. The reason why such an effort would be useless is quite obvious. Nothing can shake the faith of one who clings tenaciously to the belief that God shall live on for ever. Even though the sea of human thought is stormy, yet this belief in the infinitude of God is held fast with an anchor which is chained to the rock of eternal life.

Gist

Stanzas 5—7. *God is the Creator and sustainer of every-*

thing. Nothing can be destroyed since he is the Being and Breath of all that exists.

Notes

Wide-embracing—not restricted but extending to everything. **Thy spirit**—The spirit of God, the Holy Ghost. **Animates**—breathes life into. **Eternal**—everlasting, unending. **Pervades**—spreads through, penetrates into every part. **Broods**—hangs on, sits as if on eggs. **Sustains**—provides nourishment and sustenance. **Dissolves**—breaks up. **Creates** - brings into being. **Rears**—fosters, bring up.

Though...gone—even if the earth and the mankind inhabiting it were to come to an end. **Suns**—she means the centres of all the various solar systems. **Universes**—she wants to suggest all existing things *known* and *unknown*. It is the plural of universe (کائنات) which denotes the sum total of all existing things. **Ceased to be**—were no more to exist. **Were**—it is a misprint. Please read *wert* to make it agree with its subject *Thou*. **Thou wert**—You were. **Every existence**—everything that exists. **Thee**—You, Your existence.

Room—opportunity, scope, (امکان - گنجائش). **There... Death**—there is no possibility of Death taking any toll there. **Nor atom that**—there is not a single atom which. At *atom* is the smallest particle of an element that can exist alone. **His might**—The power of Death. **Render**—make. **Void**—useless. **Render void**—reduce to nothingness, hence destroy. Thou—THOU—Please note that the second THOU is printed in capital letters to stress its meaning. **Being**—existence, life. **Breath**—sustenance. **What...art**—that which You are.

Explanation

With...rears—Emily Brontë says that the Spirit of God makes itself manifest through a love which is not restricted but extends to everything. It gives life to the everlasting time. It permeates everything all sits on it to multiply its numbers. All changes are brought about by it. It provides all the creatures with nourishment and sustenance. It

breaks up the solidarity of things. It creates new things and fosters them. In short it is this very spirit which creates life and sustains it, which is not only the Being, but even the Breath of everything.

Though...thee—Emily Brontë expresses her belief in the indestructibility of existing things even if everything were to disappear she argues, it would not be annihilated for it would exist in God. She says even if the earth, mankind, the centres of all solar systems, and all existing things known and unknown were to come to an end, and God were lest alone, still we could not correctly say that so much had been totally destroyed. The fact of the matter is that nothing would have perished, because, though these things might have disappeared from outward view, they would still be existing in the entity of God.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Explain with reference to the context :

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void :
Thou—**Thou** *art Being and Breath ;*
And what **Thou** *art may never be destroy'd*

This is the concluding stanza of Emily Brontë's celebrated *Last Lines* given in the Anthology under the title *No Coward Soul Is Mine*. Emily, who is a bit of a mystic, adduces a fresh and cogent argument of the indestructibility of existing things. She has already stated her thesis in unequivocal terms in the preceding stanza when she said that everything would exist in God even after it had ceased to exist otherwise. Now she says that although Death appears to take such heavy toll of life, the fact is there is no place for it in the scheme of existence. Not even the minutest of particles can be destroyed by Death, however powerful it may appear to be. The reason is that God Himself is the existence (*Being*) and sustenance (*Breath*) of everything. Now since these factors make everything indistinguishable from God and since God is indestructible, therefore one safely arrives at the conclusion that even

death cannot destroy anything. Death can only transmute the form of existence, and never annihilate it altogether. Things apparently dying in the world go to the Heaven to live there as part of God.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *Summarize* **No Coward Soul Is Mine** *bringing out Emily Bronte's line of argument.*

Ans. See the Summary.

Q. II. *Critically Appreciate Emily Bronte's poem,* **No Coward Soul Is Mine**, bringing out the mystic element in it.

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

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72. GOD BE PRAISED

BY

GEORGE ELIOT

I. THE POETESS

George Eliot—(1819—1880) is the masculine pen-name under which the famous English woman writer, Mary Ann Evans wrote her masterly novels and minor poetry. She was a highly cultured woman and had not only studied a number of modern and ancient languages including French, German, Greek and Hebrew but was also fully conversant with the theory of Western music. She started her literary career with translations from the German, became an essayist and soon took up journalism on the staff of a literary magazine. She lived a matrimonial life without entering the legal formalities of marriage, and it was only in the last year of her life that she legally married another person from whom she got the name Mary Ann Cross. Besides her wellknown novels, *Adam Bede, The Mill on the Floss,* and *Silas Marner*, etc., she has left three volumes of poems published when she had almost reached the age of fifty. Her imaginative fancy lacks felicity of expression in verse but there are certain pleasant fancies in her shorter pieces.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

The poem, *God Be Praised*, is a dialogue in verse between an Italian violin-maker, Antonio, Stradivari, and his friend Naldo who was at best a second-rate painter. Antonio Stradivari, or Satadivarious according to the Latin version of his surname is a historical figure. He lived from about 1644 to 1737. He was born at Cremona in North Italy. He was such a famous maker of stringed musical instruments that the name Stradivarius is applied to violins of his making. It is said on good authority that a violin made by him is still valued as one of the best musical instruments of the type.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

Honest service to art is in fact a service to God, for although it is He who gives skill to man, no solid results can be achieved without man's conscious and consistent efforts.

IV. SUBSTANCE

A famous Italian violin-maker, Antonio Stradivari tells his painter-friend, Naldo, that his profession of violin-making is a holy office. He praises God for giving him a masterly skill in his profession. Naldo thinks it is only a petty kind of fame that he has achieved. Moreover he is mistaken in the belief that he is doing some service to God. He further tells him that violins made by another craftsman, Ginseppe, are as good as Stradivari's. At this displeasing observation Stradivari is incensed. He dismisses his painter-friend summarily after telling him that although skill is given by God it cannot achieve any solid results without the sincere efforts of the best type of men.

V. SUMMARY

In the course of a talk with his painter-friend, Naldo, the famous Italian violin-maker, Antonio Stradivari, praises God for giving him a discerning eye which can tell good craftsmanship from the bad, and while loving the former, flinches from the latter. He says he sets himself to his work as spontaneously as the song-bird which sits in a tree to warble its morning song. Naldo believes it is a petty kind of fame, if any, which might be achieved through the

manufacture of violins. His religious devotion, he adds, is also useless for he cannot hope to find a better place than purgatory. Antonio Stradivari tells him he would have no peace of mind if he did not do his work honestly. Only a first class musician was entitled to pass judgment on his work. Indeed he was doing a service to God by providing perfect musical instruments to great artists whom God had given skill. Naldo thinks he is giving himself airs, so he asks him to come off his perch. He further tells him that another craftsman Ginseppe makes as good violins as he. Antonio Stradivari takes offence at that remark. He summarily dismisses Naldo after telling him that although God gives skill yet nothing can be accomplished without man hands : in fact even God could not make Antonio Stardivari's violin's without Antonio.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

It was towards the fiftieth year of her life that George started publishing her poetical works. These poems were composed at this late stage of her life and were much inferior to her prose work. They also lack originality of treatment and ease of expression. Nevertheless, they have a boldness of thought, and are therefore not so inferior as to deserve no notice. The poem under study, *God Be Praised*, is written much in the style of her contemporary, Robert Browning. It is the form of a dialogue, is written in blank verse and has a colloquial expression. Like most of Browning's heroes her violin-maker is full of faith in God and confidence in his own capabilities. She brings out his genius by setting him against the background of mediocrity which his painter-friend, Naldo, personifies. With the help of a dialogue between these opposed types, George Eliot convincingly proves her thesis that though it is God who gives skill to man, yet nothing worth the name can be achieved without man's honest efforts. The texture of the poem, like that of George Eliot's, far greater novel *Romola*, is woven round a historical figure of Italy.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Antonio Stradivari said : "I praise God, for He has given a discerning eye and an artistic sense which flinches

from false type of craftsmanship and cherishes a deep love for the true type. I praise Him for He has given me skilful hands and arms which put to use the tools for manufacturing violins as cheerfully and effortlessly as a song-bird setting itself down to warble the morning song. Just as the bird warbles merrily because it loves to sing and likes the song, similarly I set myself to work cheerfully because I like my trade and love to ply it.

Naldo remarked : "It is only a trivial kind of fame, if any, which might be achieved through violin-making. Again, it is of no use to you to be of a religious bent of mind. Do not pin any hopes about the future life on your participation in religious ceremonies. However much you may try, you shall never go to a place better than purgatory."

Antonio Stradivari gave the following rejoinder : "As for the question of purgatory, I tell you that it would be no less a mental torture to me if I were to tinker with my tools and make imperfect violins. You have also raised the question of my fame, but only a great artist is entitled to pass any judgment on it. You may take it from me that when a great musician holds one of my violins between his chin, and hand, he will be glad that I have lived and made violions of the best type. It is only great artists who know whose work is good, and they shall certainly choose mine for its excellence. In short, while God gives skill to great musicians, I give them the perfect instruments on which they play. God has chosen me to help Him in consummating the task which He has begun.

Naldo ejaculated : "What do you mean by that? Do you suggest that God would be at a loss to consummate on artistic creation if you were not there to help the artist?

Without mincing matters, Antonio Stradivari bluntly replied: "Of course God would be at a loss to consummate the work if my craftsmanship were not there to make such perfect violins."

"How can you say such a thing ?" remarked Naldo. "In the eyes of many people the violins made by your fellow-tradesman, Ginseppe, are as good as yours."

Antonio Stradivari replied : "It is quite possible some persons might be of that opinion. But in actual fact, they are different. His quality deteriorates. He damages the quality of his work by over-drinking. If for arguments' sake, it is assumed that his work also equals the best, how could we explain the act of God in creating two violin-makers at the same time ? My works than stands all by itself. I do not know whether it is based on a wrong religious belief or a right one, but I cannot desist from saying that I should be robbing God if I were to be slow and slovenly with my work. God is the highest consummation of good, and it would not be in the fitness of things to rob Him of the perfect violins decreed by Him by not manufacturing them. I would just be leaving a void in his hands rather than a violin. I tell you it is not possible even for God to bring out the best qualities of man without making the best of men to work for His cause...No doubt it is God who gives skill to man, but it is a fact that nothing can be accomplished without man's honest effort. I have no hesitation in asserting that God could never bring my violins into being without me to make them. Now don't you be saucy Get away from my presence and go to work at your painting-board."

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Lines 1—21. *Antonio Satradivari, the violin-maker, pays a tribute to his own skill. His friends Naldo pooh-poohs him and thinks he would go to purgatory and not to paradise. The violin-maker replies that only an expert violinist can judge his work.*

Notes

God be praised—(الحمدلله). With these words Antonio Stradivari's talk with his painter friend, Naldo, begins.
Winces—flinches, draws back suddenly showing fear or

pain. **Tool**—instrument. **Sets him to**—gets ready for. **Roundelay**—bird's song.

Then Naldo—to this his friend Naldo, who is a minor painter, replies. **'Tis**—it is. **Pretty**—it is misprint. Please read *petty* which means trivial, unimportant. **At best**—at the most. **Comes of**—is achieved through. **Violin**—n four-stringed musical instrument somewhat like our (سارنگی) but held upside down in the left hand and supported under the chin and played with a bow. **Save**—lay by, preserve, keep for future use. **Masses**—a Christian religious celebration, (رسم عشائے ربانی). It is a sort of prayer. **Save...either**—Do not even keep count of the masses in which you have participated. **Thou wilt**—you will. **Purgatory**—a place between Heaven and Hell where Christian sinners will be put for being purged of their sins. **None the less**—despite all the masses in which you have participated in the hope of attaining salvation. **But he**—but Antonio Stradivari replies. **'Twere**—it were. **Here**—in this world. **Make them ill**—make had violins. **For my fame**—as far as my fame is concerned. **Master**—he means expert musician. **'Twixt**—betwixt, between. **Made...best**—made the best type of violins. **The masters only**—only expert musicians. **Instruments**—musical instruments, (ساز). **To play upon**—(بجانے کے لئے).

Explanation

God...roundelay—The Italian manufacturer of violions Antonio Stradivari, believes he is doing a service to God by making violins. He thanks God for giving him all this skill in the trade. In the first place he praises God for giving him a discerning eye which loves the truly artistic work but flinches from bad craftsmanship. Secondly, he praises God for giving him a skilful hand and arm which can manipulate his tools so deftly as to make the whole process of manufacture have the appearance of spontaniety. In fact it comes as naturally as the warbling of a song-birds who has a pas ion for singing and sits somewhere in the morning to chirp. By this simile George Eliot wants

to bring out the interest Antonio Satradivari took in his profession.

Then Naldo......less—when Naldo the painter, who was Antonio Stradivari's friend, heard him speak like that, he laughed at his self-complacency and observed that fame achieved in the manufacture of violins was but a trivial fame if any at all. He had a fling even at the religious bent of his mind, and ironically said that he should not bank on his participation in religious services or have a false belief that he was doing some service to God by making violins. He could never enter the portals of paradise and should not expect for himself a place better than in purgatory. This too he would get simply because he professed Christianity, otherwise his sins were sure to land him in the Hell.

But he......Him—Antonio Stradivari replied to his friend on both these points. In the first place he said, he could not be honest to himself if he did his work perfunctorily. In fact he would be so tortured mentally as to feel himself thrust in the purgatory even during his life time. Secondly, when it comes to the question of fame, it must be borne in mind that only an expert musician is in a position to pass any judgment on it. It was enough for him as a tribute if a great musician, holding one of the violins made by Stradivari between his chin and hand, were to remark that he was glad Stradivari was alive to manufacture violins so skilfully that they have proved to be the best instruments of the type. It is only great artists who can tell a good musical instruments from a bad one, and he knew perfectly well that such a person would choose a violin made by Stradivari and none else. God gave skill to great musicians, he added, and Stradivari gave them the best type of instruments on which to play music.

God had in fact chosen Stradivari to consummate the work begun by Him in the form of creating a musician with a masterly skill. Thus he was indeed doing a real service to God by making such perfect violins.

Gist

Lines 22—38. *Stradivari further tells his friend that even God could not make Stradivari's violins without Stradivari. So if his hand slacked, he would indeed be robbing God.*

Notes

What—what do you mean by that ? **At fault**—puzzled, in some difficulty or perplexity, at a loss to do something. **Were...absent**—do you suggest that if you were not there to make such perfect violins, even God would find Himself in a very tight position regarding the supply of good violins? **Yes...work**—yes, indeed He would be in a tight position if it were not for violins made by me. **Why**—it is again Naldo speaking. He asks why would it be like that ? **Hold**—are of the opinion. *Ginesepрe*—another Italian manufacturer of violins contemporary with Strdiavari. **May be**—it is just possible Ginseppe's violins may be just as good as mine in your eyes. This is Stradivari's reply. **His quality**—the quality of his work. **Declines**—deteriorates. **Spoils**—damages the quality of. **His hand**—The skill of his hand, his craftsmanship. **Over-drinking**—taking too much liquor. **Were his...two**—if Gineseppe's work were better than anyone else's which it definitely is not, it would be difficult for me to understand, how God could create two great manufactures of violins at the same time. **Heresy**—wrong religious belief, (بدعت' خلاف عقیدہ بات) **Heresy or not**—I do not mind if it is a wrong religious belief or not. **Slacked**—became idle or careless. **Fullest good**—The abstract notion of good finds full expression in Him. **Blank**—void, emptiness. **I say**—it is my firm

conviction. **Not**—that not even. **Man's best**—The best result of the human effort. **But not...hands**—but the skill cannot accomplish anything without employing the hands of man. **Easel**—wooden frame used for the purpose of holding a picture while the artist is working on it. **Get...easel**—get away, go to your easel, and do not ask irrelevant questions.

Explanation

My work...violins—Antonio Stradivari says that his own work is incomparable. He does not care if it is a wrong religious belief to say so or not, but he cannot desist from saying that if he was careless and perfunctory about his work, he would be depriving God of His due. God is the highest consummation of the abstract notion of good and contains in Him all that is the best. Evidently the best violins must also be a part a parcel of His belongings. Now if I do not make any violins conscientiously, the best violins will not come into existence. Therefore God will have only a blank space, a gap or a void instead of having the best type of violins which are His due.

IV. IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Explain the following passage with reference to the context in which it occurs in the anthology :

I say, not God Himself can make man's best
Without best men to help Him...
'Tis God gives the skill,
But not without men's hands : He could not make
Antonio Stradivari's violins
Without Antonio. Get thee to thy easel.

This passage is taken from George Eliot's poem, *God Be Praised*. The famous woman novelist, who was also a poet of some standing, wrote this poem much in the style of Robert Browning. It is in the form of a dialogue between

an Italian violin-maker, Antonio Stradivari and his painter friend, Naldo. The maker of violins praises God for giving him such masterly skill. In these verses which from the climax of the dialogue, Antonio Stradivari forcefully states his conviction that it does not lie even within the power of God to have the best result of human efforts without the help of the men best fitted to do that particular job. He conceds the fact that it is God who gives man the skill to do a thing, but that skill alone cannot achieve any solid results unless it is coupled with the skilful man's own honest and persistent efforts. To put it more bluntly, even God could not make Antonio Stradivari's violins without the active and willing co-operation of Antonio Stradivari. Since Naldo happens to be only a mediocre artist, and this philosophization is too deep for his intellect, the violin-maker dismisses him summarily, and asks him to go back to his painting stand.

"May be they are different.
His quality decliness : he spoils his hand
With over-drinking. But were his the best.
He could not work for two. My work is mine.
And heresy or not, if my hand slacked
I should rob God—since he is fullest good—
Leaving a blank instead of violins.

These lines are taken from the poem "God be Praised" written by George Elliot. In these lines he is talking about another Violin preparer named Ginseppe, this artist was a contemporary of Stradivari. Here in these lines Stradivari says, "I admit that the violins prepared by Ginseppe may in construction be superior to those prepared by me ; but we have to admit that the quality of his work goes on deteriorating with time because he is addicted to drink. On account of indulging in too much drink his

hand is weakened and consequently his work is becoming inferior day by day. For arguments sake if we take it for granted that the violins prepared by him are superior to mine, yet none is going to admit Ginseppe could single handed have done the same amount of work as is being done by both of us at present. I am in fact doing my own share of work while ginseppe is doing his own share and thus we both are performing our duties. Together we are producing enough violins for the need of the country. People may condemn me as a heretic ; but I will not be wrong when I say that I am doing my duty properly and well. If I stopped my work I will be guilty of not only injuring my own interests but will also rob God of what is his due. If I stop preparing violins then only half the number of violins will be prepared and thus would be caused a void and God does not like such voids. Such derilections of duty will surely not be approved by God. He "God" in its most perfect form and to conform to his standard fully each one of us must do his duty, whether in doing so the person concerned is able to win any distinction or not. Thus it is most in-appropriate to say that any one in this world is superfluous, because each one of us is filling in his proper place and doing his allotted duty.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *Symmarize* **God Be Praised**.

Ans. See the Summary.

Q. II. *What is the central idea of the poem,* **God Be Praised** ? *To what extent has George Eliot been successful in developing the theme* ?

Ans. See the Central Idea and the Critical Appreciation.

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73. GOD STRENGTHEN ME

BY

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

1. THE POETESS

Christina Rossetti—(1830-1894), the sister of the poet-painter, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was a thoroughly Anglicized Italian. She was one of the greatest women poets at her era. She won fame by poems in a light vein like *Goblin Market* and *The Prince's Progress* in which she displays humour and treats of supernaturalism with a kind of artistic triviality. But her best work lies in the field of religious poetry where she has a depth of feeling like that of the seventeenth century poets and presents her mystical moods with the subtle simplicity and clarity of Blake. Hers is the attitude of a worshipper who has firm faith in divine mercy. Her poetry is free from the craven fear of second-rate devotional verse.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

It is one of Christina Rossetti's short devotional poems. *Self* here signifies the baser self of man, *i.e.*, his impulses and appetites.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

One's own *self* is the heaviest clog impeding one' sprogress. May God break off the yoke of *self* to liberate soul.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The worst enemy of a person is his own *self* which impedes all his progress by persistent and ever-increasing demands for ease, rest and joys. We can easily lock the door of our mind and bar at the tumult and boredom of the outside world. But it is impossible to bar out this inner enemy which gives rise to all worries. It is only God who can curb it and set us from its yoke.

V. SUMMARY

Christina Rossetti prays to God to give her strength to

bear the inseparable weight of cares and worries. Tumult, boredom and aimless wandering which trouble her are outside her. She can easily bar them out by locking her door upon herself. But she knows of no way to bar out her own *self* which is her worst enemy and always craves for ease, rest and joys. She wishes she could only ignore her *self* and lay it down in order to be able to run the full race of life before death overtakes her. Self clogs her way and impedes her progress in all walks of life. There is only one being—God—who can relieve her of this strangling load, and liberate her by breaking off the yoke of self.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Christina Rossetti is truly regarded as one of the greatest devotional poets in the history of English literature. Her religious poetry is characterized by a firm faith in God, and clarity and simplicity of style which rivalled that of Blake. Both of these characteristics are fully evident from her short poem, *God Strengthen Me*. It is written in a very simple style which is at once vivid and vigorous. She displays no cowardly fear. Instead, she can muster enough to call for succour against her insidious *self*—her own impulses and appetites which crave for comfort, respite and pleasure. This is heartening stand which sets a laudable example for others without actual moralizing. She is indeed a great religious poet and no second-rate sermonizer.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. May God give me enough strength in order that I may be able to bear all alone the inseparable weight of worries which is the heaviest burden one has to carry.

Stanza 2. Everything else that troubles me happens to be out side myself. These things include tumult, boredom and aimless wandering. I lock the door of mind and shut

out all these disturbing elements.

Stanza 3. Yes, I lock my door upon myself and refuse admittance to these outside things. But the disturbing element for which I have the greatest hate is my own **self.** And who is going to brick up its entrance ?

Stanza 4. I only wish I could give up this *self* of mine, and having been purified of it, start upon the race which everyone has to run along the course of life.

Stanza 5. I only wish I could ignore this *self* of mine, and then with a care-free heart start upon the road which has been traversed by everybody.

Stanza 6. I wish that God would give me strength to resist the advance of this *self* of mine. It is a craven who tries to insinuate itself into my favour with a tone arousing pity. It longs for comfort, respite and pleasures.

Stanza 7. My own *self* has turned out to be the most disloyal and treacherous thing to me. It is my most insincere friend. It is indeed my most deadly enemy. It is like a log fastened to my leg to impede my progress along every walk of life that I may follow.

Stanza 8. Nevertheless, there is one being—my God—who can bring this *self* of mine under control and keep it in propercheck. He can remove this stifling burden from me by rolling it away. He can break off the wooden neck-piece with the help of which this *self* has been forcing me to slave for it. He can certainly break off this yoke and liberate me.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Gist

Stanzas 1—3. *Christian Rossetti prays to God for strength to bear the weight of worries. She feels she can bar out everything except her own self.*

Notes

Strengthen me—may give me enough strength. **Bear**—carry, support. **Myself**—personally, alone, without help. **Inalienable**—that which cannot be given or taken away, inseparable. **Care**—worries. **Myself**—me. **Lock my door**—lock the door of my mind and forget everything that is left outside. **Bar them out**—make it impossible for them to get into my mind by putting a bar across its door. **Turmoil**—confusion, disturbance, bother, tumult; (ہنگامہ - شورش). **Tedium**—tediousness, monotony, boredom. **Gad-about**—going about from place to place wasting time and looking for pleasure or excitement. **Upon myself**—from the inside. **Wall**—surround with a wall as for defence, fill up a doorway with bricks. **Self**—my personal interests, impulses and appetites. **Lothed**—detested, hated.

Explanation

God...care—May God give me enough strength so that I may be able to carry the inseparable weight of worries all alone. Indeed worries and anxieties are the heaviest weight one has to carry. **All others...of all**—every anxiety that there is in the world, exists outside me. These are tumult, boredom and roaming about aimlessly in search of pleasure. I bar their entrance by locking the door to my mind. I lock the door from the inside to keep out all these unwanted burdens. But the worst type of burden I have to bear my **self**, *i.e.*, my personal interests and appetites. I hate them most. The questions is, who shall block the passage of my **self** and to with-hold it from reaching me.

Gist

Stanzas 4—5. *She wishes she could set her* **self** *aside and with a lightened heart start upon the race that all must run.*

Notes

If—she wants to say, I only wish that. **Lay down**—give up. **Myself**—personal interests and appetites which constitute my *self*. **Self-purged**—purged of my obtrusive burdensome and unwanted self. **Purged**—means purified.

Race...run—race along the course of life which all living beings have to run. **Apace**—at a very fast pace. **Death runs apace**—she means she must start in time to run the full race before death, which runs very fast, overtakes her. **Set aside**—ignore, give up. **Myself**—my obtrusive *self*. **Lightened**—unburdened, relieved of my burden, hence carefree, happy. **Overgone**—traversed, trodden upon.

Explanation

Christina Rossetti wishes she could somehow set aside her obtrusive and burdensome **self**. She wants to be purified of this sinful **self** in order to equip herself for starting on her race along the course of life which all living things must perforce run. She knows that death runs very fast. So she wants enough time to run the full race before death overtakes her and ends the whole show. She wishes she could only ignore this **self** of hers, and thus unburdening herself of its unwanted and loathsome weight start with a happy, carefree heart upon the road of life which all men have somehow or other traversed.

Gist

Stanzas 6—8. *She prays to God to harden her against her* **self** *which is her deadliest foe. God is powerful enough to curb in and set her free.*

Notes

Harden—strengthen. make hard. **Coward**—destard, craven. **Pathetic**—arousing pity or sympathy, (درد ناک). **Craves for**—longs for, have a great desire for. **Ease**—comfort (تن آسانی). **Rest**—rexalation, (آرام). **Arch-traitor**—The most disloyal and treacherous person. **Myself...to myself**—my *self* which is most disloyal to me. **Hollowest**—most hollow *i.e.*, most insincere. **Deadliest**—The most deadly, filled with the greatest hatred. **Foe**—enemy. **Clog**—a log fastened to leg as impediment, hence encumbrance. **My clog...go**—it acts as an impediment on every road along which I travel.

Yet—nevertheless, despite all that. **One**—she is referring to God. **Can**—who can. **Curb**—check, restrain, hinder, keep under control. **Roll from me**—remove from me by rolling away, (لڑھکا سکتا ہے). .**Strangling**—that which kills by squeezing the windpipe, (گلا گھونٹنے والا). **Strangling load**—stifling burden. **Yoke**—wooden neck-piece by which a pair of oxen is held together. **Set me free**—liberate me.

Explanation

God...I go—she prays to God that He may grant her enough strength so that she may not be gulled by the false pleas made with a pathetic tone by her craven, dastardly **self** which shirks duty and longs for a comfortable, easy-going life of relaxation and enjoyment. The thing which is most disloyal to her, she points out, is her own **self.** It is her most insincere friend. Rather, to speak plainly, it is her most hated enemy. It impedes her progress in every direction. It is indeed like a log fastened to her leg withholding her from making a headway anywhere. There is no walk of life left her by this impeding **self** on which she move forward and achieve fame.

IX. IMPORTANT EXPLANATIONS WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Explain the following with reference to the context :

Yet One there is can curb myself,
Can roll the strangling load from me,
Break off the yoke and set me free.

This is the concluding stanza of Christina Ro setti's poem, *God Strengthen Me.* In a plaintive mood she has prayed to God to harden her against her obstrusive *self* which impedes her progress in every walk of life. She calls it her most insincere friend and her most hated enemy. She has come to realize that the pleas made by this *self* for an

easy-going life hinder her from making a headway anywhere. She has found herself powerless to resist the pleas it makes with a pathetic voice. She has always succumbed to them. But she knows there is One who can keep this **self** in check. This One is God. He can roll away from her the burden of self which is strangling and stifling her. She feels she is doomed to slave for the whims of this **self** under its burdensome yoke. Nevertheless, there is something in her which gives her confidence that God can break off this yoke and liberate her from the slavery of **self.** This is the note of confidence with which her prayer ends.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *Write out in your own words a summary of Christina Rossetti's poem,* **God Strengthen Me.**

Ans. See the Summary.

Q. II. *Critically Appreciate Christina Rossetti's poem,* **God Strengthen Me.**

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

Q. III. *Write a short note on the life and letters of Christina Rossetti.*

Ans. Look up Section I above.

PART VI

DEATH

74. FEAR NO MORE

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

I. THE POET

See Poem 58 : "All the World's a Stage."

II. SUMMARY OF THE POEM

At our death we become free from all fears. We have no fear either of the heat of the summer or the severities of the winter. All of us are bound to perish sooner or later. Death releases us from the anger and the oppressions of the great. It faces us from all care of eating and clothing. The end of life is death ; and all persons irrespective of their power, learning or art are subject to decay. But death is a blessing. It saves us from worldly calamities and social indignities. Now when we have gone to the other world we are free from the harmful spell of a magician. We keep ourselves away from the evil influences of a haunting ghost, and escape all worldly troubles. The grave is the last resort that we ultimately retire to, that brings about a happy termination of our life.

III. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

Death is no calamity. It is rather a boon that delivers us from the various troubles and ordeals of life. We are safe from all fears—fear of weather, fear of oppression, fear of social disgrace, fear of evil charms, etc. We attain a calm and peaceful repose.

IV. CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF THE POEM

The poem is a beautiful tribute to death that saves us from numerous trials of life. Death has often been described as an inevitable curse ; but here the poet discusses the subject with quite a different perspective. What a blessing it is in disguise ! What a deliverance from worldly worries ! Death is desirable ; for it saves us from fears that we fall a victim to. When we have life, we are incessantly threatened by the inclemencies of weather, the cruelties of the great and the tyrannical, the necessaries of life, the hazards and perils that lie in wait for us, the

social infancies and the harmful influences of charms. But death allows us an immunity from all these fears. The grave is a sheltering place that promises eternal calm and peace.

The poem has a simple style. It has a lyrical strain and possesses a charm of its own.

V. CENTRAL IDEA IN THE POEM

Death is a wonderful blessing. It saves us from the various tribulations and fears of life. It is a great deliverer. It promises eternal rest and is, therefore, a desirable thing.

VI. PARAPHRASE OF THE POEM

Stanza 1. Now since you have reached the termination of your life, you should have no fears of the scorching heat of the sun, or of the rigours of the winter season. After you have finished your worldly task, you leave for your eternal home, there to receive the reward of your labour. All beautiful lads and girls are bound to crumble to dust like chimney-sweepers.

Stanza 2. Now you need not be afraid of the anger of great men. You are free from the high-handedness of oppressive persons. Nor are you to worry about your food and clothes. To you now the reed is indistinguishable from the oak. Death knows no discrimination between man and man. Those who hold a rod of authority in their hands, or have a command of learning, or possess the art of healing diseases—all alike shall submit to death.

Stanza 3. Since you have gone to the world, you should not fear the flesh of the lightning or the crash of the thunder-bolt which frightens all human beings. You have not to fear the malicious report or the unaccountable abuses that defame you. You are above the feeling of joys and sorrows. All lovers, however young they be, shall have to yield to death.

Stanza 4. You are now safe from the harms that the evil charms of a wizard are likely to give you. You have escaped the vicious influences of spell, and have kept away from the haunt of the evil spirits. You are above all ills

and perils. You have attained a calm termination, and may your grave be a worthy place for you to live.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Furious—angry, unkind. **Rages**—anger, excitement, violence. **Fear...rages**—now since you have departed to the eternal world, you need not fear either the excessive heat of the summer or the severities of the winter. **Task**—work. **Ta'en**—taken. **Wages**—remuneration. **Chimney-sweepers**—those whose occupation is to sweep and scrape chimneys, to clean them of the soot that adheres to their sides. **Frown**—anger. **Those are past**—you are free from. **Tyrant**—cruel man. **Stroke**—unkind treatment. **Reed**—one of a large family of plants. **Oak**—a kind of tree (شاہ بلوط کا درخت). **Sceptre**—a rod of authority or power. **Physic**—the art of healing diseases. **The sceptre...dust**—every man has to submit to death, irrespective of the fact that he is powerful, or has the learning at his command, or possesses the art of healing diseases. **Lightning flash**—momentary gleam produced by lightning (بجلی کی چمک). **All-dreaded**—with which verydody is frightened. **Thunder-stone**—thunder-bolt (بجلی کی کڑک رعد). **Slander**—false or malicious report. **Censure**—ebuse, blame. **Rash**—quick, without thinking. **Moan**—lamentation, cry grief. **Consign**—submit. **Exorciser**—a wizard, a magician (جادو گر). **Witchcraft**—spell, magic. **Ghost**—evil spirit. **Unlaid**—haunting. **Forbear**—avoid, keep away from. **Quiet**—calm, peaceful. **Consummation**—completion, perfection, termination. **Renowned**—honoured.

VIII. IMPORTANT STANZAS EXPLAINED

Fear no more the heat o'the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages ;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Explanation

In this poem Shakespeare wishes to impress upon the reader that death should have fears for us. Because death just like the drop scene of a drama. After death we become quite careless about the changes that might take place in the weather and atmosphere. Death places us quite beyond all earthly values, in these lines the poet says, "After death we are no more afraid of the heat of the sun or the bitter cold of the winter and the stormy winds that blow in winter. Having completed your task in this world we go back to our homes." The poet means to say that in this world we come and live in the world and having done our duty and got the legitimate reward for the same we go out of this world and go back to the place we had originally come from. In the next two lines he says, "The rich as well as the poor, the handsome as well as the ugly, all have to die." He takes the analogy of "golden lads and girls" and "chimney-sweepers" and says that the beautiful rich girls and boys and the chimney-sweepers, who are always covered with soot, all die sooner or later.

2. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke !
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak ;
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this and come to dust.

Explanation

The poet says "After death we are no more afraid of the angry frown of the great people of the world, because death places us in a position where we are secure from the vindictiveness of the powerful and cruel kings and rulers. After death we worry neither about clothes nor about food and to us the reed is as good as the big oak tree. The kings, the learned scholars, the big scientists all must ultimately die, be buried in, the earth and be changed to dust.

IX. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. What are the main ideas that the poem contains ?

Ans. Read **Paraphrase and Notes**

Q. II. Write a summary of the poem.

Read under "Summary."

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75. VITAL SPARK OF HEAVENLY FLAME

BY
ALEXANDER POPE

I. THE POET

Alexander Pope was born in London in May 1688. His father was a linen-draper whose faithfulness to Roman Catholicism entailed, in addition to special taxes, his exclusion from the universities. Naturally he picked up most of his knowledge in a haphazard way. In spite of his delicate health he read ancient and modern writers and gave himself a classical education. Although he read widely, he never became an acute scholar. Nevertheless, he was gifted with a conscious inspiration which brought him on the equal footing with the great men of letters of his age. In 1709 he published his first famous poem the *Pastorals* that attracted the notice of eminent people. He wrote the *Essay on Criticism* in 1711, *The Rape of the Lock* in 1712, *Windsor Forest* in 1713, with occasional pieces, all of which were collected in a first edition of his works in 1717.

Pope lived with his parents at Binfield and thereafter at Chiswick till the completion of his translation of *Homer* in 1719 when he purchased his own house at Twickenham. There he spent the rest of his life till his death in 1944.

II. SUMMARY OF THE POEM

The poet exhorts the imperishable soul of man to leave the mortal body and soar high up to ensure a union with the heavenly life. There may, no doubt, be a sense of fear or hope at the time of death, and the soul might

try to linger on or take a sudden flight. Nevertheless, the pain of death conveys to him the highest sense of happiness. It provides for him a release from the mortal world. He, therefore, desires and invokes spirit of death to enable him to have an eternal bliss in the other world. Death might bring about a loss to his physical and intellectual faculties. The sensual world, too, might disappear. But the poet feels fully compensated for he find himself in the midst of heaven. He, therefore, longs for the spiritual wing with which he might fly to the eternal abode and elude the harmful grasp of death.

III. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

The poet longs for death so that he might seek union with the eternal Being. Death does not inflict any pain. On the contrary, it gives the highest pleasure. It might prey upon our physical faculties. The material world might be lost to us ; but the spiritual world is reached and gained.

IV. CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF THE POEM

The poet feels highly delighted at the approach of death. He desires the soul, 'the vital spark of heavenly flame,' to quite his body, so that he might attain eternal life in the other world. He finds a close affinity between his soul and the angels, and therefore hopes to fly to them with the help of death. There is no doubt that his physical senses shall benumbed. The material world too shall be no more living before him. But then he shall feel more than compensated, for heaven would open its prospect to his eyes, and he shall hear the sounds of the angels. He would at last find an eternal life, and death shall exist no more to terrify him. He would thus gain a victory over death.

The poem thus inspires us with enthusiasm and hope. It animates us with a feeling of joy and courage to ride over the prospective fear of death. Unlike most of the poems on death, it is full of sobriety and cheerfulness with which the poet longs to embrace death. "Pope's desire for death in this poem is full of zest and joy. The little lyric

leaps like a sunlit stream. Death is a release to be looked forward to with animation and hope."

V. CENTRAL IDEA OF THE POEM

Death should not be feared. It is only a transition from this world to the other, where it can do no harm.

VI. PARAPHRASE OF THE POEM

Stanza 1. O soul that is a spark of eternal flame, leave off this perishable body. Even though, under the shadow of death, my spirit may tremble from fear, or hope for a spiritual bliss, or desire to stay on, or be quick in its flight, yet its very pain brings the highest state of happiness. Therefore, O Nature, hold back your endeavours to prolong my life on this earth, and allow me to die so that I may secure an immortal life.

Stanza 2. I can easily hear what the heavenly spirits say, and how they call my soul to fly away to them. I yield up the ghost aad find myself completely overwhelmed by death. I see how death steals a march over my physical senses and takes away my eye-sight. I see, too, how my spirit is overtaken, and my breath is drawn out by it. But even then death has not succeeded in destroying my inner being.

Stanza 3. The world, no doubt, ceases to exist for me; but the other world unfolds itself instead. It swims in our sight, and my years resound with the voices of the heavenly angels. Therefore, (O vital spark, O soul), give me your wings so that I might fly upwards. I would thus be able to escape the ruinous influences of the grave, and be beyond the control of death.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Vital**—full of life. **Spark**—a glowing particle, (شرارہ). **Flame**—the blaze of a fire. **Vital...flame**—used for the soul of man. **Quit**—leave. **Mortal**—perishable. **Frame**—body. **Vital...frame**—vital spark of heavenly flame here stands for the soul of man. The poet exhorts

it to leave the body that is destined to decay. **Trembling**—shaking from fear ; quivering. **Lingering**—delaying ; tarrying. **Bliss**—the highest happiness. **Trembling...dying** in the moment of death, the spirit might pass through the vicissitudes of hopes and fears, and be in a state between stay and departure, yet whatever the pain be, it shall ultimately turn into the highest happiness. Death is therefore, no cause for pain but a source of pleasure. **Cease**—stop. **Strife**—endeavour ; struggle. **Languish**—droop, pine. **Cease...life**—The poet warns Nature against trying to preserve the human life which results in death. He, on the contrary, desires death that might bring him such life as might endure.

Stanza 2. Hark—listen, **Whisper**—speak with a low sound ; utter under the breath. **Angles**—(فرشتے). **Sister spirit**—a spirit that has some affinity with those of the angles. **Hark ! they whisper......come away**—The angels in heaven speak with a low voice to the poet's spirit which has got some relationship with them, and ask it to fly away to them in the other world. **Absorbs**—overtakes ; over whelms. **What is......this......quite ?**—The poet enquires as to why death overtakes him completely. **Drowns**—kills; submerges ; extinguishes. **What is this......can be death ?** The poet has been overtaken by death and his senses and spirits have all become paralysed due to its effect. He, thereupon, enquires as to what thing has completely overwhelmed him, destroyed his senses, closed his eyes, benumbed his spirits, taken out his breath, and made him dead. Death can only render us insensible, and this is the utmost that death can do against us.

Stanza 3. Recedes—goes back ; withdraws. **Disappears**—vanishes. **The world...disappears**—The blow of death makes us insensible to such an extent that the world ceases to exist for us. It no longer appears before our sight. **Seraphic**—of angels ; angelic. **Heaven opens...... seraphic ring**—The world disappears from our sight at the approach of death ; but the heaven unfolds itself before our eyes, and our ears resound with the voices of the angels. **Lend rour wings**—(fig), spur my speed. **Mount**—

rise high. **O Grave .....victory ?** O grave you can no longer exult (خوشی ھونا) over my destruction for I am still alive, if not in the mortal world but in the other world. **O death......sting**—after I have secured entry into the other world I become safe form the harmful approaches of death.

VIII. PASSAGE LIKELY TO BE SET IN THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION

Stanza 3. This stanza occurs in the poem *Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame* by Alexander Pope. The poet expresses the idea that after death we do not fall off to extinction, but enter into the heavenly world. Hence he calls upon his own spirit to leave this destrcutible frame and seek admission to the immortal world. No doubt, with death physical senses suffer a decay, and this mortal world fades away, but the heaven presents itself on to the view, and we find ourselves in thc midst of angels. Therefore he wishes for the spiritual wings that might enable him to rise to the other world and thus render him safe from the harms that it causes. It would be like throwing dust into the eyes of death that shall be reduced to ineffectiveness and helplessness.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. Write an appreciation of the poem and give the central idea.

Ans. Read under **Critical Appreciation** and **Central Idea.**

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76. THANATOPSIS

BY
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

I. THE POET

W.C. Bryant was born at Cummington in America on November 4, 1794. He was a journalist and a poet of no mean repute. In 1825 he went to New York city to assume

a literary editorship. Here for some months his fortunes were precarious, till in the next year he became one of the editors of the *Evening Post*. He died in 1878 in the month of his choice, as indicated in his poem, "June."

Byrant was a man of contemplative nature and strong beliefs. He had his own principles by which he stood firmly. No doubt, he had a great capacity for journalism; but he enjoyed the renown of a great American poet as well. "American Poetry", says Richard Henry Stoddard, "may be said to have commenced in 1817 with...Bryant's *Thanatopsis* and *Inscriptions for the Entrance of a Wood*. He wrote *Thanatopsis* in his 18th year in 1812, wherein "he sings of man's straightforward connection with Nature. Death should not he feared for it is grand and heroic mingling of one's clay with the great Mother Earth."

II. SUMMARY OF THE POEM

Nature converses, in her own language, with her lover. When he is in moments of cheerfulness she conveys to him the message of delight and beauty. When he is in melancholy mood she relieves him of its keenness. Therefore, whenever unhappy memories of the past depress your spirits, you should go forth and surrender yourself entirely to the influence of nature, at a time when calmness prevails over her. When in due course of time you pass away, and are buried in the grave, your dead body shall yield to the process of decomposition Even the last remains of your image shall moulder and turn to dust. Your clay shall be made one with that of the earth which constituted you. Your mould shall become an indistinguishable part of the soil. The peasant would plough it and walk headlessly, over it.

But you shall not be all alone in your eternal resting, place. You shall lie down with fathers and kings, with the powerful and the wise with the good and the beautiful —all lying blended with one another. The earth becomes a wide burial-place. The manifold aspects of nature like hills, valleys, woods, rivers, fields, etc., all stretch themselves in honour and decoration over the ruins of man.

The sun, the moon and the stars have been shining over the graves of the dead since time immemorial. The number of those living on the earth is nothing as compared to what lies dead beneath the earth. Wherever you go to, whether woods or deserts, you shall find the earth covered with the vestiges of the dead. Similarly you, too, are destined to take eternal rest. It is immaterial whether a man takes notice of your exit or not. You may pass away in obscurity and no one feels really aggrieved at your death. Yet in spite of the various pursuits that the living individuals may carry on, they shall have ultimately to depart and share your bed. With the passage of time, all young and old shall taste of death and be deposited by your side.

Hence death is not a thing that a person should be afraid of. When the time of death comes and you are called upon to surrender your body to it, you should not be ruluctant to accept that invitation. On the contrary, you should take it in a spirit of cheerful resignation (تسلیم و رضا), and act in complete trust in God. You should thence proceed to your grave like one who retires to bed and lies in slumber for sweet and pleasant dreams.

III. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

Nature speaks to you provided you love her. Hence when your spirit is haunted by pensive (غم آلود) recollections (یادیں) of the past you must seek the embrace (آغوش) of nature. With death your body lies buried in the clay of the earth. The earth, in fact, is a large burial-place where men of whatever age they be must ultimately go to. All woods and deserts bear out this fact that men lying underneath the earth are far greater in number than those living on it. You are not alone in your grave ; millions of others are in your company. Therefore, when the call of death comes you should accept it with joy, and let your faith be your comfort and inspiration.

IV. CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF THE POEM

The poet's view of death is that of cheerful acceptance of the destiny. Death is to be looked forward to. It is

worth longing for. Its prospect need not alarm us or terrify us. For, what is our body composed of? It is made of clay and death only enables us to mingle with Mother Earth. We become one and inseparably mixed up with it. It is not fearful. It is not something to be shuddered at. "Dust thou art, to dust returnest," and hence death is only a means that takes us to our end. It merely restores us to the earth that constitutes us. And we are not the only persons lying buried under its wrapper. As a matter of fact, men have been dying since time immemorial. Their bodies get blended with the earth. The earth has thus become a vast burial-place. All men, high and low, young and old, succumb to death and become dust with dust. Death is a great leveller; it restores all men to one level. Similar idea has been expressed by James Shirley:

> Sceptre and crown
> Must tumble down,
> And in the dust be equal made
> With the poor, crooked, scythe and spade.

And Bryant says:

> Thou shalt lie down
> With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
> The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good
> Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
> All in one mighty sepulchre.

There is no escaping the death. All and sundry shall have to yield to its power, sooner or later. It is inevitable but not terrible. There is nothing in it to be shuddered at. Hence when it approaches you, you should receive it in a spirit of courage and joy, and move to your grave,

> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

There is no attempt at mysticism in these lines. Bryant's view of life is simple; and his view of death is simpler still. When alive, all gay and morose keep busy in their occupations. And when they die, and die they must, they only follow

The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death...

Simple as the philosophy and the language of the poem undoubtedly is, nevertheless it abounds in picturesque imagery and rhetorical devices that add to the charm of the poem. *Thanatopsis* has won Bryant an immortal fame as a thinker and a poet. It is a distinct contribution to the American poetry and marks an important era in its history.

V. CENTRAL IDEA OF THE POEM

You should not shudder at the approach of the inevitable. You are destined to die, and death is not terrible. It is cnly a means that unites you to your Mother Earth.

VI. PARAPHRASE OF THE POEM

Stanza 1. (*Lines 1—30.*) The man who loves Nature and establishes close relationship with her outward forms would realise that she too speaks to him though in a different lauguage. When he is gay and happy she would appear to him with a wealth of cheerfulness and show him her beautiful and joyful aspects. When he is seized by gloomy (غم آمیز) reflections (خیالات), she would enter there silently with a feeling of sympathy that may soothe his griefs and assuage their sharpness even before he is aware of it. Therefore, when memories of the bitter past hang heavily on your spirit, and pictures of acute pain at the time of death, and the prospect of death and grave prey upon your nerves, then come forth in the open fields and listen to the teachings of Nature. You will hear a calm voice that vibrates through the vast expanse of Nature, through the earth, the cceans and the air. A time would come when you shall pass away and the sun that sees everything will **not** find you alive in its movement through its usual track.

Your lifeless image shall, in course of time, crumble to dust. It matters little whether it lies buried in the earth or in waters. As long as you had been alive, you owed your nourishment to the earth. Hence after your death it

will claim your dead body by way of right. Your body gets mixed up with the earth so much so that even the last human trace fades away with the process of time. After you have entirely abandoned up your body to the earth, you become the part and parcel of the elements. You are no longer distinct from the solid rocks. You turn into a lump of clay. The rustic peasant tills it with his ploughshare and then walks over it. The oak tree shall send forth its roots extensively through your grave and penetrate your clay.

Stanza 2. (*Lines 31—72*) Yet you shall not be all alone in your earthly sepulchre, your resting-place is much more splendid than you should aspire for. You shall be in the company of the fathers of children. You shall lie along with kings and potentates. You shall have the company of the wise and the good, the beautiful and the old prophets of by-gone days. The whole earth shall turn into a large burial-place. The old hills shut in by rising lines of rock ; the valleys stretching between them in silence ; the awful woods ; the flowing rivers ; the murmuring stream running through open fields ; and the vast expanse of the old ocean all purport to honour and decorate the great burial-place of man. The sun, the planets and the other heavenly bodies have been shedding their lustre over them through the silent passage of time. The number of those alive on the earth is far smaller than of those sleeping in its bosom. If you fly, as fast as morning, and enter the Barcan deserts or those dense forests through which flows the noisy river Oregon that hears no sound except that produced by its velocity and movement, you will find the traces of the dead even there. Besides these places, there are numerous other far-off and sequestered regions which contain the remains of the dead. There they lie in eternal sleep. In the same way you, too, shall be laid to rest. It matters little if you pass away unnoticed by any friend of yours ; for those alive, too, shall share your fate in due course of time. Even after your exit from this world, men would remain busy in their respective pursuits. The care-free would make merriments. The serious and the laborious would travel on steadily

and diligently. Every one will continue the favourite work that he is pursuing Yet all these persons are bound to give up their respective occupations and to be deposited by your side. As the time rolls on, children, men in the prime of their youth, strong and sturdy persons, the married and the unmarried women, the baby and the old man all shall be consigned to the earth and placed by your side. Even the men who bury them shall soon have to meet the same fate.

Stanza 3. (*Lines 73—84*) Hence live on undisturbed by the bugbear of death. When you are called upon to give up your ghost and join the great caravan that is moveing to its burial-place, you must obey the call cheerfully and courageously. You should not show any reluctance as does a slave who is condemned for a crime to work in a quarry (stone-pit) and is driven to his prison-house by means of whips. On the contrary, you should feel animated and comforted by an unshakeable belief in God. In short you should proceed to your grave like that person who lies down on the couch and wraps himself with the cloth-sheet, hoping for the pleasures of sleep and sweet dreams.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Thanatopsis**—a view of death. **Holds communion**—seeks relationship ; establishes close contact or connection. **Visible**—that can be seen ; outward. **Forms**—aspects ; shapes. **Various**—different. **To him who in the love...various language**—Nature speaks, and has its own message to convey, in her own language, to the person who loves her, appreciates her, and come into close contact with her outward features. **Gayer**—comparative degree from *gay* ; happier ; more delightful. **Gladness**—cheerfulness. **Eloquence**—effective expression ; an impassioned manner; elevated thought (فصاحت - خوش بیانی). **For his gayer hours .....eloquence of beauty**—when the lover of Nature is in a happy state, she brings him more pleasure and holds out for him a mirror of beauty and delight. **Glides**—swim. **Darker**—more melancholy ; more gloomy;

more serious, **Musings**—thoughts ; reflections. **Mild**—soft ; kind. **Healing**—soothing ; ease-giving. **Sympathy**—kindness. (همدردی). **Steals away**—takes away ; removes. **Sharpness**—acuteness ; keenness ; (تیزی - شدت). **Ere**—before. **Is aware**—knows. **And she glides......ere he is aware**—if a person holds contact with Nature, she would attend to him in his serious and gloomy hours and sympathise with him in such a way that much of the acuteness of his grief is assuaged. And before he grows conscious of it, she relieves him of its bitterness **Bitter**—not sweet ; undesirable (ترش). **Blight**—that which frustrates one's plans or withers one's hopes ; that which impairs or destroys. **Spirit**—soul ; mind. **Image**—pictures. **Stern**—harsh ; severe. **Agony**—acute pain (عالم نزع). **Shroud**—sheet of cloth. **Pall**—clouth spread over coffin. **Breathless**—suffocating ; stifling; choking. **Narrow house**—grave. **Shudder**—tremble. **Grow sick**—become weary. **When thoughts......grow sick at heart**—when sad reflections of the past fall on you and have a withering (frustrating, disappointing (حوصلهشکن) effect on you, and when scenes of death and coffin, and the thought of darkness and the narrowness of your grave make you shudder at the prospect of death, and as a result thereof you become depressed in spirits. **List**—listen. **Waters**—ocean. **Still**—silent. **Go forth......still voice**—at the time when gloomy pictures of death depress you. you should come forth in the open, embrace Nature, and attend to what she communicates, you would find that from all sides—earth, ocean, and air—there vibrates a calm and quiet voice. **All beholding**—all-seeing. **All-beholding sun**—the sun that sheds it lustre on every object. **His**—sun has been personified here. **Course**—tract ; way ; passage. **Yet a few days......shall see no more in all his course**—after the lapse of a few days you shall pass away, and so the sun would not see you any more in its passage on the sky. **Cold ground**—grave. **Pale**—not ruddy or fresh of colour ; dusky white ; pallid ; wan (پیلا), hence dead. **Form**—figure ; body. **With many tears**—with grief and pain. **Embrace**—arm ;

fold (آغوش). **Nor yet in the cold ground......exist thy image**—your body shall be completely reduced to dust in the course of time; and its traces would be found neither in the grave where the dead body was buried with great sadness, nor in the bossom of the ocean. **Nourished**—brought up ; reared. **Claim**—call for ; seek to obtain by virtue of right ; to demand as due. **Growth**—grown-up body. **To be resolved to earth**—to be reduced to the soil of the earth. **Surrendering up**—yielding up ; giving up. **Shalt**—shall. **To mix**—to blend ; to mingle—**Elements**—The whole material comp sing the world. **Earth, that nourished thee......with the elements**—after your death, earth, that made you and brought you up, would demand your grown-up body by way of right and would desire that human clay should be mixed up with that of the earth till each human trace is lost. After you have thoroughly given up your body to the soil of the earth you shall mingle with those materials that the world is composed of. **Insensible**—lifeless. **To be a brother......rock**—you shall be so mixed up with the elements or the material of the earth as to become one with the rock. **Sluggish**—motionless ; without life. **Clod**—mass of the earth; lump of clay. **And to the sluggish clod**—you would become the part and parcel of Mother Earth. **Rude**—of village. **Swain**—rustic ; peasant ; farmer. **Turns**—ploughs. **Share**—ploughshare ; ploughing implement ; a tool of the farmer with which he ploughs the soil. **Treads**—walks. **Which the rude......treads upon** - this earth with which the clay of human body has mixed up shall be ploughed and walked over by the peasant. **Oak**—a kind of tree (شاہ بلوط کا درخت), His—used for oak, The oak here has been personified. **Abroad**—at large ; widely ; over a wide space ; extensively. **Mould**—earthly material ; form ; body **The oak .....pierce they mould** - The oak tree shall stretch its roots through a wide range at the very place where your dead body lies buried, and hence it would penetrate (enter) into your dead body.

Lines 22—30. **Earth, that nourish'd thee......and pierce thy mould**—when you have passed away, earth

that had been rearing you while you were alive, would now challenge and demand your dead body as a right and would like it to be dissolved and reduced to the earth from which it was constituted. When all the traces of your body are lost sight of, and when you have completely yielded up your individual self, then you would be compounded with the elements, or the matter that enters into composition of the world you shall cease to exist and turn into an insensible and lifeless rock, you shall mingle totally with the lump of turf or the soil of the earth which the farmer shall dig into, or lay waste with his plougshare and also walk over it. Not only this, your body shall be pierced into by the roots of the oak which shall stretch themselves far and wide in the soil.

Stanza 2. Eternal—everlasting. **Resting-place**—burial-ground. **Retire**—go. **Yet not to thine......retire alone**—you shall not be all alone in your burial-place. **Coulds't**—could. **Couch**—bed ; resting-place ; bed of the grave. **Magnificent**—grand ; splendid ; imposing. **Nor couldst thou......magnificent**—The bed whereon you shall be laid to an eternal rest would be very grand. You cannot hope for a more splendid one than what you lie upon in the grave. **Shalt**—shall. **Patriarchs**-fathers ; governors of the househould. **Infant**—small child. **Fair forms**—beautiful faces. **Hoary**—white or grey with age ; hence aged. **Seers**—prophets ; foretellers. **Of ages past**—of by-gone days. **Mighty**—great ; huge. **Sepulchre**—tomb ; burial-place. **Thou shalt lie down......mighty sepulchre**—you shall not be all alone in your grave. You shall the company of the fathers of children and kings and rulers of the earth. You shall lie with the wise, the good, and the beautiful, and the gray-haired prophets of the past, and, as such, for you the whole earth shall turn into a wide burial-place. **Rock ribbed**—surrounded by rocks. **Vales**—valleys. **Stretching**—expanding. **Pensive**—serious ; grave ; gloomy. **Quietness**—calmness ; peacefulness ; silence. **Between**—between the hills. **Venerable** awful ; commanding respect and fear. **Woods**—forests. **Move**—flow. **Majesty**—stateliness (تجمل - شان و شوکت). **Complaining**—murmuring ; chiding. **Meadows**—open

fields; pastures. **Melancholy**—gloomy: sad. **Waste**—ruin. **But**—only, **Solemn**—serious. **Decoration**—embellishments; adornments; that which beautifies; ornamentation. **Tomb**—grave; mausoleum; burial-place sepulchre.

Lines 37—45. **The hills......the great tomb of man**—The various objects of the earth are meant to beautify or honour the great burial-place of man. Among these objects are the hills that are surrounded by chains of rocks and are as old as the sun; the valleys that stretch between them and where an atmosphere of stillness and gloominess broods over; the awful forests; the rivers that flow magnificently: the murmuring streams that irrigate fields and meadows in their passage through them; and the vast expanse of the ocean that makes a ruin all ground—all these are objects of glorification on the vast burial-place of man. **Planets**—a celestial body which revolves about the sun (سیارے). **Infinite**—countless. **Host**—crowd; army; multitude. **Infinite host of heaven**—stars and other heavenly bodies. **Abodes**—houses; here it means burial-places. **Still**—silent. **Lapse**—passage. **Ages**—times.

Lines 45—48. **The golden sun......lapse of ages**—The heavenly bodies like the sun, and the plants and numerous stars have been shining on this vast burial-place of man since time immemorial. **Tread**—walk upon. **Globe**—world. **Handful**—a small number. **Tribes**—series of generations; races. **Slumber**—sleep. **Bosom**—heart.

Lines 48—51. **All that tread......in its bosom**—those walking alive on this earth are nothing in number as compared to what lies buried beneath the earth. **Take the wings of morning**—fly with the utmost velocity; fly as fast as you can. **Pierce**—enter. **Barcan**—name of the place. **Wilderness**—a tract of land uncultivated and uninhabited by human beings, whether a forest or a wide, barren plain; a waste; a desert (ویرانہ). **Continuous**—extended: wide; vast. **Woods**—forest. **Rolls**—flows; runs. **Oregon**—name of river. **Save**—except. **His**—used for Oregon. **Dashings**—crashing; a rapid movement; a sudden onset.

Lines 50—54. **Take the wings...save his own dashings**—if you fly as fast as morning, and enter the Barcan deserts, or move about in vast and dence forest; where the river Oregon flows and hears no sound except that produced by the rapidity of its movement you will find even there the traces of the dead bodies of the human beings. **Millions**—numberless. **Solitudes**—lonely places; deserts. **Flight of year began**—since the world came into existence and the time began to pass on. **Laid them down**—buried themselves. **Last sleep**—death. **Reign**—rule over.

Lines 55—57. **And millions......reign there alone**—Countless more human beings lie buried in their last sleep in deserts and far off regions since the world began. They are inhabited by the deadbodies alone. **So shalt thou rest**—in the same way you shall die and lie buried in your grave. **What if**—what will it mattet if; it matters little. **Withdraw**—pass away; die. **Take note of**—takes notice of. **Departure**—death; exit.

Lines 58—60. **And what if......departure**—It matters little if you silently pass away from amidst the living beings, and if nobody takes notice of yours exit. **All that breathe**—all those who are alive. **Destiny**—fate; death. **All that breathe......destiny**—all those persons who are alive will follow you and pass away in the course of time. **Gay**—the happy man. **Solemn**—serious; sad. **Brood**—offspring; product. **Plot**—travel laboriously. **Chase**—pursue, **Phantom**—that which has only an apparent existence; here it means 'pursuit',

Lines 61—66. **The gay will laugh......make their bed with thee**—your death will not exercise any withering influence on those left alive. When you are dead, the happy-go-lucky persons shall go on living merrily; and the serious men worn out by care shall travel on in their laborious course, and easy one of them would continue his favourite pursuits with as much zest and relish as his ancesters did. Notwithstanding their respective occupations they shall ultimately succumb to death and take an eternal rest along with you. **Train of ages**—series of times. **Glide**

away—pass on ; roll on. **Life's green spring**—the bloom of youth ; the prime of youth. **Matron**—married woman. **Maid**—unmarried woman. **Speechless**—one who cannot talk. **Grey-headed**—old ; aged. **Gatherd**—deposited ; laid.

Lines 66—72. **As the long train of ages...shall follow them**—When the continuous range of time comes to an end, all persons irrespective of their age or sex – the boys, the youths; the grown-ups, the stout and the strong, married and unmarried ladies, the new-born baby and the grey-haired man—all shall be placed, one after another, by your side. Even those who bury them one day shall follow them the next day.

Stanza 3. **Summons**—call ; invitation ; invocation. **When they summons come to join**—when you are called upon to follow. **Innumerable**—countless ; numerous. **Caravan**—a company of travellers marching in a body (کاروان - قافلہ). **Mysterious**—secret ; obscure ; **Realm**—domain ; province ; region. **Chamber**—room.

Lines 73—76. **When the summons comes to join...... halls of death**—When you are enjoined by your destiny to accompany the vast train of traveller moving a body to the obscure and unknown regions of depth where every-one is bound to get the place assigned to him. **Quarry**—a place where stones are cut from the earth for building purposes. It differs from *mine* in that the latter is generally applied to the pit from which are taken metals and coals. **Quarryslave**—a person condemned for a crime to work in a quarry. **Scourged**—whipped ; driven by means of whips ; compelled to go even against will. **Dungeon**—prison-house ; especially a dark place of confinement. **Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon**—when you recieve the invitation to go your place of death, you should not be reluctant to accept it as is the slave who is condemned to work in a quarry and then is driven to his dungeon. **Sustained**—relieved ; upheld ; supported. **Soothed**—comforted. **Unfaltering**—unfailing ; unshakeable ; constant. **Trust**—

confidence. **Approach**—reach ; go to. **Sustained and soothed...thy grave**—you should accept the call of your fate in a spirit of cheefulness, and should move to your grave under the support and comfort that a profound trust in God breeds in you. **Wraps**—covers. **Drapery**—cloth. **Couch**—a place for rest or sleep ; a bed ; a seat for repose.

Lines 78—81. **But, sustaine'd and soothed...to pleasant dreams**—as soon as you are enjoined upon to lay down your life, you should accept the call in a spirit quiet resignation to the Will of God. Comforted and guided by a strong trust in God, you should proceed to your grave like that person who covers himself with the cloth of his bed and lies down in the hope of seeing pleasant dreams in his slumber.

VIII. PASSAGES LIKELY TO BE SET IN THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION

Lines 8—15. When thought......to Nature's teachings.

Lines 22—29. Earth, that nourished thee......and treads upon.

Lines 33—37. Thou shalt lie down......one mighty sepulchre.

Lines 45—48. The golden sun......lapse of ages.

Lines 58—60. So shall thou rest......of thy departure ?

Lines 61—66. The gay will laugh......make their bed with thee.

Lines 78—81. But. sustain'd and soothed......pleasant dreams.

For explanation of the above lines read under **Notes and Explanations**.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. Write a critical appreciation of the poem 'Thanatopis."

Answer. Read under **Critical Appreciation**.

Q. 2. Write a summary of the poem 'Thanatopsis"

Answer. Read **summary**.

77. CROSSING THE BAR

BY

LORD TENNYSON

I. THE POET

Read the note on Tennyson in the Notes on poem No. 34, *Envy Not in Any Moods*.

II. SUMMARY OF THE POEM

The poet feels that his life is coming to an end. He imagines himself as setting out for a last voyage. He gets ready for it. He prays that when he crosses the sandbank and puts out to sea there may be no mental suffering. A still calm may hold his spirit. And when his ship returns to his heavenly home he may be guided and inspired by a tide of faith. He thinks that he is on the verge of death, and that he shall be soon overtaken by the darkness of the grave. He wishes that there should be no lamentation and noisy morning when he embarks on his last journey although the flood might take him far away from this world of time and space, yet he is sure he would stand face to face with God, who is the Pilot of his ship.

III. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

The poet feels that the end of his life draws nigh. He gets ready for his last voyage and prays for a calm journey, and a strong faith to guide him. There need not be any mourning, for when he has put out to sea he hopes to meet God who is the Pilot of his ship.

IV. CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF THE POEM

Crossing the Bar is one of the philsophical poems of Tennyson. It is imbued with a spirit of religion and a revival of faith. It was written at the ripe age of 76. It shows how Tennyson prays for the return of faith towards the close of his life. He was the poet of the Victorian era. It was the age of materialism. Its philosophy dealt a death blow on the spirit of faith. His own views of religion were those of doubts and misgivings. It was in his declining years, however, that he felt the need of a spiritual revival.

In this poem Tennyson imagines himself as getting ready for his last journey. He feels the approach of death. The sun of his life is on the verge or setting, and he only waits for the hour of death. He wishes for a calm and peaceful voyage. He looks forward to the tide of faith. It would guide him, and save his homeward journey from the dangers of doubts and disbeliefs. He says too, that at the time of his departure his friends need not feel sorry. There should be no lamentation and no mourning.

No doubt, he would be carried off far away by the tide but he hopes to come face to face with God who is the Pilot of his ship.

The poem thus embodies the prayer of the poet for the restoration of hif beliefs that had become dead in him. Naturally when the convictions become sincere and deep-laid, they would save him from the dangers of scepticism, and enable him to stand in front of God after his death.

V. CENTRAL IDEA OF THE POEM

The poet is getting ready to embark on his last journey from this world to the other. He hopes to see God face to face after he has put out to sea.

VI. PARAPHRASE OF THE POEM

Stanza 1. When the sun of my life sets and the evening star comes forth in the sky, it means that the end of my life draws near and I must await the call of death. I wish that I may be saved from the dangers of the sandbank when I set sail on my last journey. In other words I might not have to undergo pains and sufferings at the time of death.

Stanza 2. When I set out for my final voyage on the sea tide should bear me calmly and slowly. *i.e.*, I must go forth under the support of faith and belief. The tide of faith should be free from the danger of disbeliefs. When my ship turns back to the home from where it had come here, the tide should ensure a peaceful journey.

Stanza 3. The end of the life is just like the twilight when bells for the evening prayers are tolled. Immediately after this twilight, there sets in darkness. That is, the

close of life is followed by the approach of death. I with that the people who loved me should not at all feel sorry over my departure.

Stanza 4. Even though I may be carrid by the tide far away from the boundary of time and space, yet I hope to stand face to face with my God who shall be the Pilot of my ship. And this is possible only when I have left the worldly harbour for my heavenly home.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Crossing**—passing across. **Bar**—sand-bar ; sandbank. It is a shallow portion near the shore or a harbour and forms an obstruction for the ship. **Crossing the bar**—leaving the harbour and setting sail on a voyage. **Sunset**—the end of life. Here life has been compared to the sun. **Evening star**—star that rises in the sky after the sunset. Here it means the close of life. **Sunset of evening star**—The sun of my life is about to set and the evening star, too, is about to come forth to ensure the end of the day. **Call**—call for death. **Sunset......call for me.** The end of my life is drawing nigh and I only wait for the approach of death. **May there be**—I wish there be. **Moaning**—anguish ; pain ; suffering. **Bar**—sand-bank. **No moaning of the bar**—no pain at the time of passing across the obstruction at the mouth of the harbour ; that is, no suffering at the time of death. **Put out to sea**—set sail on my last journey ; *i.e*, when I pass from this world to the next. **Sunset......put out to sea**—when I get ready for my last journey and await the hour of death, I wish that I may be freed from all pain and suffering and that I may be allowed a peaceful voyage.

Stanza 1. **Tide**—sea-tide. **Moving seems asleep**—moves slowly and calmly. **Too full for sound and foam**—The tide should be so full of water that might produce neither sound nor foam. **But such a tide......sound and foam**—I wish to be carried by such a tide as may move calmly without producing either sound or foam. Figuratively, tide stands for belief and faith, and sound as foam suggest the dangers of disbeliefs and doubts. Hence it means that when I die I may have full faith and strong

religious convictions and that I may be saved from the dangers of scepticism (doubts). **That**—refers to the ship. **Drew**—brought me. **Soundless**—limitless. **Deep**—sea; ocean. **When that......boundless deep**—when the ship that come here from the other world. **Turns again**—returns. **Home**—heavenly abode. **When that......turns again home**—when the ship that came here from the other world again sets sail on its homeward journey; when it returns to that heavenly home from where it had come to this place. **But such a tide......turns again home**—I wish that when I embark on my last journey I may be inspired and guided by the spirit of faith. Let there be no perils of disbelief and doubt at the time when my ship sets sail on its return cruise That is, in my dying moments I may have the support of belief and be safe from doubts and misgiving.

Stanza 3. **Twilight**—dusk; the end of the day (جھٹپٹا). **Evening bells**—bells in the church that call for evening prayers. **Dark**—darkness of death. **Twilight......the dark**—just as twilight and the church bell calling for eveving prayers signify that the day has come to a close and that the darkness of the night is to follow, in the same way the last moments of our life are a sign for the approach of death which shall result in the darkness of the grave. **Sadness of farewell**-people who have loved us should not indulge in noisy mourning when they see us pass away; they should not at all feel sorry at our departure. **Embark**—set sail. **And may there be......when I embark**—I wish that when I get ready for my last voyage, that is, when I am on the verge of death, people who have loved us should not at all lament my departure. **Twilight......when I embark**—when the evening sets in and the church bell calls people for evening prayers, it limplies that the night is to follow the evening. In the same way when my last moment arrives, it signifies the approach of death. I wish that when I actually set sail on my last voyage those who are left behind and who know and loved me should not grieve over my passing away.

Stanza 4. **Bourne**—boundary; limit; hence, point aimed at; a goal. **Time and Place**—time and space;

hence, over would. **For the' from......bear me far**—although I am taken far out of the region of this world by means of the flood tide on which I set sail. **Pilot**—one who pilots the ship ; here it means God. **See face to face**—stand in front of. **Crost**—crossed. **Bar**—sand bank. **Crost the bar**—crossed the dangerous part of the sea; *i.e.*, died. **Fer tho' from......cross the bar**—people need not mourn my death, because although I am carried far off the limits of the world by the side of the flood yet I am confident that as soon as I have put out to sea and crossed the sand-bank that obstructs my journey, I shall stand face to face with my God who shall pilot my ship and steer me clear of all dangers.

VIII. IMPORTANT STANZAS LIKELY TO BE SET IN THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark ;

&

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar

Explanation

In this poem the word "bar" means death. The poet says "When the day comes to an end, at first twilight begins spread over the world and from the church towers evening bells are rung and then comes the darkness of the night. Similar is the case with our life, youth is followed by old age, which is in its turn followed by death. It is possible that at my death there may be no farewell and leave-taking because all these people whom I love and who hold me dear may have by that time passed out of this world.

&

Death may come like a flood and take us out of our time and place in this world and transport us to a place quite different from this world of ours and where there are no restrictions of time and space. Knowing very well that I will surely be overtaken by this change I am still hopeful about the future, because after crossing this bar of death I hope to meet my Creator, God, who has been my Pilot in life. This hope of meeting my God puts courage in my heart and fortifies me to brave the change that is going to overtake me soon."

IX. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. Reproduce in main idea in this poem.

Ans. See under Summary.

Q. II. Write a Critical Appreciation of the Poem.

Ans. See under **Critical Appreciation.**

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78. REMEMBRANCE

BY

EMILY BRONTË

I. THE POET

Read the note on E. Brontë in the notes on poem No. 71. *No Coward Soul is Mine.*

II. SUMMARY OF THE POEM

The poetess recalls the Love of her youth. It is a young man died fifteen years ago.

She addressess him that he lies cold and lifeless in the bosom of the earth. His grave is covered up with piles of snow. And although she has been separated from him by the cruel wave of time, yet it is difficult for her to forget him. For, now in her moments of loneliness, she did not let her imagination roam about the mountains on the northern shore. She does not think of the green bushes and the shrubbery that grows over the grave of her Love,

Fifteen years have elapsed since her Love died. If even after so many worries and changes of time one remembers him, one's spirit must have been very faithful and fast in love. But if, entangled in the affairs of the world, she happens to forget him, she requests her Love to forgive her.

She says that ever since her Love died, her life has been overcast with grieve and gloom. No gleam of joy and no ray of light pierced, ever afterwards, into the darkness of her life. His life was the very source of her bliss and happiness. With his death her happiness, too, has vanished away. It was when she saw that the happy days of her love were gone, and that she had survived the acute frustration in love that she moulded her soul in such a way as to live her life even when it is bereft of all pleasure. She has learnt how to control her passions. She has trained her heart not to pine for her Love. She has strongly checked her soul's desire for death. She would no longer grieve over the death of her Lover. She would cease to think of him. For if once she remembered him, she would not find life worth living, and would like to die.

III. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

Fifteen years have passed since the Love of the poetess died. His death has cast a gloom in her life. It has ruined her happiness. Yet she has trained herself to live even when there is no joy in life. Other worries of the world press round her. A struggle takes place in her heart. For her existence, it is necessary for her to forget her Love. She trains her soul accordingly. Were it not so, life would prove a burden and she would be tempted to die.

IV. CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF THE POEM

The poem expresses a personal note of the poetess. In her youth she happened to fall in love with a young man. Unfortunately, however, death cut short the life of the young man, and thus threw a cold water on her life's dreams. It was a blow to her tender passions. She became heart-broken. The memories of the dead young man preyed upon her soul, and there was no way of escape except either to succumb to the tragedy or to train her soul into

forgetting the Love of her youth. She must learn to live her life even when it was deprived of the blessing of joy. The world was empty for her. She owed her bliss to the very of life of her Love; and since he passed away, her joy too has disappeared with him.

All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given.
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

The world was all dull and barren for her. "The days of golden dreams were gone. The edge of despair was sharp. Life was a burden. It was not worth living. How to make it worthy of existence? The poetess learnt how to reconcile to the loss of her Love and to the great tragedy that had befallen her. She exercised restraint on her feelings. She detached her soul from the uneasiness of frustration. She was dead alive. And if she had succumbed to the desire of her soul she would have died long age:

Then did I check the tears of useless passion—
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine:
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

There is a strain of pathos in this lively poem. It has a lyrical splendour that adds to the charm of the poem. The language is simple but forceful. There is no attempt at elaboration. It makes a delightful and fascinating reading.

V. CENTRAL IDEA IN THE POEM

Emily finds that the memory of her Love has depressed her spirits and made her life miserable. But life could be mads worth living only if the passions are brought under control.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. My dear Love, you lie dead and buried in the ground. Heaps of snow lie over your grave. Now the dividing wave of time has detached me from you. Consequently, my dear Love, I become guilty of forgetting you and your love.

Stanza 2. Now when I am left alone my thoughts no longer roam over the mountains, on that northern shore. They no longer stay by the side of your grave overgrown by small plants and shrubs. There your noble heart lies buried for ever. In other words, my mind no longer remembers you and your burial-place on the hills.

Stanza 3. You lie in your grave, lifeless and dead. Fifteen Decembers have changed into spring over those hills where you are buried. In other words, fifteen years have passed since you died. And how loyal that spirit be that still remembers you even after the laps of so many years that have seen the ups and downs of life !

Stanza 7. O my Love of youth, if, pressed by the affairs of the world, I become guilty of forgetting you, I beg to be forgiven for the same. Numerous other desires and hopes have surrounded me. These desires and worries of life might hide you from view but they do not mean to dishonour you.

Stanza 5. My heaven became dark as a result of your death. Since then it has not been illuminated by any light. The gloom still hangs over me. It has not faded away to give away to the morning of delight. To speak the truth, the entire happiness of my life was due to your life. For, the moment you passed away, it. too, has vanished to the place where you lie buried.

Stanza 6. However, the days rolled on and rang out the happy days of youth and love. In spite of great despair and disappointment I continued to live. It was here that I learnt how life could be lived, encouraged and sustained even though there is no pleasure and joy to uphold it.

Stanza 7. I learnt how to control tears that spring from feelings of fruitless grief. I trained my soul not to pine and long for my dead Love, but to reconcile to the tragic loss. I restrained it when it desired me to die and pass quickly to the grave where, in fact, I have already reached in my very life.

Stanza 8. Consequent on this restraint and training I would not allow my soul to grieve for my Love. I lost

remembrance of him and so saved myself fear of the pain that fills the heart with vehement emotion of joy. For if once I set transported with the charm of pain, I would not like to look back to this world which is already empty for me, but would be tempted to die.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Title : **Remembrance**—memory ; recollection.

Stanza 1. **Cold**—dead ; lifeless ; spiritless. **Cold in the earth**—you lie dead in the ground. **Piled**—heaped. **Far removed**—far away from the world of life. **Dreary**—gloomy; dull. **Cold in the earth......dreary grave** !—you are buried in the earth. Sheets of snow lie in heaps over your grave ; and, far away from human existence, you lie buried in your gloomy grave. **Have I foregot**—have I forgotten. **Love**—beloved. **Severed**—cut of ; separated ; disunited. **All-severing**—that separates one from the other. **Time's all-severing wave**—the wave of time that causes separation amongst one another. **Have I forgot... ...all-severing waves**?—O my dear beloved, since I have been cut off from you by the separating wave of Time, I have forced myself to lose remembrance of you. **Cold in the earth......all-severing waves** ?—O my beloved, you are lifeless and dead, and lie deep buried in your grave, which is covered by piles of snow from outside. You are far removed from human habitation, and the grave wherein you are laid to rest is dreary, dull and desolate. Since Time has separated me from you I have ceased remembering you. Have I forgotten to love you ? Nay, I have compelled myself to think less of you and your love.

Stanza 2. Alone—solitary ; lonely. **Hover**—float. **Now, when alone......northern shore**—now when I am left to myself I do not think of the surroundings or of those hills where my beloved's grave is situated. **Resting their wings**—used for thoughts which are compared to bird. Hence it means that thoughts do not stay. **Health**—a kind of shrub. **Fern**—a kind of plant. **Resting their wings......nor ever, ever more** ?—my mind no longer roams over those plants and shrubs that grow over your grave. **Now, when alone......ever, ever more** ?—now I

have trained myself in such a way that I have ceased thinking of those mountains, on that northern shore, and of those plants and shrubs that grow over your grave in the spring season—the grave in which your noble heart lies buried.

Stanza 3. Brown hills—barren hills. **Melted into**—passed into : changes into. **Cold in the earth......melted into spring**—you have been lying cold in your grave for fifteen years, Fifteen Decembers have changed into spring seasons over the hills where your grave is situated. **Faithful**—loyal ; constant in love ; steadfast. **Faithful indeed ......change and suffering**—how loyal and true in love that spirit is that continues to love you in spite of the lapse of many years that have witnessed so many changes and sufferings of the world. **Cold in the earth......change and suffering**—fifteen years have elapsed since your death. Fifteen wild Decembers have changed into verdant spring from over the leafless mountains in the lap of which you lie buried. Truly, how true and constant in affection that spirit is that still remembers even after so many years of change and suffering.

Stanza 4. Sweet love of youth—she addresses the young man whom she loved in her youth and who is now dead. **Forgive**—excuse ; pardon. **Tide**—wave. **Is bearing**—is carrying. **While the world's tide...along**—while the current of life leads me on. **Sweet love of youth...bearing**—me along—O my beloved, if I become guilty of forgeting you in my lifetime when other interests of the world press round me, I implore your forgiveness. **Beset me**—worry me ; trouble me ; come round me. **Obscure**—make dim your memory ; make the wound less visible ; hide from view. **Wrong**—dishonour ; disgrace ; insult. **Other desires......do thee wrong** !—other considerations of life might come in the forefront ; but these troubling hopes and desires can only serve to hide from view the memory of your love. They cannot rub of your love from my mind, for that would mean dishonouring you.

Stanza 5. Lightened up—brightened up ; illuminated; dispelled the darkness from. **No later light......a my**

heaven—since you died nothing could cheer me up ; nothing could brighten up the gloom of my life. **Morn**—morning. **Shone**—second form of shine, that means to shed light. **No second moon......for me**—ever since you died, my life has been overshadowed with brief and no morning ever since broke out to dissipate it. **Bliss**—happiness. **Is in the grave with thee**—has vanished with your departure. **No later light......grave with thee**—ever since you died, my life has become one of sadness and unhappiness. The heaven of my life has become darkened and no light of joy ever shed lustre over it. My life has become a night which has seen no morning since your departure. To speak the truth, your life was the only source of my happiness, and because you are no more my happiness, too, passed away, never to return.

Stanza 6. Days of golden dreams—days of youth and love, when her beloved was alive. **Had perished**—had gone away ; had died. **Despair**—utter hopelessness, desperation ; despondency. **Despair was powerless to destroy**—when she outlived the i tense dejection, *i e.*, when her life was full of griefs and even in the midst of extreme despondency she continued to live **But when the days... ...powerless to destroy**—when I had grown old ; when the happy days of my youth, when I indulged in the dreams of love, had become things of the past, and when I had outlived the dejection that often proves deadly and life-killing. **Then did I learn**—then I learnt. **Existence**—life. **Cherished**—held dear ; embraced with interest; entertained with desire. **Strengthened**—supported ; encouraged ; made worth living. **Fed**—sustained ; nourished ; kept up. **Then did I learn......aid of joy**—it was after many years of sorrow that I learnt how to make life worth living even when it is bereft of all joy. That is to say, in spite of the fact that happiness was denied to me I learnt how life could be made interesting and worth embracing. **But when the days...without the aid of joy** - she saw that the days of youth and passion had died away. Her life had become full of grief and melancholy and in spite of bitter disappointment she had been alive. That is to say, despair that has a corrosive effect on the human life could not

destroy her. It was thus when she had survived the heart breaking calamity that she learnt that though her life was joyless yet could she make it worth living. She realised that life could be pursued with interest even if it is deprived of the boon of happiness.

Stanza 7. Check—control. **Tears of useless passion**—outburst of emotion. **Passion**—emotion. **Then did I...... passion**—when I had remained alive in spite of heavy depressions and frustration of life then I imposed a restraint on my tears that welled up from my broken heart. **Weaned**—detached ; alienated ; reconciled to the loss. **Yearning**—longing ; pining ; drooping. **Thine**—*i e.,* thy soul. **Weaned my......after thine**—compelled my soul to abstain itself from remembering and longing for your spirit. **Sternly**—strongly ; harshly. **Denied**—rejected. **Its**—used for soul. **Burning**—vehement ; ardent ; emotional. **To hasten down**—to run to ; to hurry to. **Tomb**—grave. **Already more than mine**—where I have already reached. **Sternly denied......more than mine**—I strongly put down the passionate desire of my soul to yield to death and move to the burial-place where I have already reached. I am, in fact, dead alive. **Then did I check...... more than mine**—when the poetess found that her life had not suffered death in spite of the destructive forces of sorrow and despair she trained herself into making life worth living. She realised that a proper control over her passion was entirely necessary in the interest or lively existence. She disallowed her soul to weep and remember the spirit that is no more alive. And when under a fit of passion her soul desired death she strongly rejected it and put a check on it on the ground that she was already more than dead.

Stanza 8. Dare—venture. **Languish**—droop ; grieve. **Indulge**—give way ; to abandon one's self up. **Memory**—remembrance ; recollection. **Rapturous**—ecsatic ; transporting ; ravishing; blissful. **Rapturous pain**—pain that brings extreme happiness. **And, even yet,......rapturous pain**—even now, I do not allow my soul to grieve for my Love. I fear lest it might yield to sorrow. As such, I do not suffer it to give itself up to the joy of remembrance

that leads to mental distress. **Divinest**—most pious ; most Godly. **Anguish**—pain ; torment ; agony. **Once drinking ......divinest—anguish**—if once I taste fully of that pious agony ; if once I surrender to the pain of memory. **How could......again ?**—I would not like this world which has become empty as a result of my Love's passing away. **And, even yet......empty world again** ?—The poetess does not allow her soul to grieve over the loss of her Love. She fears that if she allowed, it would not be able to bear it—nay, it would yield to it. She does not permit it to remember her Love because its joy brings in its wake painful memories. She knows that if once her spirit is awakened to the charm of this sweet pain, she would not like the world worth living—the world which is already empty for her.

VIII. STANZAS LIKELY TO BE SET IN THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION

1. **Stanza 4**. Sweet Love of youth......do thee wrong !
2. **Stanza 6**. But when the days......the aid of joy.
3. **Stanza 7**. Then did I check......more than mine.
4. **Stanza 8**. And, even yet......empty world again ?

Explanation—read under **Notes and Explanations.**

X. IMPORTANT QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. Write a Critical Appreciation of the poem and describe how it is a personal poem.

Answer. Read under **Critical Appreciation**.

Q. 2. Reproduce in your own words the main arguments of the poem.

Answer. Read under **Summary**.

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79. OH, FOR THE TIME

BY

E. BRONTË

I. THE POET

Consult notes on poem No. 71, *No Coward Soul is Mine.*

II. THE SUMMARY OF THE POEM

The poetess longs for the time when she might lay her body for eternal rest and thereby lose her individuality. When she dies she would not have to worry about the harms that rain and snow give to her body. While alive, her soul is tormented by the unrealizable desires and uncontrollable passions of will. Moreover, she maintains, that there takes place a perpetual strife between various opposing passions that keep embroiling her soul. Death is a great deliverer. It delivers her from these struggles and allows her an opportunity for a permanent peace.

III. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

The poetess wishes for death. During the life-time various passions and desires keep her soul in perpetual disturbance. She desires a release from them. And it is death that promises a delivery from them.

IV. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

It is one of the finest poems of Brontë. In this she expresses her desire to embrace death, not because life is burdensome and unbearable but that she wants an escape from the stormy clashes that rage within her soul. What a great liberator death is! It liberates us from the various cares of life. It liberates us from the grip of turbulent desires that all the assurances of heaven cannot fulfil. It liberates us, too, from the violent will that remains unsubdued with all the warnings of hell. Thus, she holds, her soul has become a hot-bed for struggling passions. They distract and disturb her "little frame." As long as she is alive she will remain disturbed by furious "gods" that

"Are warring night and day"

that even Heaven failed to bring under control. She, therefore, cries :

> Oh, for the time, when in my breast
> Their struggles will be o'er !
> Oh, for the day, when I shall rest,
> And never suffer more !

How intensely is her longing to be relieved from the oppressions of these "gods" ! She cannot endure suffering any more. She wants rest and eternal sleep.

The language of the poem is very simple. There is no attempt at lyrical splendour. But the rhythm has a strange music. She has stated her meaning without any desire for brilliance ; and yet the exact choice of words give her lines that mysterious magic which is the mark of true poetry.

V. CENTRAL IDEA OF THE POEM

The poetess wants death so that she might get a release from the conflict of opposing passions, that rage within her being as long as she is alive.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Oh, how strongly do I wish for the time when I am laid to peaceful rest and thus lose my personal being. When in eternal sleep, I may not have to care how the water of the rain penetrates into the pores of my body and soaks it through, or how the snow covers me all around. When alive, I am in the grips of violent desires which remain unfulfilled in spite of the assurances of heaven. I am also seized by a restless will. The hell with all its threats of ever-burning flames could not overpower it.

Stanza 2. I have expressed this view and hold it even now. I shall respect it till my death. I maintain that it is three gods, *viz.*, desire, will, and consciousness of identity that disturb my mental peace and carry out, night and day, a warfare between themselves. Heaven has been unable to put a restraint upon them. They have taken hold of me. They shall continue to distract my being till I die and my

present existence pales into forgetfulness. Oh, how strongly I wisn that the conflicts of these gods that rage within me might come to an end ! I pray for the day when I shall be laid to rest, and thus get a release from suffering.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Oh, for the time—I long for the time when I die. **When I shall sleep**—when I am laid to everlasting rest. **I dentity**—same being ; sameness of personality. Without identity—losing my individual being. **Oh, for the time ...without identity**—I wish for the time when I lie asleep for ever and when my personality perishes. **Steep**—soak ; drench ; penetrate ; draw in by the pores or interesticses. **And never care...may steep**—when I am freed from caring how the water of rain draws into my body by the pores and completely drenches it. **Promised heaven**—heaven that gives assurances for a better life. **Wild desires**—violent wishes. **No promised heaven...fulfil**—heaven with all its promises and assurances failed to fulfil either all or even half of these turbulent desires. **Fulfil**—accomplish ; carry into effect. **Threatened hell**—hell that threatens or alarms with the promise of evil. **Quenchless**—that cannot be extinguished ; unextinguishable ; ever-burning. **Fires**—flames. **Subdue**—bring under ; conquer by force ; overpower ; crush ; overcome. **Quenchless will**—restless and impetuous will ; will that cannot be satisfied. **No threatened hell...quenchless will**—while alive. I have to grapple with the tempestuous will that keeps raging in me and which even hell with all its threats and ever-burning fires could not crush or overpower. **Oh, for the time...quenchless will**—The poetess yearns for an enduring sleep which may destroy her individual being. With death she would be rendered insensitive to the harms of rain and snow. She would cease to care how rain would soak through her pores or snow cover her body. When she is alive, stormy desires keep agitating and praying upon her. Heaven with its assurances utterly failed to fulfil these desires. Her spirit is also tormented by an impetuous will which even hell, with all its warnings and ever-burning fires, could not overpower.

Stanza 2. Still—even now; always. **To my death**—till my death. **Three gods**—namely; desires, will, and consciousness of identity. **Little frame**—small body; little being. **Are warring**—are contesting; are fighting. **Three gods......night and day**—my small physical being is perpetually tormented by the strife that takes place amongst the three gods. These three gods are—(*i*) Desires (*ii*) Will (*iii*) Consciousness of (personal) Identity. They contest for their respective superiority. **Hold**—retain; restrain. **Heaven could not hold them all**—heaven could not retain these gods—desires, will, and consciousness of (personal) identity, in its keep; that is to say heaven failed to impose a restraint upon them. **They all are held in me**—they live in me; they rage in my soul. **And must be mine**—they shall continue to exercise a hold on me. **Entity**—existence. **Heaven could not......my present identity**—The three gods, namely, desires, will and consciousness of identity could not be controlled by heaven. They are violent, turbulent and impetuous. They are uncontrollable and yet they rage in my "little frame," and they shall continue to do as till my very being is wiped out of existence. **Breast**—bosom. **Struggles**—conflict; strife. **Oh, for the time......never suffer more—!** The poetess holds the view to which she would keep firm till her death. She maintains that there are three gods—to wit, (*i*) desires (*ii*) will (*iii*) consciousness of identity that fight with one another in a perpetual contest. The conflict amongst me another takes place within her little beings and disturb her peace. She wishes for a release from them. She says that these "warring gods" could not be brought under restraint by heaven. They are so furious and uncontrollable; and yet they reside in her soul and shall continue to reside there until her physical being entirely succumbs to death and fades into oblivion. She therefore yearns for death. It is death that can free her soul from the struggle of conflicting passions. She longingly looks forward for the day when she is laid to a peaceful rest and thus delivers herself from further suffering.

VIII. IMPORTANT PASSAGES LIKELY TO BE SET IN THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION

1. **Lines 5—8.** No promised heaven... quenchless will.
2. **Lines 11—16.** Three gods...my present entity.
3. **Lines 16—20.** On, for the time...never suffer more.
4. **Explanation** :—Consult **Notes and Explanations.**

IX. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. Why does the poetess yearn for death ?

Answer. Read under **Summary.**

Q. 2. Write a critical appreciation of the poem.

Answer. Read under **Critical Appreciation.**

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80. O CAPTAIN ! MY CAPTAIN !

BY

WALT WHITMAN

I. THE POET

Walt Whitman is a well-known American poet. He was born in long Island in the state of New York an May 31, 1819 and was a contemporary and friend of great President of the United States of America, Abraham Lincoln. In his early days he worked as a carpenter and printer. Later he became a schoolmaster and also wrote for the press. During the American Civil War he fought on the side of the Abolitionists and was a staunch supporter of Abraham Lincoln. In 1855 he published a collection of poems entitled "Leaves of Grass" that brought him to the front rank of American poets. In his poem Whitman shows originality both in mood and thought. Emerson said about him that he had extraordinary wit and wisdom and was one of the greatest poet America ever produced.

Whitman had his own conception of art and believed in complete realism in the presentation of the objects of nature. He had served the wounded and the sick in the hospitals of Viagina and Washington during the days of

the Civil War. He fell ill of over-work and fatigue and died in his humble home in Mickle street in 1892. This house has become a museum and shrine for actors, artists and lovers of free letters.

II. SUMMARY OF THE POEM

The poet gives expression to his feelings of sadness over the death of the beloved President, Abraham Lincoln, who had steered the ship of the state during that period of strain and difficulty. America was during that period threatened by disruption and break up. The Northern and Southern States waged a war on the Slavery issue and it was solely due to the untiring efforts of Abraham Lincoln that the two warring factions were once again welded into one state. So the poet says that the storm had passed off and the ship had successfully concluded its perilous voyage and reached the safety of the harbour. The people on the shore look towards the ship and exult over its safe arrival in the seaport ; but they do not know that the brave captain of the ship lay dead on board the ship.

The poet sat on the deck and his arm was placed under the head of the captain, who lay there dead. The captain had lost his life while on duty, the poet requests him to get up and see how the people had gathered on the shore to do him honour The flags were hoisted and military music was being played. People waited for him anxiously to honour him with garlands and bouquets. Unluckily the captain lay dead on the deck and was now insensible to all these honours marks of respect and regard that awaited him on the shore. The ship had suceeded in the mission entrusted to it ; but at a very heavy cost. The poet says in the end that the people on the shore may exult and feel happy ; but he for one had not the heart to join in the festivity, he would rather stay on board the ship and mourn over the death of his beloved captain.

III. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

The ship was voyaging through perilous waters. During the voyage it had to encounter many dangers ; but it continued its voyage home-wards. There the people had

thronged to exult over the ships' safe return and to honour the captain. These people were not aware of the fact that the captain of the ship had died during the course of the voyage. The poet, however, tenderly grieves over this loss.

IV. CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF THE POEM

Apparently this poem describes the heroic effort of a captain towards the safety of his ship and losing his life in the attempt ; but in reality the poem is an elegy written on the untimely and violent death of Abraham Lincoln the first President of the United States of America after the Civil War. The question of the obolition of slavery had caused rift and the Northern and Southern States had separated and started a Civil War which would surely have wrecked the liberty and sovereignty of the States. At this critical juncture in their history America produced the man of destiny. the priarie lawyer, who saved his homeland destruction and consequent foreign domination. This man was Abraham Lincoln who worked in-defatigably and was able to bring the Civil War to a successful conclusion and unite the two sections and weld them into one great and powerful government. After the Civil War he was elected the first President of the newly united states of the North and the South. When he was delivering his first Presidential address to the Congrass he was shot dead from behind by a fanatic mad man. Walt Whitman was an ardent admirer of Abraham Lincoln and in this poem he laments over the untimely death of this great man.

The ship, *i.e.*, the United State of America, had set out on a perilous and dangerous voyage and it was solely due to the efforts of its able and brave captain, *i.e.*, Abraham Lincoln, that the ship was able to weather all the storms courageously and escape all risks. The ship was now out of danger and was coming bravely sailing into harbour. The happy news of its safe home coming had spread all over the country, and the people beyond themselves with joy, had all flocked to the sea shore to welcome the ship and honour its brave captain. They were filled

with a deep sense of gratitude for the man who had done so much for them. They had made every preparation to accord the brave captain a right royal welcome ; but man proposes and God in his own time disposes, the captain lay cold and dead on the deck of the ship. A note of joy vibrates through the atmosphere which is juxtaposed against the tragedy which had overtaken the poet. In simple, but effective language the poet manages to convey to the reader the joyous preparations made by the people who knew that the brave captain was bringing for the unmixed glory and peace.

These people are quite unaware of the fact that the hero of the drama lay dead on the deck. The poem is full of tragic pathos ; but there is an underlying vein of satisfaction in the heart of the poet. His friend and patron had accomplished his self-imposed mission in life. He had managed to bring the ship safe and sound to the sea-shore and it was now safely anchored in the harbour. The laments over the national loss, the head of his beloved but dead captain is lovingly propped on his arm. The captain lay there dead and motionless and was unable to hear the applause and cheering or see the buntings and flags. The shores may echo and resound with the sounds of cheers and thankfulness for the great saviour ; but the lay "fallen dead and cold" on the deck.

The poem is a fine tribute to the spirit of duty and sacrifice. The poet has suffered a personal sorrow and loss and this lends the poem a poignancy which is generally missing in elegies written on general subjects. The repetition of a few lines again and again gives the poem a haunting music of its own. "The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won." "For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning ;" lines such as these convey to the reader the tragedy crowding the heart of the poet. The end has a heightened note of tragedy which elicits our praise for the spirit of heroic sacrifice shown by the brave captain in saving the ship from all injury and harm and then falling down dead in the hour of glory.

V. THE CENTRAL IDEA OF THE POEM

The poem is symbolical, the 'captain' is Abraham

Lincoln, the greatest of all Presidents of U.S.A. in all its history. The captain loses his life after saving his ship from ruin and destruction. People ignorant of his death, throng on the shore to welcome him with cheers and gratitude.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. O, captain (Abraham Lincoln) of our ship, our perilous voyage is over. The ship (U.S.A.) has successfully encountered and surmounted every threat of destruction. We have accomplished the task we had undertaken to do. Now safe from every danger, our ship has reached the harbour. The sound of bells can be heard. People are filled with joy as they see the brave ship heading towards the shore. They watch the body of the ship as it ploughs through the foam of the ocean. The poet says that he had no feelings of joy, his eyes were shedding tears of blood which was coming from his heart because his captain lay on the deck wounded, dead and cold.

Stanza 2. O, beloved and brave captain get up and hear the sound of bells which are being rung to welcome you back home and see the flags and buntings which have been hung and the bugles being blown to accord you a royal welcome. The people have come to the shore in large numbers and as a mark of respect and love they have for you they have brought bouquets and garlands with ribbons woven therein. They are all excited and agitated and turn this way and that way eager to have a look at your brave face. O dear captain, you were kind to us like a loving father, you are dead and your head is propped on my arm. I cannot bring myself to believe that you are dead and your cold corpse lies on the deck. Your unexpected death appears a frightful night-mare.

Stanza 3. Alas ! the frightful dream turns out to be a much more frightful reality. The captain does not respond to the exhortations addressed to him. The signs of life are totally missing, the captain does not feel at all the comfort of the arm that was propping him up, and the pulse beats are stopped and in that prostate body there are no signs of life. The ship is arrived in the harbour and is

safely anchord there, its perilous voyage has safely concluded. After that adventurous voyage the victorious ship comes back home after having secured its aim and object. The people on shore are justified in feeling happy over this glorious victory which meant for them security of life and freedom in their future life, but Walt Whitman will not be able to forget the loss of his beloved leader and will walk on the deck with sorrowful steps. On the deck lay his beloved leader dead and cold.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS FROM THE POEM

Notes

Stanza 1. Fearful—dangerous. **Trip**—voyage. **Is done**—is over. **Our fearful trip is done**—The dangerous voyage has come to a safe end, Walt Whitman is here making a reference to the successful conclusion of the War of American Independence. The Southern and Northern States had started a Civil War on the issue of Abolition of Slavery throughout the whole country. Abraham Lincoln was a staunch supporter of the rights of the negro slaves who formed a part of the population of U.S.A. He was dead against secession, and it was due to his untiring and selfless efforts that the warring states were united into one nation. But in the hour of glory, when he had brought the War to an end he was shot dead by a fanatic mad man, Walt Whitman, an ardent admirer of the President. Here the poet means to say that the country had managed to survive the Civil War and had escaped foreign interference. **Weathered**—faced successfuly. **Rack**-destruction. The prize we sought is won—Whitman was not only an ardent admirer of President Lincoln, he had actively participated in the War and had helped the cause of uniting the two factions into the unified United States of America as we have it today. Here he says that the mission of bringing the War to a successful end had been achieved by them, *i.e.*, they had coped successfully with the difficult situation that faced them. **Port**—harbour. **Exulting**—rejoicing. **Keel**—body of the ship. **Steady keel**—The ship moving further and further without committing any mistakes. **Vessel**—ship. **Grim**—stern.

fear inspiring. **Daring**—bold. **Cold and dead**—dead and lifeless.

Explanation

O Captain ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people are exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring ;
But O heart ! heart ! heart !
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

This poem has historical back-ground. President Lincoln was shot dead while he was going to deliver the inaugural address to the First American Congress after the War, which had been brought to a successful end by him as the accredited leader of the Northern States. Walt Whitman admired the grit and determination of Lincoln who was the son of a lumber-man and by profession a lawyer. This sudden and unexpected death of the great and beloved leader is the theme of the elegy. He calls Lincoln the "captain" and the country the "ship."

In this stanza he says that under the guidance and supervision of the brave and honest leader the ship had with-stood every adversity and their voyage had thus been brought to a successful conclusion. Due to the selfless efforts of the able Captain the ship had fought against all difficulties which had beset its path, and the prize they were after had been secured. The ship was now heading homewards and their countrymen had assembled on the see shore to welcome the ship and particularly to honour their brave leader, who had stood by them in the hour of travail a suffering and struggled on till he was able to save them from ruin and foreign domination. On the sea-shore bells were rung and there was a blare of trumpets, flags

were unfurled. The ship was coming back after encountering great difficulties. The people were very happy to see it coming towards the shore. The ship was sailing steadily and well, it was brave and strong ship. The people were very anxious to see their able Captain ; "but alas !" says the poet, "drops of blood in the form of tears are pouring out of my eyes. The brave Captain to whose efforts we owe this victory was killed in the hour of his glory. He lay cold and dead on the deck and the joy felt by me is now a mixed joy. I am happy because my country has escaped ruin and disruption ; but I am sad because the brave and able leader due to whose guidance and efforts we have been able to succeed has been cruelly murdered."

Notes

Stanza 1. **Flung**—hoisted. **Bugle**—a musical instrument. **Trills**—sounds. **Bouquets**—bunch of flowers with an agreeable smell. **Ribboned**—garlands with ribbons. **Wreath**—garland. **A-crowding**—assembled in large numbers. **Swaying crowd**—The crowd of people assembled on the seashore who were moving from side to side. **Eager**—keen.

Explanation

O Catain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells ;
Rise up, for you the flag is flung-for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths-for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning ;
Hear Captain ! dear father !
This arm beneath your head !
It is some dream that on the deck,
You have fallen cold and dead.

The tragic and elegiac note in the poem is now reaching a high pitch of intensity. The heart of the poet is troubled by the sudden and unexpected murder of the brave

leader who had guided the ships of the state through thick and thin. The ship is heading homewards and will very soon be anchored in the safety of the harbour ; but the Captain lay dead on the deck. His death had created a voice which no substitute could possibly fill in. The poet addresses the dead Captain and says, "O beloved Captain for once rise up and see all the preparations made by the people to welcome you back home. The bells were being rung and flags of all designs and patterns were unfurled in your honour and to show the gratitude that filled the hearts of the people. The blare of trumpets could be heard announcing to the people the arrival of the ship and as the people expected the beloved and respected Captain in command of that ship. The people had gathered on the sea-shore to accord him a right royal welcome. These men and women moved from side to side as they were very anxious to have a look at the face of the Captain who had done so much for them and their country." But says the poet, "Our joy is marred, because on the deck of this very ship lay the dead body of our brave Captain, cold and lifeless. He was not only our Captain he also loved us as a father loves his offspring. I have placed my arm under his head to prop it up ; but his body is quite listless. I cannot bring myself to believe that he is dead and gone, it is perhaps a frightful nightmare that his dead body is lying on the deck of that very ship which he had saved from ruin and destruction.

Notes

Stanza 3. Pale—colourless and dead. **Still**—motionless. **Does not feel my arm**–has no idea that I have propped his head against my arm. **He has no pulse**—he is dead and his pulse beats have stopped. **Safe and sound**—quite safely. **Its voyage closed and done**—its voyage has been brought to a successful end. **Victor**—conquerer **Object**—aim in life. **Exult**—rejoice. **Mournful** sorrowful. **Tread**—step.

Explanation

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,

My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse or will,
This ship is anchord safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won ;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells !
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

In this stanza the tragic note reaches its full pitch and the poem becomes full-fledged Elegy. The poet says that the Captain does not answer to his request to rise up and see the preparations afoot to welcome him home after his victorious conclusion of the voyage. The poet says, "Alas ! the Captain lay lifeless and unfeeling, he is so insensible that he does not even feel my arm which is propping him up. His pulse does not beat and oblivious of all that is happening around him. The ship is safe and sound and out of all danger. He has managed to save his country from all the dangers which threatened its very existence and now the ship had reached the safety of the harbour. It was an occasion for joy and happiness that the ship had come back home after winning its aim." But the poet says "I have no heart to join in all these merrymakings. The man who had done all this was killed in the hour of triumph. Some assassin had given him a fatal shot which had killed him. The people on the shore may enjoy and ring bells in token of their exultation, while I will walk here on the deck of this very ship where lies the dead body of dear Captain."

81. COME, LOVELY AND SOOTHING DEATH

BY

WALT WHITMAN

I. THE POET

Consult Notes on poem No. 80, *O Captain My Captain* !

II. SUMMARY OF THE POEM

The poet welcomes death that brings comfort and peace. It moves round the whole world and ,sooner or later, comes upon all people. The wide universe should be praised for giving us life and joy, knowledge and love. But most of all it should be praised for sending to us cooling and soothing death. He calls it 'dark mother' and invites it to approach him with soft feet. The people are not used to sing a note of welcome for it. But he would like to give it a hearty and melodious welcome, so that when it intends to visit him its steps might not falter in the way. Death is a great deliverer. That is why when it takes hold of people and clasps them in its embrace he sings a joyous song for them.

The poet pays his compliments to death. He proposes to offer it music and dance, ornaments and entertainments. He thinks that open space of land and sky, and life and fields are most suitable places for it. Besides, the silent, starry night and the murmuring shores extend a welcome to it. The soul and body, too, look forward to it for solace and rest. Hence the poet sings praises for the embalming death. He would sing with joy everywhere—over the treetops, over the waves, over fields and plains, over banks and cities.

III. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

The poet welcomes death for which he praises the entire universe. He sings a cheerful note for it and asks it to come and give him soothing happiness. If it visits, he promises many entertainments for it. The night and ocean turn to it ; and so do his soul and body. He wishes to sing praises for it everywhere.

IV. CRITICAL APPRECIATION OF THE POEM

The poem is an expression of the poet's joy at the approach of death He welcomes it and calls it lovely and soothing. He praises the wide universe for this great blessing. Death is to be looked forward to, for it is "cool-enfolding," and the poet breaks out into a rapturous song at the visitation of this "dark mother' in whose arms he finds comfort and affection. As such all those who have tasted of the sweet death deserve praised and a hearty felicitation; for in death they find an escape from the hold of the world. They shall delight in the "flood of thy bliss" and the "loving floating ocean of thee." Death, therefore, is praiseworthy. It is a "strong deliveress." Emily Brontë, too, calls it a means of deliverance; but hers is an expression of a defeatist...mentality. She finds herself unequal to the powers of "three gods" ; but Whitman in this poem desires death not because he is unable to cope with the strong forces of life but because death would give bliss, love and comfort. His is a note of optimism. He preaches nothing of quiet resignation at the approach of death. His is a call of welcome and joy at the so-called dreary prospect of death.

The poem is marked by a strain of lyricism. The language is simple. Their is no attempt at rhetorics. The poet conveys his meaning and attitude towards death in a charming though unusual manner.

V. CENTRAL IDEA IN THE POEM

The poet welcomes death with joy and praise. He glorifies it and chants a song for it and desires it to give him comfort and love like a mother.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza. 1. O beautiful and comforting death, come to me. You keep moving about the world. You visit calmly all men irrespective of time, whether night or day : for come you must, sooner or later.

Stanza 2. I praise with thanks the limitless universe for having given me life and pleasure. I praise it for the worldly object and for knowledge it has bestowed on me. I praise it, too, for the sweetness of love. But more of

all I praise and wish for the inevitable embrace of death that gives us coolness and comfort in turn.

Stanza 3. I call for you, O death. You are to me like a mother in as much as you have the same care and affection for me. You always move about with light and soft steps. People have not been singing notes to give you a warm and hearty welcome. But I do sing a melodious lay for you. I commend you better than all the objects in the world. I sing a note of music so that when you come, and come you shall, you might not stagger in the way but come straight to me.

Stanza 4. Come to me and deliver me from the distress of the world. You are a powerful deliverer. That is why when you take the life of other persons I sing a happy note over their death. They have gone far away in your loving ocean that floats them to the other world. They wash themselves in the flood of your happiness. That is to say, they set the highest love and happiness when they die.

Stanza 5. O death, accept the offer of cheerful music from me. When you come to me I shall greet you. I would welcome you with objects of entertainments. I propose dances, decorations and feasts to be held in your honour. I think that the open view of land and of the high skies shall be suitable to you. You would also like to have life and fields and the serious-looking night.

Stanza 6. The silent and starry night turns towrads you for solace. The sea shores and the harsh murmuring of the waves look towards you for comfort. O vast and well-covered death, the soul as well as the body wish anxiously and gratefully for your soothing embrace.

Stanza 7. O death, I sing joyous notes for you everywhere in this world. I welcome you from over the tops of the trees, over the waves that rise and fall, over numerous fields and plains, over congested cities and over the shores and ways—in short, I sing this welcome note for you with delight and happiness everywhere in the world.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. Lovely—beautiful; worthy of love. **Soothing**—comforting; pleasing; softening. **Undulate**—move back-

word and forward, or up and down, as waves ; vibrate. **Serenely**—calmly ; coolly ; quietly. **Come, lovely...... arriving**—come, O beautiful death. You have a softening effect on us. You move about round the world and visit men in a cool and quiet manner. **In the day......night**—both in a night and day. **To all, to each**—you come to each and every man without any discrimination. **Delicate**—beautiful and tender.

Lines 1—4. Come, lovely...delicate death—O death, come to me and relieve me from this world. You are both lovely and pleasing. You vibrate through the world, and approach men in a calm and cool manner. You arrive to each of them indiscriminately, in the day or in the night. Early or late you visit every one of us.

Stanza 2. Praised—admired ; thanked. **Fathomless**—wide and deep ; limitless ; immeasurable. **Universe**—The great world. **Objects**—things that can be seen. **Curious**—strange ; peculiar. **Praised be......knowledge curious**—The vast universe deserves our thanks and praises for giving us life and delight. It should be admired for blessing us with various objects of the world and giving us a knowledge of them. **Praise ! praise ! praise !** The universe ought to be highly admired for. **Sure-enwending**—that entwists surely ; that encircles without fail ; controlling inevitably. **Sure enwinding arms**—The arms that shall surely take us in their fold. **Cool-enfolding**—cold and calm. **And for love......cool-enfolding death**—heaven ought to be infinitely thanked and praised for having sent to us the controlling arms of death that promise comfort and quietness.

Stanza 3. Dark mother—death has been so called. A mother gives us affection and comfort, in the same way death gives us peace and love. **Gliding**—moving smoothly. **Soft feat**—light steps. **Dear mother......soft feat**—O death it is always with light and quiet steps that you come upon men. **Chanted**—sung. **Chant**—song ; note ; lay. **Fullest welcome**—warmest reception. **Have none chanted ......fullest welcome**—nobody else has ever sung a note of heartiest welcome in your honour. **Then I chant for thee**

—since others have not sung praises for you, hence I wish to give you a warm welcome. **Glorify**—admire ; adore ; worship. **A glorify......all**—I admire you above all things. **I bring thee a song**—I chant a note of melody for you. **That**—so that. **That when thou must come indeed**—so that when you come, and you will come definitely ; **Unfalteringly**—without faltering; unhesitatingly; courageously and boldly. **I bring thee......unfalteringly**—I sing a melodiously note for your welcome, so that you might arrive here straightaway and without any hesitation. **Dark mother always......come unfalteringly**—O death you are like a mother that showers love on her children. Hence when I embrace you I hope to receive comfort and ease at your hands. Come to me calmly and with soft, light steps. Nobody else has sung a welcome note for you. But I do chant a lay in honour of your visitation. I adore you above all things in the world. I sing this song particularly for the purpose that when you come to me you must not hesitate in your ways.

Stanza 4. **Approach**—come in time ; draw near ; advance nearer. **Strong**—bold ; powerful. **Deliveress** (*Fem gender*)—one who delivers, rescues or preserves ; a preserver. **Approach, strong deliveress**—advance nearer to us, O death ! You are a great deliverer. You rescue us from worldly cares and snares. **When it is so**—when it draws near to all of us. **When thou hast taken them**—when you have overtaken other persons and render them dead. **I joyously sing the dead**—I happily sing praises of the departed. **Lost**—sunk ; drowned. **Floating**—moving gently and quietly. **Lost......of thee**—these people who are overtaken by you, that is to say, when these people die, they pass into your boundless ocean that moves gently and quietly. **Laved**—washed ; bathed. **Bliss**—highest happiness. **Laved in ......bliss**—The people who die deserve praise as they are carried along in the current of your everlasting happiness. **Approach.........O death**—advance slowly towards us, O gentle and powerful death.. You are a great deliverer. You rescue us from the worries of the world. When you come upon other persons and take their life, I sing a

happy song over the departed souls. They deserve our praises because when they die they are swept in the loving and gently moving ocean of yours and are wafted by the flood-tide of your happiness. That is to say, they obtain the highest pleasure and happiness only after their death.

Stanza 5. Glad—animating ; exhilarating ; delightful ; pleasing **Serenades**—nocturnal music at night. **Propose**—suggest. **Saluting**—wishing ; greeting ; complimenting. **From me......saluting thee**—at your arrival I propose to greet you with nocturnal music and dances. **Adornments**—decorations ; ornaments. **Feastings**—entertainments ; treat. **Adornments and feastings for thee**—at your arrival I propose to present my humble greetings, ornaments and entertainments in your honour. **Sights**—scenes. **Landscape**—view of land ; the scenery of land. **High-spread**—high-reaching ; extending to great heights. **Are fitting**—are suitable ; are fit for you. **And the sights...... sky are fitting**—beautiful scenery of land of high-expanding sky would be quite worthy of you. **Huge**—big ; great. **Thoughtful**—serious ; dark ; melancholy. **And life...... thoughtful night**—The scenes of life and fields and the deep, dark night would be quite suitable for your visit. **From me to thee......thoughtful night**—when you arrive at my place to deliver me from the worldly bondage I would welcome you with animating music, cheerful dances and other entertaining and decorating articles. You shall also be delighted with beautiful scenes of land and sky that expand themselves far above. The scenes of life and fields, and of the deep and serious-looking night would be worth your enjoyment.

Stanza 6. Many a star—many stars. **The night...... many a star**—The night look up to you when silence prevails over it and the stars twinkle over it. **Shore**—beach of the ocean ; the sea-shore (ساحل). **Husky**—hoarse ; not clear ; rough. **Whispering**—murmuring. **I know**—I understand. **The ocean shore......voice I know**—The shore of the sea and the harsh murmuring sound of the waves the meaning of which I can understand all turn to you in gratification, **Turning to the**—looking up to

you. **Vast**—big ; large. **Well veiled**—well-covered, nicely covered. **Gratefully**—thankfully. **Nestling**—lying close. **And the soul......close to thee**—O great and well-covered death, when you come, the soul turns towards you ; and the body, too, turns to you and out of gratitude lies close by you.

Stanza 7. Tree-tops—tops of the tree. **Float**—cause to move gently and slowly. **Over the tree-tops......a song**—I greet you and sing a song of welcome from over the tops of the trees. **Rising**—mounting ; climbing. **Rising and sinking**—rise and fall ; ebb and flow. **Myriad**—millions ; numberless ; countless. **Prairies**—plain ; desolate tracts of land. **Over the rising......prairies wide**—I commend and greet you with a song from over the climbing waves and over numerous green plots or grassless tract of land that stretch far and wide. **Dense paked**—densely populated ; congested. **Teeming**—being stocked to the full ; overflowing. **Wharves**—plural of wharf, meaning mound on the shore or a harbour. **Teeming wharves**—shores full of stock. **Over the dense packed—and ways**—I sing a song in honour of yout visit from all over the densely populated cities and over the wharves overflowing with stocks and over the highway. **Carol**—song ; chant. **I float ......with joy**—I sing this song in a joyous welcome to you. **Over the tree-tops......thee, O death**—I commenced and welcome you from over all the places of the earth. I sing a carol for you from over the tops of trees, over the rising and falling waves in the sea, over countless fields and desolate plains, over the densely populated cities, over the various shores of the harbour that overflow with stocks and over the highways. I thus welcome you from all directions and places and it is for you, O death, that I break into a joyous note.

VIII. STANZAS LIKELY TO BE SET IN THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION

Stanza 2. (Lines 5—8), *Praised be.........cool-enfolding death.*

Stanza 3. (Lines 8—14). *Dark mother......come unfalteringly.*

Stanza 5. (Lines 17—20). *From me to thee...and thoughtful nights.* **Explanation**—see under **Notes and Explanations.**

IX. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. Write an appreciation of the poem.

Answer. Read under **Critical Appreciation.**

Q. 2. Discuss in your own words the main ideas, expressed by the poet in this poem.

Answer. Read under **Sammary.**

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82. THE BALLAD OF DEAD LADIES

BY

D. G. ROSSETTI

I. THE POET

Dante Gabriel Rossetti was born in Portland Place, London on May 12, 1828. He was the son of an Italian refugee in England. He joined a school in Portland Place in 1836, and went to King's College from 1837 till 1842. He then took up painting and dreamt of becoming a great artist. To achieve this object he was sent in 1842 to a drawing academy, and afterwards to the Antique School of the Royal Academy in 1846. Besides being a painter he was also a poet of no mean repute. In 1849 he produced his first picture, while his first poems appeared in *The Germ* in 1850. He was one of the founders of Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. During the late sixties the poetic impulse came strongly upon him, and although his health was beginning to fail at this time, his imagination had never been more active.

The striking characteristic of Rossetti's poetry is its appeal to sensuous beauty. He is both sensuous and passionate; indeed superbly so, though the elaborate craftsmanship somewhat distracts us at times and obscures the real emotional quality that lies behind. In the exquisite intensity of his sense-impressions he reminds us of Keats; and like Keats, he is carried away at times by this into an

ultra-opulence of illustration that weakens his work as an artist. He had an extreme fondness for elaboration. He looked upon nature not as a pageant of colour but as a study in still life.

There is no doubt that his sensuous quality has its own limitations. But these is the peculiar grace and fascination that has its own charm for the reader. He has also a power of mystic suggestion. He has the power of impressing the imagination with splendid lines that suggest some half-expressed thought and some dimly-shadowed emotion..

(Adapted).

II. SUMMARY OF THE POEM

N. B. The poem is a translation of a poem written by a French poet Francois Villon.

The poet says that all the beautiful ladies who have been celebrated in history or literature had ultimately to go the way of death. Lady Flora, Hipparchie, Thais and Echo had all been distinguished for their exceptional loveliness. Theirs was an ethereal beauty, but it proved only short-lived. Early or late, they faded into insignificance like the snow of last year. The learned Heloise and the famous Queen, too, who ordered Buridan to be thrown into the river Seine, had to succumb to death, and they have now become things of the past. In the same why the Queen Blancheflorer. Bertha Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice, and Joan of Arc had to die in spite of their greatness and power. The poet, however. declines to answer the question as to where these ladies of distinction have gone to. Suffice it to say, he maintains, that if "the snows of yester-year" were destined to melt away, those ladies, too, could have been expected to endure any longer.

III. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

The poet mourns the death of all those beautiful ladies of romance and past history who died and are now as extinct as the snow of last year, which, when melted, leaves no mark of its existence.

IX. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The Balad of Dead Ladies is an elegy on the death of all those numerous beautiful ladies who are renowned in

history, romance or literature. Many were nymphs and many goddesses. Their beauty was more divine than human. But when they died, their very beauty was blotted out of existence. They were heard no more. They melted away so completely as to leave behind no trace of their existence. How ephemeral their beauty was! And still more how woeful that they have become part and parcel of the dead past! Where have those beautiful and powerful ladies gone to? The poet answers that he knows nothing except that they disappeared as "the snows of yester-year." Death's inevitable: and all the ladies, however rare their beauty be, will ultimately have to go the way of death. Flora is no more; and Echo is dead. It is only her voice that endures. Blanche, Beatrice, Alice, Heloise, Joan of Arc and a host of others could not escape the cruel hands of death.

The poem has an elegiac appeal in its recounting the various figures of beauty and remance. It becomes pathetic almost a cry of a bereaved heart, in its refrain—repetition of the line at the end of each stanza, in which he answers the question as to where all these ladies have gone to. The last stanza is particularly stricking in its summing up of the poet's sad attitude:

> Nay, never ask this weak, fair lord,
> Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
> Save with this much for an overword,—
> But where are the snows of yester-year?

V. CENTRAL IDEA IN THE POEM

All ladies of beauty and distinction have had to pass away. They are heard no more like the snow, when dissolved.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Tell me where lady Flora the Roman goddess of flowers has departed to. Hipparchia and Thais, too, who were both equally beautiful, have not survived the ravages of time. The most beautiful nymph known by the name of Echo passed away in silence. She was seen by no

man ; only her voiced could be heard on the river or the pool. She got out of sight completely leaving behind no imprint of her life, like the snows of the last year that melt away with the passage of time.

Stanza 2. Among other distinguished ladies who fell a victim to death is the learned run remembered by the name of Heloise and to whom Abeillard, the brilliant lecturer and founder of scholastic theology, gave lessons. It was as a result of deep attachment with her that he become priest. Besides, where that Queen has gone to who ordered Buridan, the French philosopher, be thrown into the Seine, enclosed in a sack ? They are no more like the snow of the last year.

Stanza 3. The sweet-voiced princess Blancheflour, white as a lily too, has gone down the way of death. The white lady Fran Bertha whose feet were very large, Beatrice of Florence ; Alice, Ermengarde, and Joan of Arc who had been burned by the English at Rouen—they were all fated to go to the other word, as the snow of the last year was destined to melt away.

Stanza 4. The question as to where all those ladies mentioned above have gone to may not be asked from the poet who is but a weak man, unable, to answer. The utmost that he knows is that their beauty has vanished like the snow of yesterday.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. **Hidden**—obscure ; unknown. **Lady Flora**—the Roman goddess of flowers. **Lovely**—beautiful. **Tell me now......the lovely Roman** ?—The famous Roman goddess of flowers was destined to go to the mysterious way of death which nobody knows. **Hipparchia**—a legendary beautiful woman. **Thais**—an Athenian lady attendant who, according to legend, accompanied Alexander on his Asiatic conquests and caused him to burn the royal palace of Persapolis. **Neither of them......woman** ?—none was fairer than the other ; that is to say, both these legendary women were equally beautiful. **Where's Hipparchia......fairer woman** ?—such beautiful legend-

ary ladies as Hipparchia and Thais who remained unsurpassed in beauty in their own day have vanished, and their beauty no longer endures. **Echo**—The Romans say that Echo was a nymph in love with Narcissus, but her love not being returned she pined till only her voice remained. **Beheld of no man**—seen by no man, because she was changed by Juno into an Echo, something which can be heard but not seen. **Mere**—pool ; lake. **Where is Echo ......end mere**—such beautiful nymph as Echo too had to pass through the way of death. She remained invisible because she had been changed into an echo by Juno in punishment of her loquacity. It was only her voice that can be heard by the side of rivers and pools. **She whose beauty......than human**—Echo was a nymph, a fairy, and hence her beauty was divine rather than human. **But where are......yester-year** ?—The beauty of all these ladies has vanished completely as to leave behind no mark of its existence. It resembles the snow of yesterday inasmuch as the latter loses all its traces of life when it melts with the passage of time. **Tell me now......snows of yester-year** ?—The poet enquires as to where the beautiful figures of history and remance have passed away to. Flora who was the goddess of flowers is no more. Such legendary woman as Hipparchia, renowned for her beauty. and Thais, the famous beautiful courtesan of Athen, have paled into oblivion. Both revalled each other in beauty. Similarly the beautiful fairy known as Echo, too, had to depart away. She loved Narcissus and pined away, till she disappeared and became invisible. Her voice alone remained and could be heard by the side of rivers and lakes Hers was an unparalleted, almost ethereal beauty. The beauty of all these ladies has vanished away as completely as the snow of yesterday is destined to melt away.

Stanza 2. Where's—where is. **Heloise and Abeillard**—Abeillard was a brilliant disputant and lecturer at the schools of St. Genevieve and Notre Dame in Paris, where John of Salisbury was among his pupils. He was an dvocate of rational theological enquiry and the founder of scholastic theology. He fell in love with Heloise, the niece of an old canon of Notre Dame, one Fulbert, in whose

house he lodged, a woman of much learning to whom he gave lessons. Their love ended in a tragic separation, and in a famous correspondence. Abeillard was much persecuted for alleged heresy, in particular by St. Bernard but was sought out by students. Heloise died in 1163 and was buried in the same tomb as her lover. **Nun**—a woman devoted to a religious life, who lives in a cloister, secluded from the world, under a vow of perpetual chastity (راہبہ). **For whose sake**—(جسکی خاطر) **Ween**—think ; imagine. **Manhood**—youth. **Put priesthood on**—became a priest or a religious man. **Where's Heloise...... put priesthood on**—The famous nun Héloise, reputed for her learning, has died and is heard no more. It was because of love with her that Abeillard spoiled his youth and became a priest. Their romance, however, still endures, but the beautiful lady has vanished away. **Dule**—austerity ; self-mortification ; self-discipline. **Teen**—grief ; affliction; injury (obs). **From love......dule and teen**—and Abeillard sacrificed his comfort and youth and suffered grief and persecution all through love with Héloise. **Pray**—request. **Willed**—wished strongly ; ordered. **Buridan**—a French scholastic philosopher of the end of the 12th century. According to tradition he was thrown at the order of the Queen into the river Seine. He was thrust in a sack and its mouth was sewn and was left at the mercy of the current. **Steer down**—pass along the current. **Sewed**—(سی کر). **Sack**—a large beg for holding and carrying goods of any kind (بوری). **Seine**—a river of France. **And where... ...down the Seine**—Even that great Queen, who ordered the French philosopher Buridan to be thrown. sewed up in a sack, into the current of the river Seine, has passed away from this world, and has gone down the way of death. **Where's Heloise.....snows of yester-year** ?—The poet laments that the beauty of even the most famous and the greatest ladies of the world had to suffer the ravages of time Among such ladies was Héloise. She was a lady of learning She became enamoured of Abeillard and took lessons from

him. He too, reciprocated her love. It was for her love alone that he turned into a priest. It was for this that he practised austerities and suffered persecutions. Besides her, there was a great Queen. Puffed up in the pride of her beauty she ordered that Buridan should be put inside a sack with its mouth duly sewed up and should be cast into the river Seine to be swept along the current of water. These ladies, however, in spite of their beauty, pride and greatness, could not escape death, and have now as completely vanished away as have the snows of last year melted away, with the result that even its very trace is wiped off.

Stanza 3. Queen Blanche—Her full name is Blancheflour. She belongs to the Middle Ages of England. She is a Christian princess carried off by the Saracens and brought up with the Christian Prince Flores. They fall in love and are separated, but Blancheflour gives Flores a ring which will tarnish when she is in danger. Blancheflour is threatened by a false accusation, and Flores, warned by the ring, finds her in a seraglio in Egypt, whither she has been sent as a slave. The lovers are pardoned by the Emir and all ends well. **Like a queen of lilies**—she was white-complexioned and appeared like the queen of lilies. **Mermaiden**—half human being, with head and trunk of woman and tail of fish. **White Queen Blanche...... mermaiden**—Queen Blancheflour was an extremely beautiful and romantic figure of the history of middle England. She was white-complexioned and sweet voiced like that of a mermaid. **Bertha Broadfoot**—a German impersonation of the Epiphany, corresponding to the Italian Befana. She is a white lady who steals softly into nurseries and rocks infants asleep in the absence of negligent nurses, but is the terror of all naughty children. Her feet are very large, hence the epithet Broadfoot. **Beatrice**—She was a beautiful girl born in 1266, and died in 1290, under twenty-four years old. She was a niece of Florence. **Alice**—Urgan, a christened man, was carried off by the Elfin King and changed into a dwarf. He was re-transformed into the fairest knight by Alice Brand and is found to be her lost brother. **Ermengarde**—a legendary lady. **Joan**—Joan of Arc (1412—31) was an illiterate girl who contributed powerfully

to liberate France from the English in the reign of Charles VII. She was captured by the English who burned her at Rouen on a charge of witich craft. **White Queen Blanche ......snows of yester-year**—All the beautiful ladies in the world had to yield to death in spite of their distinction or beauty. For instance, white Queen Blancheflour who had a sweet voice like that of a mermaid Bertha, Broadfoot, Beatrice, Alice, Ermengarde, and Joan of Arc who had been burned by the English at Rouen on a charge of sorcery. Where have these beautiful ladies gone to? This is like asking as to where the snows of yesterday have disappeared. The snows are destined to melt into evaporation, so the beauty of these ladies is fated to vanish with the passage of time.

Stanza 4. Weak, fair lord—The poet himself. **Where they are gone**—where those ladies mentioned above have gone to. **Save**—except. **Overword**—Verbose expression; an expression that has too many words. **Nay, never ask ......for an overword**—Do not ask me as to where these aforesaid ladies have disappeared. I would warn you against a verbose expression. I would allow you to ask my only this much. **But where......of yester-year**?—The beauty vanishes like the snow of yesterday.

VIII. PASSAGES LIKELY TO BE SET IN UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION

1. **Lines 5—8.** Where is Echo......snows of yester-year?

2. **Lines 13—16.** And where, I pray,......snows of yester-year?

3. **Lines 25—28.** Nay, never ask......snows of yester-year?

IX. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q 1. What are the main ideas that the poet has conveyed through this poem?

Answer. Read under **Summary**.

Q 2. Attempt a Critical Appreciation of the Poem.

Answer. Read under **Critical Appreciation.**

83. MYSTERIOUS DEATH

BY

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

I. THE POET

Alcott was an American authoress. She was born in Germantown on November 29, 1832. She was the daughter of Amos Bronson Alcott who remained most of his life as a school teacher. He was an unpractical man, and was quite unpopular with his neighbours. In consequence the Alcott family suffered financial embarrassments.

Miss Alcott was given to a wandering life that allowed her plenty of time out of doors so that "a strong body was built up for the active brain." She herself said that nature gave her a vital sense of God's presence "never to change through forty years of life's vicissitudes, but to grow stronger for the sharp discipline of poverty and pain, sorrow and success" She first became a dolls' dressmaker. She strove hard to get money from any source whatsoever, so that she might purchase necessaries and pay off debts for her family.

Miss Alcott is famous more for her novels and delightful good-humoured stories of girl life. She is mostly remembered for her robust common-sense and cheeriness of her pictures of early life. She is the author of a number of books—Little Women (1867) ; An Old-Fashioned Girl (1869) ; Little Men (1871) ; Jack and Gill (1880), etc. etc. Her books in the "No Name" series are experimental in technique ; and even her juvenile books show the inequalities attendant upon her haste in production and her ill-health.

II. SUMMARY OF THE POEM

The poem is a glowing tribute to death. The poet praises it, for it refines the gold of life. It elevates us from mortal weaknesses and leads us to immortality. There is nothing in it to grieve over. The anguish attendant upon it is fully compensated when we think how well we have lived the life through trial and travail. It is

at this time that we look back upon our spiritual powers. We remember of such "treasures" as faith hope, patience and loyalty that inspired us into conquering the difficulties of life. It urges us to think of the just and powerful heart that resisted every wrong. It reminds us, too, of our brave spirit that made our life happier. Moreover, it releases us from the weariness that our body is subject to.

In the end the poetess addresses woman that it is when she gives up worldly glories and lays down her physical life that she achieves the immortal Kingdom of heaven. Thus she teaches us by her example, how to attain to the highest goal, how to secure the real success and how to make life full of love and blessing. By virtue of these royal qualities she can make even death feel proud to take her soul to the other world.

III. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

It is at the time of death that we become aware of those hidden powers in us that enabled us to surmount the difficulties of life. Hence we should not be sad over the approach of death, for it only leads us to an immortal world.

IV. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The poetess applauds death for the great benefits it bestows upon man at the time of its arrival. On the one hand, it edifies our life. It raises us, with the aid of a divine touch, to a plane of immortality. She, therefore, exhorts us not to be sorrowful at the approach of death. There is nothing alarming in it. There is nothing in it that may strike pessimism in our hearts. It is true that death brings pangs and anguish ; but these mental sufferings are fully compensated when we realise how powerfully and successfully we lived through a life of ordeals and pains. That is to say, it is in our dying moments that we become conscious of some hidden powers in us that animated our life even in the teeth of disheartening forces. That is why she says :

How can we mourn like those who are bereft.
  When every pang of grief
  Finds balm for its relief
In counting up the treasures she has left ?

What are those powers that we recall in our mind at the time of death ? They were faith, hope, patient, the just heart, and the bold spirit. These were the things that enabled us to face bravely the vicissitudes of time and fortune. Hence death is a great boon. It is something to be yearned for, and not shuddered at, for Alcott says :

> We thought to weep, but sing for joy instead,
> Full of the grateful peace
> That follows her release ;
> For nothing but the weary dust lies dead.

V. CENTRAL IDEA OF THE POEM

Death enables us to look back upon our highest qualities and powers that helped us to live successfully through the toils and travails of life.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. O invisible death, you have an amazing power and a divine art in you. You can free the life from the dross and separate impurities from it. That is to say, you can raise us up from the imperfections of mortal existence, and bestow upon us a life of immortality. We are immortalised after death.

Stanza 2. We should not grieve at the approach of death as those bereaved people do who lose their near and dear ones. It is quite needless because every anguish that comes of death is remedied and fully compensated when we look back upon those powers that enabled us to live through the stress and storms of the world.

Stanza 3. One of those powers is faith. It was with the aid of this power that we resisted and boldly faced the blows of time and labour. The second power is hope that enabled us to overcome disappointment. Patience comes next to it. It helped us overpower care and worry. Lastly loyalty, too, benefited us with its powerful courage.

Stanza 4. All these powers resided in my heart. This heart has always been just and powerful enough to rise

against all acts of injustice. It encouraged and promoted such philanthropic deeds that were free from sin and, as such, from the destruction of time.

Stanza 5. The disciplined and courageous spirit of mine added to the grandeur and success of life. It enabled us to accomplish the ordinary needs of life with a high and heroic forbearance that forced out happiness from the cruel hands of fate ; that is to say, it was this heroic spirit that added considerably to our happiness.

Stanza 6. We thought the first to lament at the arrival of death. But when we realised its great blessings, we got highly delighted at its visit. It releases our soul from the weariness of the world, and bestows calmness upon it. To speak the truth, it is not the soul but the weary body that suffers death and lies buried.

Stanza 7. O noble woman, you became a greater queen only when you gave up your worldly splendours and passed away. It is after death that you shall acquire a better and a greater kingdom in heaven, which nobody has even seen.

Stanza 8. By thus laying down your life for a better world you teach us how to look forward to a higher ideal. How to achieve the real success, how to live, love and bless the lives of others, and by these unique qualities we shall make even death elated and proud that it has taken away a real royal sound from this world to the other.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. Mysterious—difficult to understand; obscure; dark. **Mysterious death** !—The poet addresses death and calls it unintelligible and obscure. **In a single hour**—in no time. **Refine**—purify from what is coarse and gross ; to separate from extraneous matter ; to free from impurities. **Who is a...... refine**—The mysterious death purifies the gold of our life from dirty material. **Art divine**—superior skill. **Mortal weakness**—imperfections of the body that is mortal. **And by thy art......immortal power !**—O death. you possess a supernatural power with which you relieve us from physical infirmities and confer a life of

immortality upon us. **Mysterious death......to immortal power**—The poet eulogises death and is delighted at its approach. He addresses it and says that it has such a mysterious and divine power as can free the gold of our life from the dirty element. With the help of this power it can eliminate the weaknesses of mortal life and bestow upon it a life of permanence.

Stanza 2. Mourn—lament, grieve at, feel sad; bewail. **Bereft**—bereaved; who have been bereft or deprived of their near relations. **Like those......bereft**—like those persons who weep bitterly upon the death of their kith and kin. **Pang**—anguish; agony; acute and violent pain. **Pang of grief**—acute pain of sadness over the death of those we loved. **Finds balm**—receives remedy; gets a reward; is more than compensated. **Relief**—comfort; peace. **When every......for its relief**—when we mourn the death of our dear ones, we feel that we should not do so, for death brings some redeeming features that more than compensate the loss. **Counting up**—remembering; recalling one by one. **Treasures**—here it means spiritual powers or higher virtues. **She**—used for death. **She has left**—that death has left behind for us to recall. **How can we......has left**?—We should not indulge in weeping when our friends and relations are overtaken by death. We should not be amongst the mourners who grieve for the death We should remember that death has its own redeeming features that makes good the loss. We are solaced, and feel highly compensated for every pain of grief by recalling to our memory those high and noble virtues with which life has been faced and conquered, and which have been left behind for us to remember. **Faith**—it should be written, without the apostrophe, as 'faith' which means confidence; belief; conviction. **Withstood**—opposed; resisted; stood up against. **Shocks**—blows; buffets. **Toil**—labour. **Shocks of toil and time**—buffets of labour and fortune. **Faith......toil and time**—we remember at the time of death how by virtue of faith, the trials and travails of life have been borne successfully. **Defied**—overpowered. **Despair**—despondency; disappointment. **Hope...despair**—hope that crushed disappointment. **Patience**—for-

bearance. **Care**—anxiety. **Patience......care**—patience that destroyed anxiety. **Loyalty**—faithfulness ; fidelity ; sincerity. **Sublime**—grand. **Faith that withstood...was sublime**—when we die we look back with a sense of triumph and cheerfulness how we put up a strong resistance against the blows of life. In that struggle against the odds of fortune we were aided by faith that enabled us to endure the ordeals of fortune, by hope that triumphed over disappointments, by patience that dispelled anxiety, and by sincerity that gave us a lofty courage.

Stanza 4. **A home for all**—an abode for those powers —*i.e.*, faith, hope, patience and loyalty. **The great......for all**—at the time of death we become conscious of the greatness of our heart that nourished all these powers. **Just**—fair. **Eloquent**—adapted to express strong emotion with fluency and power ; (خوش بیان). **Protest**—declaration of dissent (اظہار ناراضگی). **Wrong**—misdeeds; evils. **The great deep......against wrong**—when we die we become aware of our mighty heart that was always just and powerful, and had the courage of expressing a note of dissent injustice or evil actions. **Charity**—alms ; generosity ; (خیرات سخاوت). **Sin**—religious offence (گناہ). **No fall**—charity that endures for ever. **Wise charity......no fall**—The heart that encouraged such charity or acts of philanthropy that are quite noble and have no impurity of sin and which do not suffer destruction at the hands of time. **Spartan**—The inhabitants of ancient sparta, one of the leading city-states of Greece, were noted for their frugality, courage, and stern discipline ; hence, one who can bear pain unflinchingly is termed a 'Spartan.'

Stanza 5. **Spartan spirit**—courageous spirit. **The Spartan......so grand**—at the time of death we fling back our memory to our courageous spirit that added to the grandeur of our life. **Mating**—matching; competing with; coping with. **Poor daily needs**—The ordinary, common needs of daily life. **Heroic**—mighty and courageous. **Deeds**—actions. **Thc Spartan......heroic deeds**—we recollect with happiness how our own bold and invincible

spirit was helpful towards making life a success, and how with it ordinary needs of life were accomplished as if they were heroic actions. **Wrested**—took away. **Fate**—destiny, fortune. **Hard hand**—cruel hand. **That wrested...... Fate's hard hand**—it was our unconquerable spirit of courage and forbearance that gave us happiness by forcibly taking it away from fortune that seldom smiles.

Stanza 6. Sing for joy—feel greatly elated and delighted. **Grateful**—thankful. **Peace**—comfort. **That follows**—that comes after. **Her**—used for death. **Release**—deliverance. **We thought to weep......her release**—The prospect of death brought, at first, dark and unhappy thoughts, but, later on, it inspired us with its bright aspects. We thought to weep but broke into a delight at its approach. Death releases our soul from the cruel bondage of body and thus gives it a peace for which it becomes full of thanks. **Weary**—tired ; worn-out. **Dust** body. **For nothing .....dust lies dead**—after death our soul finds a release and peace. It then enters into a comfortable and permanent life. It is not the soul but the worn-out body that decays and lies dead.

Stanza 7. Oh, noble woman—The poet addresses women in general. **Never more a queen**—you became a greater queen. **Laying down**—abandoning ; forsaking. **Sceptre and crown**—signs of sovereignty. **Oh noble woman...and of crown**—Oh noble woman ! you became sublime, grand and a greater queen only when you forsook the worldly pomp and splendour that your earthly flesh is heir to. **To win a greater......yet unseen**—because there in heaven you shall win a much greater kingdom, lying beyond the range of vision, than what you could ever get here on the earth.

Stanza 8. Teaching us—The example of your life shall teach us. **Seek**—look for ; search. **Goal**—destination; end. **To earn**—to acquire ; to secure. **And make death...royal soul**—when you have acted upon this example and die in this way, even death will feel proud in taking your nobles soul from this world to the other. **Teaching us...a royal soul**—The poetess addresses woman that if she lays down her life for a higher Kingdom her example would inspire

us also into looking forward to a similar Kingdom in heaven. We would learn from her manner how we can achieve success, how we can live an eternal life, and how we can love and bless the lives of others as well. By these things we shall be so greatly elevated that even death shall feel proud in taking away our soul to the heavenly world.

VIII. STANZAS LIKELY TO BE SET IN THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION

1. **Stanza 2.** (*Lines 5—8*).—How can we mourn......... she has left ?

2. **Stanza 5.** (*Lines 17—20*).—The Spartan spirit......... Fate's hard hai d.

3. **Stanza 7.** (*Lines 25—28*).—On, noble woman !......... Kingdom, yet unseen.

Explanation.—Read under **Notes and Explanations.**

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. Reproduce in your own words the underlying ideas in the poem *Mysterious Death.*

Answer. Read under **Summary**.

Q. 2. Attempt a Critical Appreciation of the Poem.

Answer. Read under **Critical Appreciation.**

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84. INVITATION TO THE DANCE

BY

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

I. THE POET

John Addington Symonds was born at Bristol on Oct. 5, 1840. He was an English critic, a poet, and a prose-writer. He received his education at Harrow and at Balliol College, Oxford. There he won many distinctions. In 1862 he became a fellow of Magdalen, Overstrain of work and study shattered his health and compelled him to proceed to Switzerland. There he met Catherine North, whom he married in 1864. They lived at Clifton, where he lectured in the well-known schools. At Clifton he wrote his Introducrion to

the Study of Dante in 1872 and his admirably vivid studies of the Greek Poets (1873—76). Meanwhile he was occupied with his Renaissance in Italy, which remains a classic authority in English on its subjects. His work, however, was again interrupted by illness, and in 1877 his life was in acute danger. He recovered at Davos Platry, and from that time onwards he practically made his h me there.

His works written in his Swiss exile include biographies of Shelley. Sir Philip Sidney, Ben Johnson, and Michelangelo, several volumes of poetry and of essays, and a fine translation of the Autobiography of Benvenuto Celline. There, too, he completed his study of the Renaissance, the work by which he will be longest remembered. For many years he spent the autumn in the house of his friend, Horatio F. Brown, in Venice. He died at Rome on April 19, 1893, and was buried close to Shelley.

II. SUMMARY OF THE POEM

The poet invites the youths to the dance of pleasure. He asks them to give up studying and thinking, and indulge in sports and revelry. Young men should avail of the joys and festivities of the Spring. They should leave anxiety and gravity to the old age. Youth implies full liberty to go about in a light spirit. Let it not be spoiled by study, for gaiety and mirth are the chief prerogatives of youth. Youth is short-lived. It is to be followed by old age that would necessitate wrinkless on our face. Strength, courage and pleasures yield place to a series of illnesses and afflictions.

Youth offers a care-free life. Young men are safe from worries, and live like the gods above. They should, therefore, pursue the pleasure of love, as long as they are young, and fulfil its pledges. They should go about in those fields where young maids laugh and dance. There they would be able to see as to which among the maids is kind towards them. Young ladies, too, on their side, would promptly respond to their approaches of love. As the young girls raise their arms and move across the fields the

poet stands up and gazes at them till he finds that his heart too, has been stolen by them. Thus the youths should come out of their study room and indulge in the sallies and follies of the warm youth.

III. SUBSTANCE OF THE POEM

The poet calls upon the young men to give up their studies and come out to enjoy the pleasures of life. Since youth is to be ultimately overtaken by the old age which brings illness in its wake, the youths should make full use of their golden time, make love, pursue pleasures and lead a life of mirth and merry-making.

IV. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The poem is an invitation to a life of pleasures, merry-making, dancing and singing. We are young, and youth's prime concern should be mirth and sport, and a freedom from the consuming cares that only the old age is fit for. It is the Spring of life—full of ardour, warmth, levity and agility. It allows unrestricted freedom to do whatever it likes. Thinking and seriousness should be reserved for the old age ; while light-heartedness, love and its fulfilment are the best privilege of the youth. The theme of the poem is in keeping with Robert Herrick's famous song :

Gather ye rosebuds while you may,
Old time is still a-flying :
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.

And moreover, study imprisons life and preys upon the ruddy springs of youth. Hence the lines that strike a refrain of the song :

Like a dream our prime is flown.
Prisoned in a study ;
Sport and folly are youth's own,
Tender youth and ruddy.

As such, the poet advises youth to make the best of its opportunities ; for old age is bound to follow the youth,

and bring in its train "a troop of illnesses," and a chain of miseries. It is the age when

> Blood dries up and courage fails us,
> Pleasures dwindle, joys decrease......or as Herrick would speak of youth :

> But being spent, the worse, and worst
> Times still succeed the former.

Youth is a time to be fully enjoyed, for the dance of pleasure is its very birthright. Young men should, therefore, look for those places.

> Where the laughing maidens dance.

The poem is a light-hearted song with a beauty and loveliness of its own. It is imbued with the spirit of festive joyousness. The language is simple, the mood is that of happy exuberance at the call of music, and the metre is fashioned to suit a song.

V. CENTRAL IDEA IN THE POEM

The poet exhorts youths to cast aside books and lead a life of frivolity and love, for the ruddy youth shall succumb to the frozen old age and to the illness that follows it.

VI. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Dismiss your lifeless books and give up all thinking. In youth it is sweet to indulge in sports and frivolities. Avail yourself of those pleasures and meriments that the Spring of youth liberally confers upon you. Old age is the proper time to dwell, with long and anxious attention, upon the serious aspects of life. Youth, on the contrary, implies unrestrained liberty to go about where it likes and to sport in a like mood. The youth that confines itself to study, passes away like a dream. Briefly speaking, pranks and gaiety are the very birthright of the tender and full blooded youth.

Stanza 2. See, the bloom of life (*i.e.*, youth) passes by,

and is quickly followed by the cold winter (*i.e.*, old age). With our declining years our strength dw ndles silently; and our face becomes full of wrinkles that care and worry produce. Our blood is exhausted or scorched. We become weak and feeble. Pleasures fall away, slowly and slowly, till we are completely seized by the old age. It brings in its wake continuous attacks of illness. Youth, when imprisoned in study, fades away like a dream. Mirth and frivolity are the very demands of youth.

Stanza 3. In youth we live free from worries like the gods. Wisdom and truth attend us. Therefore, in the glowing hours of youth let us pursue the pleasure of tender love. Not only this, we should fulfil the pledges of love that we all made in our early days. We should be guided by the dictates of this vow. We should look for open fields that might look bright in cloudless weather, with a view to enjoy ourselves with the dances of delightful maids. Youth passes off as quickly as a dream, if it is given to too much of study. Frolics and pranks are the ve y things that youthful spirit asks for.

Stanza 4. A young lad who acts upon this advice may go up to the fields and look to the young maids who he thinks are kind to him. He may see how the youthful limbs that stretch themselves in dance clasp him in their embrace. As the girls raise their arms and move in a zigzag manner, over the grassland I stand still and motionless, and gaze at them till I find myself completely under their spell, and feel that my heart has been stolen by them. Therefore, if our youth remains engaged in studying and reading, it shall pass away and disappear like a dream. Youth wants mirth and light-hearted levity to indulge in, for they are its very prerogatives.

VII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. Cast aside—dismiss; throw away. **Dull**—tasteless and lifeless; insipid. **Sweet is folly**—light-heartedness looks sweet in youth. **Take the pleasure**—enjoy yourself. **Spring**—used for the prime of youth. **Youth's opening holiday**—freedom and levity allowed in

the very prime of youth. **Cast aside .....opening holiday!** —leave off your dry books and abandon the task of thinking. It is the bloom of youth which likes gaiety and sports. Therefore make the best use of the opportunity or youth and indulge in its liberties. **Right it is**—it is right. **Ponder**—consider ; view with deliberation ; examine with attention. **Grave**—serious ; important. **Matters**—affairs, (معاملات). **Fraught**—full of. **Right it is .....care**—it is right that old age should be left for serious thinking on those important matters of life that cause worry and anxiety. **Tender**— delicate. **Wander**—roam about. **Frolic**—play wild pranks ; to sport to play tricks of mirth or levity. **Free to frolic light as air**—youth is free to indulge in care-free sports—that are light as air. **Prime**—The dawn ; the spring ; hence the beginning of youth. **Is flown**—flies away ; disappears. **Prisoned**—confined ; imprisoned ; shut in. **Like a dream ......in a study**—if youth is put under a constant study and is not given any liberty it becomes imprisoned, and hence, impaired. Youth flies away as quickly as a dream. **Sport**—game. **Folly**—liberty; levity ; frivolity. **Youth's own**—are the very possessions of youth. **Tender youth and ruddy**-The youth which is both tender and full blooded. **Sport and folly......youth and ruddy**- levity and liberty are the very birthright of youth —which is tender and full-blooded.

Stanza 2. Lo—look; behold ; see. **Spring of life**—The bloom of life ; youth. **Slips by**—passes on—silently. **Frozen winter**—old age which slackens all activity. **Comes apace**—comes with a quick pace ; speedily ; quickly ; hastily ; fast. **Lo, the spring......comes apace**—see, how the bloom of youth passes by, and the old age sets in speedily. **Strength**—power. **'Minished**—diminished ; dwindles; is consumed away; reduced. **Rinkles**—lines on the face as a mark of old age,(جھریاں). **Care writes wrinlkes**—care produces wrinkles. **Dries up**—exhausted; parched (خشک ہو جانا). **Courage fail us**—we are rendered helpless ; become weak and feeble. **Dwindle**—

become less ; diminish (کم ہونا). **Decrease**—become less; dwindle. **At length**—at last. **Assails**—attacks. **His**—used for old age. **Troop**—army ; forces. **Illnesses**—diseases ; ailments. **Lo, the spring......troops of illnesses**—behold. how the prime of youth passes and moves on, and is quickly overtaken by the old age. When the time rolls on, our strength slowly goes away. Our face is imprinted all over with wrinkles that are brought forth by cares and anxieties. Our body become bloodless, inactive and weak; and pleasures and delight part company from us. It is then that time old age attacks with a chain of illnesses, and thus makes life miserable.

Stanza 3. Chase—pursue. **Leisure**—free, unoccupied time. **Live we......in the leisure of youth !**—youth implies a carefree life. This is to live like the gods. Wisdom and truth attend it. Thus, when you are young, sweeten your life with the pleasures of love and romance. **Vows**—pledges of love. **Keep the vows**—fulfil the promises of love. **Swore**—took oath. **Lads**—young boys. **Ordinance**—appointment. **Obey that ordinance**—keep firm to the vow of love. **Seek**—look for ; search. **Sunny**—clear and cloudless. **Weather**—(موسم). **Maidens**—unmarried girls. **Seek the fields......maiden dance**—O young boys go about to those places of merriments, brightened up by the clear weather, where you can find cheerful girls laughing, singing and dancing.

Stanza 4. Lists—desires ; chooses ; like ; pleases. **There the lad......is kind**—there the boy, who so desires, may see as to which of the dancing girls is kind and attentive to him **Limbs**—arms and legs. **Deliciously**—attractively ; pleasantly. **Flashing through**—shining out. **Wind**—encircle ; enfold. **These young limbs ...dances wind**—there the beatiful arms and legs of the girls, singing out beautifully in the midst of dances, throw their arms round the waiste of the young men. **While the girls ......raising**—when the girls indulge in frivolities and

liberties of youth. **Winding**—moving in a zigzag manner. **O'er**—over. **Lea**—grassy fields ; grasslands. **Still**—silent and motionless. **Gaze**—look intently. **Stolen the soul of me !**—I feel that my heart has been captured by them. **There the lad......the soul of me !**—whatever boy desires, he may go to those fields of merriment and choose the lady who he thinks is kind to him. There the ladies would encircle their hands round the waists of their lovers, their arms and legs shine through the dance. And when in the course of merry-making the girls raise their arms and move across the grasslands, the poet stands still and motionless. He finds himself almost under their charm. He gazes at them till he finds that his heart has been taken away by those delightful girls.

VIII. IMPORTANT LINES LIKELY TO BE SET IN THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATION

1. **Lines 5—8**. Right it is......light as air.
2. **Lines 9—12**. Like a dream.........youth and ruddy.
5. **Lines 29—32**. Keep the vows.........maidens dance.

Explanation—see under **Notes and explanation**.

IX. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. 1. Give a summary of the poem in your own words.

Answer. Read under **Summary**.

Q. 2. Write a Critical Appreciation of the Poem.

Answer. Read under **Critical Appreciation**.

85. A LATE LARK TWITTERS

BY

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

I. THE POET

William Ernest Henley (1849—1903) was a cripple from the early years of his life. Born in Gloucester in 1849, he started his literary career as a working journalist editing a number of magazines in turn. He became a friend of the famous English author, Robert Luis Stevenson and wrote some dramas in collaboration with him. He was a poet of no mean repute. Besides a book of verse for boys, *Lyra Heroica*, he has many other collections of poems to his credit, of which *In Hospital* is regarded as his best. His ballad with the refrain.

I was a king in Babylon
And you were a Christian slave

has proved to be very popular.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

A Late Lark Twitters is only a portion of the opening verse of this poem, and is not its title which might be suggestive of its subject-matter. In fact, the subject of the poem is Death.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

Like a magnificent sunset, Henley wishes for a serene and splendid death after he has had time enough to accomplish his life-work.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The poet compares the approach of death to picturesque twilight when the city goes to rest in the peaceful atmosphere created by the setting sun and the twittering lark. It is followed by actual death which brings the gift of sleep like the night. He wishes his own death to be as serene and splendid as such sunset. He would like to achieve his aim in life before he dies.

V. SUMMARY

A solitary lark soaring high up in the sky is twittering while the sun, which has ended its day's work, sheds its colourful twilight on the old city and creates a calm atmosphere in it. The smoke rises from the chimney against the picturesque background of aurora, shadows spread across the valley and the lark continues with its song. Gradually the sun sets and the night, bringing its great gift of sleep, makes a victorious entry with numerable stars waiting on it. I wish my end should be like that. I should die after I have successfully caried out my life's mission and have been adequately rewarded for my labours. I should like my death to be like the serene and splendid sunset described above.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

There is no escape from death, but their is no reason to regard it as a catastrophe. It can be as placid and magnificent as the serene and splendid scene of the sunset which is preceded by a peaceful twilight and followed by a restful night. Death is indeed the glorious climax of a life devoted to duty. This is the message Henley gives to his readers in this shot poem, whose worth is all the more increased by the fact that his meaning is conveyed through a series of beautiful pictures appaling both to the eye and the ear. His is the most optimistic attitude even in the face what is commonly regarded as the most heart-rending tragedy of life.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. High up in the calm sky warbles a solitary lark which is a bit late in returning to its nest. Far in the west, the sun having finished its day's work moves slowly as if it were content with that position and were reluctant to go down. In the twilight the ancient city, whose walls have lost their original colour, is steeped in calm radiance. It moves towards rest while a radiant and peaceful atmosphere pervades it.

Stanza 2. From the chimneys of the houses in the city, smoke is seen to rise in the sky against the auroral background of a thin roseate and golden mist. The tapering tops of towers shine in this light and present a changed appearance. Down in the valley shadows are spreading farther and farther every moment and the lark continues to warble is song. But now the sun brings its blessings to an end for the day and sets below the horizon. The air, which is growing dark, rouses excitement by giving cn the feeling of the night's approach. The night, which has come in a victorious manner with numerous stars waiting on it, has brought the world a great gift in the form of peaceful sleep.

Stanza 3. I wish that the end of my life were as glorious as the sunset and the approach of night. When I have successfully carried out my life's mission, when the long day of my life comes to an end and when I have received my remuneration for my labour, I wish that I may be taken to the calm horizon of the west while the song of some solitary lark, late for its nest, reverberates in my heart. Such indeed would be my solemn and magnificent sunset. That would be my death—the end of my life.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. Lark—small bird with a sweet, clear note, (لوا، چنڈول). **A late lark**—a lark who has been late in returning to its nest. **Quiet skies**—sky which is clear both of clouds and birds. **Lingers**—moves too slowly, sets so slowly as if it were unwilling to do so. **As in content**—as if it were content and satisfied with its existing position. **Gray**—The same as *grey*. In poetry it means dusky, dismal and gloomy. **City**—the city where the poet was while he witnessed the lark. **Influence**—anything that flows in. **Luminous**—bright, shining. **Serene**—clear calm, placid (پر سکون). **Shining peace**—angelic atmosphere of peace.

Explanation

A late......content—The poet pictures a clear sky towards the evening. All the birds have flown to their nests except a solitary lark which is late for the evening and is still chirping. The sun has ended his work for the day and is nearing the western horizon. But it is setting at such a slow pace that it appears to go down very reluctantly. In face it seems to be content with retaining the position it has gained.

Explanation

The...peace—The city where the poet sits is an ancient one and its walls have grown grey. But the auroral colours of the twilight are shedding an angelic peace over the city through its placid and illuminating radiance

Stanza 2. Smoke—he means the smoke rising from the chimneys of the houses in the city. **Ascends**—rises. **Haze**—a thin mist. **Rosy-and-golden haze**—a thin mist which had the mixed colour of rose and gold. **Spire**—tall structure set on a tower which narrows to point (منارہ کا کلس). **Are changed**—have a new look. **Benediction**—blessing. **Sinks**—sets, goes down. **Darkening**—becoming dark. **Thrills**—rouses excitement. **Sense**—appreciation, feeling. **Triumphing**—that which is conquering the day. **Train**—group of followers or attendants, (خدم و حشم). **Gift**—the valuable present made by the night.

Explanation

The smoke...sings on—in these lines the poet continues his colourful picture of the approaching night with rising shadows in the valley and the melodious songs of the lark. **The sun...sleep**—these lines draw a different picture. The night has now vanquished the day and brought the world its gift of sleep which will give rest to

the tired limbs of the people. The picture is so simple and graphic that it needs no further explanation.

Stanza 3. He—It is misprint. Please read *be*. **So... passing**—May God so will it that my death be as romantic as the passing of the day ! **The long day done**—The long day of my life having come to an end. **My wages taken**—when I have had my reward for the good deeds done by me. **Gather'd**—picked up. **Quiet**—calm. **West**—The point where the sun sets. Hence the place of death. **Sundown**—sunset (غروب). **Splendid**—gorgeous, magnificent (شاندار). **Serene**—calm ; placid.

Explanation

Death—he calls death his quiet west, and splendid and serene sunset. In other words he wishes a serene and splendid end of his life.

IX. IMPORTANT PASSAGE EXPLAINED WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Explain the following verses with reference to the context :

So be my passing
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathere'd to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene.
Death.

These verses from the concluding stanza of William Ernest Henley's poem, ***A Late Lark Twitters***, which has death as its subject. The poet has described in it the ideal situation in which he would like his life to come to an end. He wishes his death to be serene and splendid like the picturesque scene of the sunset he has already graphically described in the preceding stanzas. He compares his own life to the sun's course through the sky from dawn to dusk. Just as the sun goes down only after finishing its day's task,

so the poet wants to die only when his life-work is accomplished and he has got his reward after running the full course of his life. He wants romantic conditions to prevail at that time with a solitary lark warbling in the clear sky. Death, he concludes, should be like a placid but magnificent sunset to him and he should be quietly moved to his resting-place in the west.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *What type of death has Henley wished for himself in his poem,* **A Late Lark Twitters ? Explain.**

Ans. Write out the Summary of the poem in reply to this question.

Q. II. *Critically Appreciate Henley's Poem*, **A Late Lark Twitters**.

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation,

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86. INSCRIPTIONS AT THE CITY OF BRASS

BY E. POWYS MATHERS

I. THE POET

E. Powys Mathers is a modern English man of letters who has devoted himself to translations from the Oriental languages including Japanese, Chinese, Sanskrit and Arabic, although he does not have much direct access to some of these. The translations are mostly in prose, but they are interlarded with those in verse form, the latter having been collected and published afterwards in a small separate volume. The more important of the works translated by him are ; (1) *The Book of the Thousand Nights And One Night* privately printed for subscribers to the Casanova Society London in 1923. It is sixteen-volume translation of Dr. G. C. Mardrus's French rendering of the famous Arabic book (الف ليله و ليله) commonly known as *The*

Arabian Nights in English and (الف لیلہ) in Urdu. (2) In 1930 came his *Eastern Love*, a twelve-volume translation of poems culled from various languages of the East. It was also meant for private circulation. Mathers is not an original writer. Nevertheless, he loves to pose himself as an artist as can be seen from the portrait of this dreamy person who wore a short beard and big spectacles. His translations are represented in *An Anthology of World Poetry* edited by Mark Van Doren.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

The poem *Inscriptians at the City of Brass* occurs in Mather's translation of the *Arabian Nights*. It is thus an Arabic poem rendered into English through a French translation. *Brass*, in English, signifies an inscribed brass plate put on somebody's tomb—like the Urdu (لوح مزار)—indicating his name and dates of birth and death, and sometimes having some sacred verses added to these details. So the phrase *city of brass* would denote a graveyard with a number of tombs displaying such brass plates. *Inscription* (کتبہ) signifies some hing written or impressed on a mettalic plate. Hence the title of the poem means writings on the brass plates of tombs in a graveyard.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

Death is the end of all glory. None in the world can escape from its clutches. This is the lesson we learn from the inscriptions on the tomb of even mighty emperors.

IV. SUBSTANCE

No matter how powerful men might be, they are driven like straws before the wind of death. An emperor speaking from his tomb—of course through the brass plate inscription on it—speaks of his great conquests and tells that when the time of his death approached neither his wealth

nor his martial power could do anything just to snatch one single day from the clutches of death. Till then he believed he was to live for ever, but death eventually made him realize the vanity of pomp and frailty of life.

V. SUMMARY

A dead emperor, Kush bin Shadad bin Ad, speaks from his tomb in the City of Brass of the graveyard. He says the people buried around him were his captive or tributary kings, but the wind of death has now swept them like straw. In the drunkenness of his youth, he adds, he became a great conqueror sacking great towns like a hot wind and falling up distant lands like thunder. But finally death entrapped him, and the strength of his armies and the flattery of his courtiers were equally powerless in saving his life. He addresses the wayfares and tells him how mighty he was, how many virgin princesses he had for his sexual gratification and how many treasures he owned. When death came, he opened the boxes of his treasure to his cavaliers, captains and tributary kings, and asked them to make death let him alone for just one day. But they were all powerless and he could not be saved. The emperor then points out to the wayfarer that though man always hopes to live in the future and goes on adding years to his life, but the dismal death reduces the whole sum to naught. It is then that one knows of a master—the Almighty God—who digs the graves of kings. Man must not become blind to the fact that not even powerful rulers could escape death. One's life is like a stranger whome one comes across upon the road. It is constantly walking towards time. Man is caught in the cobweb of worldly affairs behind which the spider of death lies in wait in order to suck his blood. Man's high hopes come to sorry end. Even if he has been living in palaces, he has eventually to change places with owls and come to live in a tomb.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Though the *Inscriptions at the City of Brass* is the translation of an Arabic poem and its chief character, Kush bin Shadad bin Ad, a Semitic ruler, yet it deals with a subject concerning the very basic problem of humanity and thus claims a universal interest. Rather, the Semitic names give it an air of biblical grandeur. For its effects it depends a great deal on the uncanny atmosphere of a graveyard where an emperor from the antiquity speaks to a wayfarer through the brass, *i.e.*, through the brass plate inscriptions on his and neighbouring tombs. The language used is simple and the style is highly impassioned. Mathers, who translated these books for private circulation, tries to make the poem sexy when he talks of virgins serving his pleasure, but even this touch tends to heighten the general effect of the poem. Mathers has not been granted any recognition in the histories of English literature because he has no original work to his credit. But if translations or Oriental poetry could make a very great poet of Fitzgerald, then it would be pity if Mather's claim even to mediocrity were ignored outright. He would not be unjustified in demanding some recognition as a literary figure on the strength of the *Inscriptions at the City of Brass*.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. An ancient Semitic emperor, Kush bin Shadad bin Ad, speaks from his tomb in the graveyard through inscriptions on brass plates put up there. He addresses a wayfarer, who happens to pass by the cemetery at that hour, in the following terms :

Come into the graveyard and learn the history of the kings buried in it. They owed allegiance to me. They

stayed for a while under the shadow of my towers and then passed away. In fact they were my shadows and as such they were scattered soon after my death just as ordinary shadows come to an end with the setting of the sun. Death blew like a strong wind and swept them away from the face of the earth.

Stanza 2. The inebriety of my youthful years represented a state of morbid agitation depriving me of my understanding. Nevertheless, I was able to notice many things, including my splendour in the days of my magnificence. In those days my charger trampled various cities of the world under their hoofs. Like the simoom I blew across great towns and subjected them to unrestrained pillage and licence. So swiftly did I lead expeditions to distant countries that I appeared to have struck them like thunderbolts. I took captive the kings of the earth and tying them to my chariot I ordered them to be dragged like that. The people of all the countries had to abide by the laws promulgated by me. But the situation has radically changed. The inebriety of my youthful years had ended like a morbid state, or, I may say, like the surf of sea waves breaking on beach eventually enmeshed me. In vain did my armies fight against it and in vain did my courtiers cajole it in their bid to save me. O you traveller on foot, listen to me. I speak to you the words of my death which might be of use to you, and not of my life which you might like to spurn at this moment when I am shorn of all power. Save your soul by abstaining from a sinful life. Drink the delicious wine of peace and leave off carnage. Your earthly life shall come to an end tomorrow and you shall have been buried. Whoever asks about you at the time will be told by the earth that you are there and its careful breast holds you for ever.

Stanza 3. Around my table would sit many kings with keen and penetrating eyes. They were accompanied by kings who were blind of one eye and had a limited vision. But hawk-eyed or one-eyed, it is all the same with them. Death has blinded all of them, and none can see now.

Stanza 4. O wayfarer, I ask you in the name of God who is Everlasting, Omnipotent and Immutable, not to be misled by appearances because they are deceptive and may prove a pitfall for men bringing destruction upon them. Moreover, outward appearances are so frail that even a breath might break them to pieces. To the category of deceptive appearances belonged my power. I had ten thousand horses fed and looked after by kings who had been vanquished by me and employed as mere grooms. One thousand unmarried princesses captured from other lands were my handmaidens carrying out my behests. Another one thousand virgins, selected from all over the world, who were extremely beautiful and had almost milk-white breasts were my concubines. They bore me little sons who in course of time grew up to be as brave as lions. I had matchless treasures. The countries of both the East and the West acknowledged my suzerainty. They can be likened to two heads which paid me homage by bowing before me. I believed my empire would last for ever and I would never die. But then I had ferebodings of death. I came to know of it as if it had been whispered into my ears by the Immortal God. In order to foil death, I sent for thousands upon thousands of my cavaliers, armed with swords and spears, their leaders, the king who paid tribute to me, and my proud feudal chiefs. I unlocked the boxes of my treasure and said to them, "Take as much of gold as might be equal to many hills in weight, and as much of silver as might be equal to many mountains

in weight, Only let me live upon the earth for just one day more." But they found themselves helpless against death. They stood silent and dare not raise their eyes for shame. So I died and my throne was occupied by death. My name was Kush, and I was called the Great. I was the son of Shadad and grandson of Ad.

Stanza 5. I address all mankind. To the prospects of life in the near future, man adds the further hope of living in the distant future. He goes on adding these years, but his total is reduced to nought by the gloomy symbol of death. Then indeed does he realize that there is a God who can exhaust and put to rout all the armies. He it is who digs dark and narrow graves for kings and while their bodies are interred, only their effigies remain outside and constitute a dark and dismal state.

Stanza 6. O sons of men, why do you shut your eyes to the glaring facts ? The road of life is only a transitional stage but you forget your mission while on this road and waste away your time in play as if you were going to stay there for ever. O sons of men, just think for a while where are the kings who gave birth to great empires ? Where are the strong men who were the rulers of Iraq ?

Stanza 7. O sons of men, your life is walking towards its appointed time of death and will not tarry at anyone's requests. You many call to it, but it shall pay no attention to you as if it were a stranger. It is walking apace to meet and extend welcome to kings of India, China, Sina and Nubia in a place to which death has already transported them. A windstorm has hurled them down from the hilltop just as one day it will hurl down your life.

Stanza 8. O sons of men, the bony figure of death sits sits upon your shoulder and may hurl you down any day. It looks down into your cup of wine and may some day make it a deadly poison for you. It looks down on the

breasts of your lady and may pounce upon you even there. You have indeed been caught in the cobweb of worldly affairs behind which death lies in wait for you like a spider ready to throttle you. Tell me about the men who had great ambitions. Where have they gone now ? Is it not a fact that they died long ago and their palaces lie in ruins ? They have in fact changed places with owls who lived in graveyards. The kings now lie in the tombs there, and the owls now live in the ruins of their palaces.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. Enter—I come to ths City of Brass. **Rested**—the poet does not mean relaxed, but simply stayed. **A little**—for a short while. **My towers**—the towers of my palace. **Passed**—he means passed away, died. **Dispersed**—scattered made to go various ways. **Goes down**—sets.

Explanation

Enter......passed—An emperor, who is supposed to speak from the *City of Brass*, invites his listeners to step into the portals of this city and see how power and vanity have been humbled. This story will be told vividly by the various inscribed tables put on the tombs of former sovereigns. These rulers, the emperor adds, stayed in the shadow of the towers of his palace after he had defeated and taken them captive. But they were not in that flight, for death soon ended their miseries just as defeat had ended their pomp and power. **They were dispersed...... down**—just as shadows, growing bigger and longer as the sun goes down the zenith in the afternoon, come to a sudden end with the sunset, similarly the glory of these kings came to an end when I, who was their sun, died.

Stanza 2. Drunkenness—loss of control of thoughts and actions caused by excess of strong drink (سُکر). **Passed**—ended. **Fever**—morbid condition causing restlessness.

War horse—charger, a horse used in battle. **Drummed upon**—thumped continuously, trampled. **Sacked**—subjected to unrestrained pillage and licence. **Hot wind**—simoom (سموم). It may be borne in mind that the poet is making an eastern emperor speak. That is why he talks of hot wind and not of cold blast. **Thunder**—please note that in poetry this word is sometimes, as here, used to mean a *Thunderbolt* (صاعقہ - بجلی) **Chariot**—two-wheeled car drawn by horses and used in ancient times for fighting and races, (رتھ).

Explanation

The king......laws—The emperor tells of his great might and vast domains. He says he was so powerful that he defeated kings of many lands. Then, on his way back to his country as a great conqueror, he tied to his chariot all the captive kings and dragged them all along the way. His domains thus became so vast with all these conquests that all the people inhabiting the earth came under his sway and were governed under the laws promulgated by him. **But now......sand**—just as the surf of the ocean gets absorbed into sand when the surging waves break on the beach, similarly the morbid drunkenness of my youthful years ended with the advance of years which have culminated in my death.

Took......net—entrapped me. **Warred**—waged war, fought. **Him**—he means death. **In vain**—uselessly (لاحاصل) **Courtiers**—(درباری). persons frequenting royal courts. (شاہی دربار). **Flattered**—cajoled, fawned upon death in order to save me. **O wayfarer**—passer-by, traveller especially on foot, (راہی - مسافر). Note that the emperor who is speaking from his tomb addresses a passer-by. **Save up ......for ever**—these are the words spoken to the emperor by his death. The emperor quotes them. **Jealous**—that which guards with care and anxiety. Hence **jealous breast**

siginfies the earth which carefully guards the emperor's remains buried in a grave dug in its breast.

Stanza 3. About—on all sides of, not far away from. **Hawk eyed**—whose eyes were as sharp those of a hawk, (عقابی نگاہ والے). **One-eyed**—blind of an eye.

Explanation

About this......see—There was a time, says the emperor, when kings of various countries sat all around my table, Some of these crowned heads were as intelligent observant and far-sighted as a hawk while others lacked far-sightedness to such an extent that they can be said to have been blind of one eye. The latter were taken captive because they had played second fiddle to the farmer who had defied me. Now, of course, all those captive rulers, prudent or otherwise, are incapable of seeing anything at all because death has closed their eyes for ever and they sit in the darkness of the grave.

Stanza 4. In the name of—I beseech you in the name of, (اس کا واسطہ). The emperor invokes the name of God to invite the wayfarer's attention. **The Eternal**—One who shall live till eternity (ابد) *i.e.*, for ever ; hence God. **The master of strength**—God who is the rightful owner and possessor of all power and might, Omnipotent. **Him...... not**—immutable God whose sovereignty is never shaken by the vicissitudes of fortune. **Illusion**—(فریب نظر) something that deceives the mind by producing a false impression. **A mirage**—(سراب) is a type of false illusions. **Pit**—a deep and steep hollow in the g ound. (گہرا یا اتھا گڑھا).

Explanation

Look......men—The emperor requests the wayfarer not to be misled by appearances for they are often deceptive and likely to prove a pitfall for mankid by leading it astray.

I......power –The emperor now tells how powerful he was while he lived. **Groomed**—did the work of a groom, looked after the horses and fed and brushed them. **Captive**—those who have been taken prisoner, (اسیر-قیدی) **Virgins**—girls and women who have yet had no experience of sex relations, (دو شیزه). **Virgins.........blood**—un married princesses. He refers to princesses of other kingdoms whom he took captive. **To serve my pleasure**—to work for me according to my whims. **Excellent**—those who excel all others, very pretty. **Moon-coloured**—almost milk-white. **Brought forth**—gave birth to. **Chambers**—bedrooms.

Explanation

They...lions—These captive virgin princesses were admitted to my *harem*. To them were born my little sons who in course of time developed into strong young men as brave as lions. **I had...me**—The emperor adds his personal treasures contained matchless things. All the world, the West no less than the East, owed allegiance to him. The two could indeed be likened to two heads which bowed before him.

Years—old age. **Whisper**—a low, soft tone of voice. Here he means forebodings of death. **Whisper...me**—I had some forebodings of death. **Him...not**—God who is immortal. **Captains**—cheif leaders. **Riders**—horsemen, cavaliers. **Thousands upon thousands**—many thousand in number. **Lances**—spears. **Tributary**—(باجگزار). those who paid tribute (باج - خراج). **Proud...me**—my great nobles.

Explanation

Hills...silver—as much of gold as might be equal in weight to many hills, and as much of silver as might be equal in weight to many mountains. **Give me...earth**—

He asks them to do their utmost to let him have at least one day more to live. **But they...throne**—but they were all helpless. Silently they stood with their gaze fixed on the earth while death overtook the emperor. It ousted him from the throne and sat there instead.

Kush bin Shadad bin Ad (کوش بن شداد بن عاد). Kush was the son and successor of the notorious heathen king, Shadad (or Shaddad) who ruled the ancient branch of the Semitic (سامی) race called the Adites (قبیلہ عاد) after his ancestor Ad. The home of the Adites was in Hadramaut (حضرت موت) on the southern coast of Arabia. The Adites have time and again been mentioned in the Holy Quran as examples of people who met with a terrible fate owing to their persistently flouting the Divine Commandments. **Surnamed**—having the appellation. **Kush...the Great**—Kush the Great who was the son of shadad and the grandson of Ad.

Stanza 5. O sons of men—the emperor now addresses all the mankind. **Sum**—(میزان) total resulting from the addition (جمع) of items. **Spoiled**—ruined. **Gray**—The same as *grey* (بھورا), the colour between white and black. Figuratively, it means dismal (بھیانک). **Cypher**—the same as *cipher* (صفر) *zero*. The word also means a symbol. Hence *gray...death* means the dismal symbol of death.

Explanntion

O sons...death—Addressing all the mankind, the emperor says people think they would remain alive for a very long time. To the prospects of living in the near future, they add the hope of living on in the distant future. But the dismal symbol of death, which reduces everything to nought, shatters their hopes by bringing down to nil the total number of years which they calculate as the span of their life.

Master—he means God. **Breathes upon**—exhausts. **Narrow**...**house**—grave. **Dust**—the remains of the dead human body. **Black**—glooming, dark.

Explanation

There...**common wealth**—The emperor says man is oblivious of the fact that above him there is the Almighty God who is strong enough to put armies to rout. God who is the master of all, digs the graves of kings. While the remains of the rulers' dead bodies lie buried in the grave, only their effigies remain outside. In the cemetery there is none to look after them except they themselves. Thus the effigies together constitute a dark and gloomy State.

Stanza 6. **Put**...**eyes**—are blind to the real state of affairs, shut your eyes to the glaring facts. **This road**—The road of life. **Passing**—transitional stage (عبوری مرحلہ) **Loins**—The back between the hip-bones and the ribs. Please note that the word *Ioins* in the text-book is a misprint. The correct word is *loins*. **Jetted**—gushed, hence gave birth to. **Irak**—The same as *Iraq* (عراق), a land lying between the rivers Tigris (دجلہ) and Euphrates (فرات). **Whose**...**empires**—The electrically charged particles of whose powers established empires quickly and vigorously. **Masters**—rulers. **Lords**—feudal chiefs. **Ispshan**—it is a misprint. Please read Ispahan (اصفہان), which is the name of a famous city in Iran.

Stanza 7. Sultans—(سلطان) a Muslim sovereign. **Sina**—He means Sana (صنعا) the capital of Yemen on the south-west coast of that country. It cannot refer to the Sinai Paninsula for obvious reasons. **Nubia**—The nothern part of the Sudan bordering on Egypt. **Blown over**—thrown away as if by a windstorm. **Mountain crest**—hilltop, hence the height of power. **Certain**—not missing the aim. **Even as he**—just as your life will be blown away.

Explanation

In this stanza the poet talks of life which unsuccessfully runs after time. Life is a stranger but death overtakes everybody.

Stanza 8. Lean death—death has always been pictured as a lean, bony figure. **Perches**—sits. **Looking down into your...lady**—he means that death is carefully watching every movement of yours in order to seize the oppotunity to hit you.

Explanation

Caught...behind it—caught in the cobweb of wordly affairs behind which the spider of death lies in wait for you to reduce everything to nothingness.

Towering—soaring, high. **Towering hopes**—lofty ambitions.

Explanation

Where palace—There lived people who had very high ambitions in life, but they are all dead and their struggle has come to an end. Owls live in desolate palaces. But ever since these ambitious kings have been buried in the tomb where the owl lived, their palace has become desolate and the owls have transferred themselves to that place. Thus it appears as if the kings and owls have changed places the one going from the palace to the tomb and the other shifting from the to the tomb to the palace. It goes to show that kings and owls have an almost equal status.

IX. IMPORTANT PASSAGE EXPLAINED WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Explain the following with reference to the context :

(i) *Listen, O wayfarer, to the words of my death*
For they were not the words of my life :
Save up your soul
And taste the beautiful wine of peace
For tomorrow the earth shall answer.

He is with me.
My jealous breast holds him for ever.
(*ii*) *Look not upon the glass of appearance,*
For a breath may shatter ;
And Illusion is a pit for the feet of man.
(*iii*) *O sons of men,*
You see a stranger upon the road
You call to him and he does not stop.
He is your life
Walking towards time,
Hurrying to meet the kings of India and China,
Hurrying to greet the Sultan of Sina and Nubia,
Who were blown over the mountain crest
By a certain breath,
Even as he.

(*i*) This passage is taken from a poem appearing in E. Powys Mather's translation of the *Arabian Nights*. It is the doleful sermon of a mighty Semitic emperor. Kushbin Shaded bin Ad, whom death has deprived of all power. Through the inscription on the brass plate displayed on his tomb, the mighty emperor whose body lies mouldered in the grave invites the attention of a traveller on foot who happens to pass by the graveyard. He implores the traveller to lend him ears and listen not to the commands he gave during his life-time but to the words of wisdom he is uttering after his death. This is the message he has to give to the wayfarer : "Work for the redemption of your soul and do not lead a sinful life. Do not bring privation and misery to the world by waging devastating wars. Establish security in the world and have the ecstatic experience of drinking the spiced liquor of peace. Do not put off the implementation of your resolve to abstain from vice and to lead a peaceful existence, for life is short and

you may not live long enough to give a practical shape to your good intentions. It is just possible that tomorrow you may die. Then the earth will say that you are interred in it and its breast, which carefully guards the treasures buried in it, holds you for ever.

(*ii*) These poems are taken from *Incriptions at the City of Brass* which is the translation of an Arabic poem contained in the world famous *Arabian Nights*. The English rendering is by E. Powys Mathers. A mighty emperor speaks from his tomb to a wayfarer and tells him of the vanity of human wishes. In these lines he warns him against being misled by outward appearances, for they are both flimsy and deceptive. The might of man, he suggests is only an illusion and has no substance in it. Appearances may be compared to a fragile veneer of glass which might be shattered to pieces even by a single whiff of air. Again they are unreal and deceptive. They are dangerous pitfalls and might spell the death of one who is taken in by them. Therefore man must not be led astray by earthly pomp and power.

(*iii*) This passage is a translation of an Arabic poem included in the *Arabian Nights*. The English rendering is by the well-known modern translator of Oriental Classics, E. Powys Mathers, and is included in the Arabic section of *An Anthology of World Poetry* edited in the U. S. A. by Mark Van Doren. The poem consists of an imaginary sermon by a dead Semitic emperor who speaks of the frailty and evanescence of life and its glory. In this stanza, the emperor compares life to a wayfarer who is leading towards the appointed time without listening to anybody's prayers. The emperor, who made a start with addressing a single person, now speaks to all mankind. "O sons of men," he says, "you will come across a stranger travelling

along the road of earthly existence. You will find him so absorbed in his thoughts that he will never care to attend to you. However much you may call to him, he will not tarry even for a moment because he is to keep the scheduled time of his rendezvous with death. This traveller is indeed your life. It walks apace to meet the rulers of India, China, Sina and Nubia who died when the wind-storm of death hurled them down from the hill-top of earthly glory to the abysmal depths of oblivion. Your life, O sons of men, wili go the same way that theirs has gone, and you will also die like them.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *What do you know of E. Powys Mathers? Is he an original poet?*

Ans. See the note on the poet under Section 1

Q. II. *In what language was the poem,* **Inscription at the City of Brass**, *orginally, written? Write a short note on the book of which it forms a part.*

Ans. An answer to this question will be found under the life-sketch of *E. Powys* Mathers and the Introduction to the Poem (Sections 1 and 2 above). The main points to be borne in mind are that it is a translation from Arabic through the medium of French. It first appeared in 1923 as a book privately printed for the subscribers to the Casanova Society of London under the title, *The Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night.* It is a translation of the world famous *Arabian Nights* current in varied recensions in Arabic. Harvey's reference look, *The Oxford Companion to English Literature* has the following note on the subject.

Arabian Night's Entertainment, or *The Thousand and One Nights* is a collection of stories written in Arabic which were made known in Europe early in the eighteenth

century by the translation into French of Antoine Galland. They were translated into English by Edward William Lane in 1840, with some omissions, and an unexpurgated version was published by Sir Richard Buston in 1885-1888. There is a French translation by J. C. Mardrus (1898 and subsequent years).

"The source of the tales is uncertain. The framework (that is, the story of the king who killed his wives successively on the morning after the consummation of their marriage, until he married the clever Scherazade, who saved her life by the tales she told him) is of Persian origin. It is mentioned by Masudi (A.D. 944) and in the *Fihrist* (A. D. 987) as occurring in a book called the ***Hezar Afsane*** or Thousand-tales attributed to a princess Homai, the daughter, according to a tradition of Artaxerxes I. But the stories themselves told by Sheherazade are for the most part, not Persian, but Arabian in character and were probably collected in Egypt by a professional story-teller of some time in the fourteenth to the sixteeth centuries."

Q. III. *Summarize the* **Inscriptions at the City of Brass.**

Ans. See the Summary.

Q. IV. *Critically Appreciate the* **Inscription at the City of Brass.**

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

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87. MAN'S MORTALITY
BY
AN UNKNOWN POET

I. THE POET

The word *anonymous* means unnamed. An *anonymous poem* signifies a poem the name of whose author is not given. *Man's Mortalily* has thus been written by an unnamed poet who appears to be quite modern on the basis of internal evidence.

II. INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM

The poem comprises six stanzas of equal length, each of which is further divided into equal halves. The first half in each case states the names of a number of things to which human life might be compared in point of neatness, beauty and delicacy. The second half which begins with the words,

Even such is man......

mentions the sad and sudden end to which each of these things come. Then the stanza ends with some such

phrase as......man's life is done

thus driving home the poet's thesis that human life too is doomed to such end. The title of the poem, *Man's Mortality*, means the state of man's being subject to death.

III. CENTRAL IDEA

Although human life is very beautiful, yet it is extremely frail and evanescent.

IV. SUBSTANCE

The poet compares human life to a number of beautiful things all of which come to a sudden and unexpected end. Man fares no better. His life is as pretty and delicate as of these things and it is but natural that he should come to the same end.

V. SUMMARY

Man is like a thread which is snapped after it has been spun and stretched. It is like a flower or like Jonah's

gourd, but just as the flowers and the gourd all wither, similarly man's life is subject to decay and will end in his death. The human life depends on a single birth. Man is here at one moment and in the other world at the next. His life is like the tower of Babel which collapsed because it was built against the Will of God. It may further be compared to a sudden outburst of delight which has no justification whatsoever. Man heaps up sorrows and then passes away. His life is very insecure. He has no control over it. He has no means of escaping death.

VI. CRITICAL APPRECIATION

Man's Mortality is not an elevating poem. It has no heartening message to give. It is steeped in pessimism and sees neither any escape from the clutches of death nor any consolation in it. It only accepts it as an inevitable catastrophe to which everything in nature is subject. This is perhaps the only relieving feature of it in the eyes of the unknown poet who sings of the frailty of human life. With this theme we could not assign a high place to this poem if it were not for the profuse wealth of its pictures and the sweet melody of its rhythm. These factors are so delectable that one loves to read the poem over and over again.

VII. PARAPHRASE

Stanza 1. Man is like the bluish-red rose before your eyes, or the blossom on a fruit tree, or the delicate and pretty flower of May, or the dawn, or the sun, or the shade, or the suddenly growing gourd of the Prophet Jonah. But the thread of his life is snapped after it has been spun and stretched. Just as the rose shrivels, the blossom decays, the flower loses the freshness of its colour, the dawn hurriedly ends, the sun goes down, the shadow

flies, and the gourd withers, similarly man too meets with his death.

Stanza 2. He is like the grass which has newly grown, or a tale which has just been begun, or a bird that has by chance perched itself here, or the dewdrops looking like pearls in the month of May, or an hour, or the maximum distance between the tips of the little finger and the thumb, or like the swan song. But man's life depends on a single breath. He is here at this moment, but the very next moment he may be in the other world. Such is his life and such is his death. Just as the grass dries up, the tale comes to its end, the bird flies away, the dew-drops evaporate, the hour is only a short division of time and the maximum distance between the tips of the little finger and the thumb is very short, and the swan sings only on the eve its death, similarly the human life too comes to an end.

Stanza 3. Man resembles a bubble on the surface of a small stream, or to a large extent a reflection in the looking glass, or a weaver's shuttle in the hands of its owner, or words written on the sand, or a thought, or a dream, or water silently and smoothly flowing in a stream. His life depends on a single breath. He is here at this moment, but the very next moment he may be in the other world. Such is his life and such is his death. Just as the bubble bursts, the reflection goes out of the mind, the shuttle is hurled from one end to the other, the written words are obliterated, the thought is gone, the dream is no more, and the water flows away, similarly the human life too comes to an end.

Stanza 4. Man is like a violent outburst of foolish joys which have no real basis or an uncloudy and bright morning, or a frost, or a shower of rain, or the vanity of

the tower built in that city of confusion. Babel or the hour-glass that tells the time, or a beautiful woman in her youthful years. Man's magnificence gives one or two violent outbursts of emotion to his life, and that is all. Just as the morning becomes cloudy, pleasure is changed into pain, the frost liquefies, the rain dries up, the tower collapses, the sands of time are run, the female beauty fades away, similarly the human life too comes to an end.

Stanza 5. Man resembles the arrow that has been shot from the bow, or the water that has flown rapidly, or the time that elapses between the rise and fall of a tide, or a weak cobweb, or a race, or a goal, or the giving of alms. His position is transitory and insecure. He cannot have his own way and is controlled by destiny. Just as the arrow is eventually shot from the bow, the flood soon subsides, the time elapsing between the rise and fall of a tide is quite inconsiderable, the cobweb is soon torn, the race is quickly run, the goal is swiftly reached, and the alms are finally given, similarly the human life too comes to an end.

Stanza 6. Man is like a flash of lightning in the sky, or a postal rider swiftly moving to the next stage, or a minor portion of a note in a short song, or a journey which lasts for only three days, or the snow at the approach of the summer thaw, or a pear, or a plum. He gathers sorrows upon sorrows. He lives for today only and shall die tomorrow. Just as the flash of lightning disappears, the postal rider has continually to be on the move, the song is a short one and so is the journey, the pear decays and the plums fall when it is over-ripe, and the snow thaws similarly every other thing Including man, must come to an end.

VIII. NOTES AND EXPLANATIONS

Stanza 1. Damask rose—a kind of red rose. The poet compares human life to the various things he mentions in the first half (lines 1—6) of this stanza. Then in the latter half (lines 7—12) he explains how these things come to an end and meet with their death. **Blossom**—flower of a fruit tree. **Dainty**—pretty, neat and delicate. **Like... day**—like daybreak. **Gourd**—a trailing plant with a fleshy fruit, (کدو ، کدو کی بیل). **Jonas**—It is a misprint. Please read *Jonah* which is the Fnglish form of the name of a Prophet (حضرت یونس). There is a book of the Old Tastament (the Bible) called Jonah which briefly relates the history of this Prophet in which the following two events deserve special notice : (1) He was swallowed and later vomited out by a fish ; (2) He was provided shadow by a gourd which grew overnight but whithered as quickly as it had grown. The relevant verses of *The Bible* are :

"And the Lord God prepared a gourd and made it to come up over Jonah, that it might be a shadow over his head, to deliver him from his grief. So Jonah was exeedingly glad of the gourd.

"But God prepared a worm when the morning rose the next day, and it smote the gourd that it withered." Thus gourd is metaphorically used to denote anything which both grows and ends rapidly.

Explanation

Like as.. had—The human life resembles all these things in its beauty, delicacy and rapidity of growth.

Even such—just like that, neither more nor less. **Thread**—now he compares human life to a thread which is spun, drawn out and cut. **And......done**—and comes to

end in this way. **Rose**—he recounts the end of all things to which he had compared man in the preceding lines. **Withers**—become dry and shrivelled. **Blasteth**—blasts, withers. **Fades**—withers. The three words are synonymous and mean (مرجھا جاتا ہے). **Hasteth**—hurriedly comes to an end. **Flies**—is dispersed. **Consumes**—wastes away. **Man he dies**—in short, man also meets with his death.

Stanza 2. **Tale**—story. **That's new begun**—which has just been started. **That's here today**—which is perched here today but who knows whither it may be tomorrow? **Pearled**—looking like pearls. **Span**—(بالشت) the utmost distance between the tips of the thumb and the little finger, its normal length being taken as nine inches. Figuratively it is used to any short distance or time. **Singing of a swan**—The swan is supposed to sing only on the eve of its death. **Who lives by breath**—whose life depends on breath. **Is......there**—is alive in the world at one moment but is transported to the other world the very next moment. **So......death**—The life and death of man are quiet like that. **Dew's ascended**—dew gets evaporated **Man's...done**—The human life comes to an end.

Stanza 3. Like to—like. **Bubble**—(بلبلا). **Brook**—small stream. **In a...look**—like the reflection of one's fact in the looking-glass. **Shuttle**—a boat-shaped instrument used in weaving to carry the thread from side to side, (جولاہے کی نال). A shuttle resembles man's life in its swift movement. **Writing...sand**—again it is a thing which cannot endure and is obliterated at the least whiff of wind. **Gliding**—flowing quietly, smoothly and imperceptibly. **Shuttle's flung**—shuttle is flung or cast from one side to

the other. **Blot**—blotted out, obliterated. **Writing's blot**—written words are obliterated.

Stanza 4. **Blaze**—violent outburst of passion, (جوش). **Fond**—foolish, unreal. **Blaze......delight**—sudden outburst of joy which is not based on reality. **Clear**...that which has neither mist nor clouds. **Frost**—frozen dew or vapour (کہر). **Cabel's tower**—(منار بابل). The tower was built by Noah's progeny after the Deluge (طوفان نوح). Here is what the Bible tells of the building of Babel.

"And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech."

"And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar ; and they dwelt there."

"And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone, and slime had they for mortar."

"And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and *a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven ;* and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth."

"And the Lord came down to see the city and the tower which the children of man builded."

"And the Lord said, Behold the people is one, and they have all one language; and this they begin to do : and now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do.

"Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language that they may not understand one another's speech.

"So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon

the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city.

"Therefore is the name of it called Babel ; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth : and from thence did the Lord scattered them abroad upon the face of all the earth."

Hence *the pride of Babel's tower* means an overweening pride which led to greater trouble for those who indulged in it. **The hour......time**—an hour which marks a short division of time. **Beauty—**a beautiful, woman. **Prime**—youth, period of life when one's powers are not impaired. **Lends**—grants for temporary use. **A blaze or two**—a short period of enjoyment. **Morn's o'ercast**—The morning becomes cloudy although the sky was clear even now. **Thawed**—melted, (پگھل جاتی ہے). **Dried ...rain**—The rain gets dried up. **The tower falls**—The tower of Babel collapses, the hopes are shattered. **The hour is run**—The sands of time run out.

Stanza 5. **An arrow...bow**—an arrow which has been shot from the bow, (کمان سے نکلا ہؤا تیر). **Life**—It is misprint. Please read *like*. **Swift...flow**—rapidly flowing current of water. **Flood**—rise of the tide, (مد، جوار، چڑھاؤ). **Ebb**—fall of the tide, (جزر، بھاٹا، اتار). **Time...ebb**—The span of human life may be compared to the period extending from the rise of the tide to its fall. **Tender**—frail, that which is not strong. **Goal—**post or point marking the end of a race, hence an object of effort or ambition. **Dealing**—distribution. **Dole**—charitable gift especially of a measured amount, (خیرات). **Brittle**—fragile, apt to break ; hence insecure or transitory. **State—**condition. **Subject unto fate**—controlled by destiny. **Arrow's shot**—arrow is shot. **Spent**—exhausted. **Time no time**—time comes to an end and there is no more of it. **Web**—cobweb, (مکڑی کا

جالا). **Rent**—torn. **Race soon run**—race ends in no time. **Won**—achieved, reached. **Dealt**—distributed. **Man's... done**—the human life ends like all these things.

Stanza 6. Lightning—flash of light caused by electricity passing between clouds, (بجلی). **Post**—it also means a rider who took mail from one stage to another. (ڈاک کا سوار). **That...hie**—who rides quickly. *To hie* means to move. **Quaver**—one-eighth of whole note of music known as a semi-breve (مدھم یعنی آٹھواں سر). **Like a quaver... song**—the span of human life is so short that it would not be unfair to compare it to the eighth part of a note in a short musical composition. **Like a journey...long**—it may be compared to a journey lasting for three days only —the day of arrival, the day of departure and, in between the two, the day of one's stay in the world. **When... come**—when summer has come. He means when it thaws and melts away. **Pear**—(pronounced like *pair*) (ناشپاتی). **Plum**—(آلو بخارا). Both of these fruits, though delicious, rot very soon. **Heaps up sorrow**—gathers sorrows upon sorrows. **Post must go**—The post rider has no choice but to be constantly on the move. **The journey's so**—The journey is also short. **Doth rot**—decays, (سڑ جاتی ہے). **Doth fall**—drops down owing to over-ripeness. **Dissolves** —changes into a liquid form, melts away, thaws. **And so must all**—just as all these things perish, similarly the human life too must come to an end. Nothing is overlasting save God.

IX. IMPORTANT PASSAGES EXPLAINED WITH REFERENCE TO THE CONTEXT

Explain the following verses with reference to the context.

(*i*) *Even such is man, whose thread is spun*

Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.

(*ii*) *Even such is man, who lives by breath,*
Is here, now there : so life, and death.

(*i*) These lines are culled from *Man's Mortality*, an anonymous poem. The poet talks of the short span of life. After comparing the short duration of human life to a number of things, he drives the point home by likening it to a thread which is spun from cotton and stretched to some length with the help of a spinning wheel. But it is snapped soon enough and comes to an end. So does the human life. Man is born ; he grows up for some time ; but suddenly death cuts short his career.

(*ii*) These lines are taken from the poem *Man's Mortality* and are repeated there more than once. The anonymous poet stresses the frailty of human life. Having compared man to a number of similar things, he tells us that he is so weak that his life depends on a single breath and comes to a sudden end for want of it. He lives in this world at one moment, but may die the next moment and be transported to the next world. This is what his life and death are like —one frail and evanescent, and the other sudden and unforeseen.

X. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I. *Write in your own words a summary of* **Man's Mortality.**

Ans. See the Summary.

Q. II. *Critically Appreciate the Poem,* **Man's Mortality.**

Ans. See the Critical Appreciation.

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